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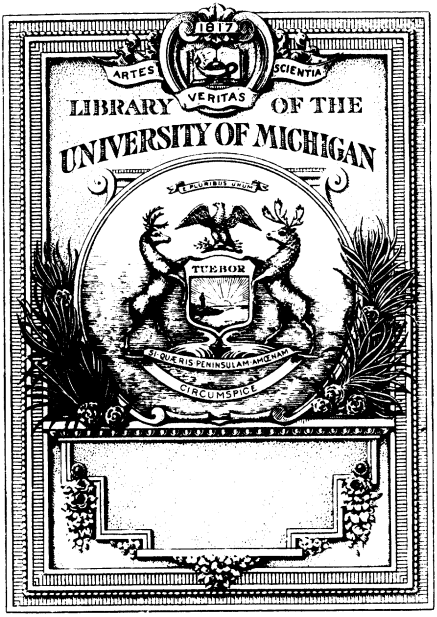

GIFT OF THE HEIRS OF
WILLIAM HENRY WAIT, PH.D.

Notice

VOLUME VIII. *will contain De Quincey's* SPECULATIVE AND THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS, *including System of the Heavens, as revealed by Lord Rosse's Telescopes; Plato's Republic; Kant in his Miscellaneous Essays; Glance at the Works of Mackintosh; Miracles as Subjects of Testimony; Judas Iscariot; Christianity as an Organ of Political Movement; Protestantism; &c. To be published in June.*

EDINBURGH, *1st May 1890.*

DE QUINCEY'S COLLECTED WRITINGS

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS

OF

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

BY

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VOL. VII

HISTORICAL ESSAYS AND RESEARCHES

EDINBURGH
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1890

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS volume continues the series of De Quincey's papers specially entitled to the name of HISTORICAL ESSAYS AND RESEARCHES. The difference from the last volume is that, while in the papers placed first in this volume we are still in what is called Ancient History, we shoot suddenly in the others into Modern History, and chiefly into Recent Modern History. Eight of the nine papers are from *Blackwood's Magazine*; and the dates, &c., are appended to the papers individually. One is from *Tait's Magazine.*

In *The Casuistry of Roman Meals* De Quincey propounds, and maintains most amusingly, a discovery or paradox of his own, to the effect that there was no recognised meal in the Roman day corresponding to our modern "breakfast," but only a hasty morning munch of a bit of bread or a few raisins by the side of a wall or anywhere else in the open air, and that this uncomfortable habit, or defect of habit, might be traced into important consequences and ramifications through Roman social life. In *The Pagan Oracles* he set himself to combat the poetical tradition, so memorably enshrined in a passage in Rabelais, and also in Milton's "Ode on the Nativity,"—to neither of which, however, does he specially refer,—that at the coming of Christ the Pagan Oracles suddenly ceased, their gods and all their machinery of priests and priestesses having been struck dumb at once by the advent of the real and supreme Divinity. He maintains that this tradition was originally a fiction or pious fraud of the Early Christian Fathers, incredible *a priori*, and confuted by facts abundantly proving not only that the Oracles did

not suddenly cease at the time alleged, but that the struggle between the paraphernalia of Paganism and the power of Christianity was a long and arduous affair indeed, protracted through several centuries. In the course of this learned argument, conducted though it is with the most passionate sympathy with the Christian side and detestation of the Pagan, he takes occasion to say what good he honestly can on behalf of the Oracles themselves and their social functions, and to reprobate with due scorn the vulgar modern hypothesis which would resolve all things of the sort into mere old priestcraft and imposture. In *The Essenes* De Quincey is within a favourite ring-fence of his own devising. From the days of his bookish privacy at Grasmere before he began regular authorship,—for he informs us that the paper, or the first draft of it, had been written as early as 1821,—this had been pre-eminently his pet historical subject. He had convinced himself, it seems, that the so-called Hebrew sect of the Essenes, described by the Jewish historian Josephus as a school of Hebrew mystics, distinct from both the Pharisees and the Sadducees, and banded together by peculiar spiritual beliefs and a peculiarly strict and lofty morality, was either a pure fabrication of Josephus to discredit Christianity by robbing it of all claim to originality, or was nothing else than Christianity itself, imperfectly described by Josephus after he had become a renegade from it, and for the same insidious purpose of making it out to have been, in any case, but a native mushroom from the Hebrew soil. This is the thesis of the *Blackwood* article on the Essenes published in 1840; and how strongly it possessed De Quincey appears from his recurring to it in his paper entitled *Secret Societies*, published in 1847 in *Tait's Magazine*. In that paper, indeed, he ranges about a little among Secret Societies generally, but only to revert with his full strength to the Essenes as the most interesting Secret Society of all, repeat the views of his *Blackwood* article on that subject with some modifications, and come down again most unmercifully with his hammer on poor Josephus. Nay, not content with his re-treatment of this subject in the text of his *Tait* paper, nor with the pungent paragraphs on the same subject of Essenism which he had inserted in his General Preface of 1853 to the then com-

mencing issue of his Collected Writings (see *ante*, Vol. I., pp. 10-12), he could not refrain, when he republished the *Tait* paper in 1857, from annexing to it a Supplement, and then a Postscript, of reiterated exposition of his theory of Essenism and reiterated punishment of Josephus. In *Greece under the Romans*, however, the subject is changed. Save that in parts of the preceding paper on Secret Societies there is something of modern reference, it is in this paper that the volume makes its transition from Ancient to Modern History. Not that it brings us very far out of classical antiquity; for it stops among the early Byzantine Greeks, whose military and political merits, and the worth of whose contributions to European civilisation, De Quincey seeks to defend against what he regards as a too easy consensus of western depreciation. After that paper there is a leap of many centuries; but we have only to remember the Biographical Sketches of Charlemagne and Joan of Arc in a previous volume for proof that this gap in the chronology of our present volume implies no corresponding gap in De Quincey's historical knowledge. When he resumes, we are again among the Greeks, but now among the very recent Greeks. In *The Revolution of Greece* and the *Supplement on the Suliotes* there is a narrative of the beginnings of the revolt of the Greeks from the tyranny of their Turkish oppressors, with some striking passages from what are now the obscurities of the story of the War for Greek Independence, all written in the most unexceptionable spirit of Philhellenism. *Modern Greece* is one of the pleasantest little papers imaginable,—a humorous blending of the reported disagreeables of tourist experience in the modern land with recollections of its classic age. Of the long paper which follows, entitled *Revolt of the Tartars; or, Flight of the Kalmuck Khan and his People from the Russian Territories to the Frontiers of China*, what shall we say? What else than that, under the guise of an account of a tremendous actual march of a Tartar horde across some thousands of miles of the face of Asia, so late as the year 1771, for the purpose of transferring themselves from the allegiance of Russia to that of China, it is one of De Quincey's most memorable literary feats? Finally, there is the paper entitled *Ceylon*, referring to events so near to our own times, and of such distinctly British interest, that

De Quincey in treating them passes from the historiographer into the critic of British politics, and stands up, a little incarnation of the fighting spirit of John Bull, waving the British flag.

The various papers thus gathered together in the present volume appeared in De Quincey's own Collective Edition of his Writings, it is to be remembered, not thus continuously, but scattered through different volumes. They straggle there, indeed, through no fewer than eight separate volumes, one paper here and another there, amid papers of utterly dissimilar kinds, just as De Quincey found convenient at the time. One little difficulty caused, in this as in other volumes, by the necessity and duty of re-assorting the papers on a more permanent principle, arises from the fact that De Quincey, in the Prefaces which he prefixed to most of the volumes of his edition, sometimes offered parting remarks on one or more of the papers that chanced to be contained in the particular volume he was passing through his hands. As every scrap that De Quincey wrote in connexion with his papers ought to be preserved, all the matter of these Prefaces has, of course, to be retained in the present edition. The method for doing so, almost to perfect completeness in every instance, is, however, very simple. As, in almost every instance in which De Quincey took the pains to insert a parting notice of any one of his papers in his Preface to the volume containing that paper, such notice is really an addendum, assuming that the paper has been read and needs some comment, notices of the kind may be treated accordingly, and appended as "Postscripts" to the papers to which they severally belong. This is the method,—really far more convenient for the reader than De Quincey's own,—adopted for the present edition: *e.g.* in the cases of *Homer and the Homeridæ*, *Cicero*, and *The Cæsars* in our preceding volume, and of *The Essenes* and *Secret Societies* in this. Once or twice, however, the method does not quite suffice. For example, in Vol. VIII of De Quincey's own edition, published in 1858,—in which volume are contained two of the papers reproduced in this present volume, viz. *The Pagan Oracles* and *Greece under the Romans*,—the parting notice of these two papers is of both together, so that it cannot be split into two; and, moreover,

the same Preface contains a paragraph not at all concerning any of the included papers individually, but in the nature of a general apology for the papers in the Collective Edition as a whole, whether in that volume, or in preceding volumes, or in the volumes that were to follow. De Quincey, in fact, as five years had elapsed since the appearance of Vol. I of his Collective Edition, thought that the time had come when he might again address to the public some words of apology for his writings generally, in repetition or continuation of the more elaborate apology he had offered in his General Preface in that opening volume of the series. What De Quincey thus thought suitable about the mid-point of his own Collective Edition has its proper place, if anywhere, about the mid-point of this; and, accordingly, that nothing of De Quincey's may be lost, here the reader has the only two scraps from the Preface to his Vol. VIII that cannot be provided for otherwise:—

De Quincey's Apology for Magazine Writing:—"These " papers, which first of all took their station in the periodical " journals of this country, which were secondly transplanted " into the literature of the American United States, and are " now for the third time published at home in a new form " with many emendations, may be supposed to have suffered " by errors of hurry and inadvertence, from their original " adaptation to a service very nearly contemporaneous. It " was natural that they should do so. But my own experi- " ence, in common with that of many other writers, has taught " me that the disadvantages of hurry are not without their " compensations. Performers on the organ, so far from " finding their own *impromptu* displays to fall below their " more careful and premeditated efforts, on the contrary, " have oftentimes deep reason to mourn over the escape of " inspirations born from the momentary fervours of impro- " visation, but fugitive and irrevocable as the pulses in their " own flying fingers. Something analogous there is in the " effects of that inexorable summons which forces a man to " write against time, when racing along to intercept the final " closing of a weekly or monthly journal. It is certain, " howsoever it may be explained psychologically, that the

" fierce compression of mental activities which takes place in " such a struggle, though painful and exhausting, has the " effect of suddenly unlocking cells in the brain, and reveal- " ing evanescent gleams of original feeling, or startling " suggestions of novel truth, that would not have obeyed a " less fervent magnetism. Pain, and conflicts with suffering, " are ministrations of development to the human intellect, " even in the youngest infants, much more frequent than " is commonly observed.

"*Note.*—I have elsewhere observed, as a fact which ought " to have a powerful interest for psychologists, that on the " morning next after a severe paroxysm of 'griping' pains " every infant manifests a striking advance, a bound forwards " *per saltum*, in its apprehensiveness, and generally in its " intellectual development."

De Quincey's Postscript to "The Pagan Oracles" and to "Greece under the Romans":—" In the paper on " Oracles and in the paper on Greece under the Romans " there occur two suggestions which will be pronounced by " many possibly in a high degree paradoxical. But in any " bad sense (however erroneous a sense) neither of these " suggestions is paradoxical. To the Delphic Oracle, as " amongst the Greeks, — to the Byzantine Empire, as a " great barrier standing through eight centuries, breaking " and sustaining the assaults of Mahometanism, else too " strong on that quarter for infant Christendom in the West, " —I have assigned majestic functions. So far as the " ordinary current of history is not confluent with my view, " so far the reader will see cause, perhaps, to remodel his " opinion, and to amend his appreciation of two mighty " organs working through ages on behalf of human progress, " and only not historically acknowledged because not truly " understood."

By the last extract we are reminded of that characteristic of all or most of De Quincey's Historical Essays and Researches on which he himself laid stress, and which was implied in his definition of the term "Essays." They, or most of them, are not mere narratives, or digests of informa-

tion, but contain, more or less, some novelty of opinion, some doctrine in contradiction or in advance of existing beliefs,—of such a startling nature sometimes that it will pass for what, in common parlance, is called a *paradox*. De Quincey, who objected strongly to this common use of the word "paradox" as a synonym for something outrageously incredible, and wanted to restore the name to its proper signification as meaning only something beyond present belief, but which, nevertheless, may turn out to be true, conceded in the above notice that his *Pagan Oracles* and his *Greece under the Romans* contained each a "paradox" in the more innocent sense, and briefly re-expressed the two paradoxes for the reader's better recollection of them. But some of the companion papers in the present volume are paradoxical in a much higher degree,—most notably *The Casuistry of Roman Meals*, and the two essays on the Essenes, entitled respectively *The Essenes* and *Secret Societies*. As it is not our business to review the doctrinal substance of the several essays in order to a judgment whether the paradoxes are paradoxes in the best sense,—viz. valid, though unexpected, advances on former beliefs, — we will only say that De Quincey seems to us, in most of the essays under notice, to have very fairly made out his case, and that, where he may not have done so to the full extent, one must at least admire his learning and ingenuity, and thank him for real and useful instruction. In no essay does he leave a question exactly as he found it, or without some suggestions that will remain in the minds of his readers as a ferment for future thought. The most dubious of all his historical speculations, however, is undoubtedly that about the Essenes. Though he stuck to it most manfully, he himself seems to have had his doubts about it at last; and recent scholarship, I understand, will not accept his conclusions on this subject. In a recent article on the Essenes, which I can hardly be wrong in attributing to the late Immanuel Deutsch, while it is admitted that the whole question of the Essenes, their name, their origin, their tenets, and their history, is still involved in obscurity, it is maintained that something of this obscurity is owing to trust hitherto merely in the notices of the Essenes that have come down in Josephus, Philo, Pliny, and the Christian Fathers, to

the neglect of lights that may be derived from the Hebrew Talmudical writings. According to the version of the story as thence corrected, there *was* a real Hebrew sect of "Essenes, Nazirs, or Baptists," an offshoot from the Pharisees, and describable as very advanced or latitudinarian Pharisees, with ethical doctrines and practices so much resembling those of Christianity that it was not wonderful if some ancient sceptics maintained that John the Baptist and Christ himself sprang from their ranks, and who, after subsisting for a time as a religious colony of Separatists near the Dead Sea, broke into two divisions, one of which lapsed back among the Pharisees, while the other, calling themselves Therapeutæ, merged conclusively among the Christians. If this is the true theory, then De Quincey was somewhat astray in his facts, and was not justified, at all events, in the extreme severity of his castigations of Josephus. It may be observed, however, that his speculation is in some points so reconcilable with the newer theory as to seem like a premonition of it or groping towards it, and that the mere fact that he threw a bombshell of reasoned suspicions into the orthodox tradition respecting the Essenes did credit alike to his acuteness and his courage.

A word or two on De Quincey's authorities for his splendid sketch called *The Revolt of the Tartars*:—One authority was a famous Chinese state-paper purporting to have been composed by the Chinese Emperor Kien Long himself (1735-1796), of which a French translation, with the title *Monument de la Transmigration des Tourgouths des Bords de la Mer Caspienne dans l'Empire de la Chine*, had been published in 1776 by the French Jesuit missionaries of Pekin, in the first volume of their great collection of *Mémoires concernant les Chinois*. The account there given of so remarkable an event of recent Asiatic history as the migration from Russia to China of a whole population of Tartars had so much interested Gibbon that he refers to it in that chapter of his great work in which he describes the ancient Scythians. De Quincey had fastened on the same document as supplying him with an admirable theme for literary treatment. Explaining this some time ago, while editing his *Revolt of the Tartars* for a set of Selections from his Writings, I had to add that

there was much in the paper which he could not have derived from that original, and that, therefore, unless he invented a great deal, he must have had other authorities at hand. I failed at the time to discover what these other authorities were,—De Quincey having had a habit of secretiveness in such matters; but since then an incidental reference of his own, in his *Homer and the Homeridæ* (see *ante*, Vol. VI, p. 88), has given me the clue. The author from whom he chiefly drew such of his materials as were not supplied by the French edition of Kien Long's narrative, was, it appears from that reference, the German traveller Benjamin Bergmann, whose *Nomadische Streifereien unter den Kalmüken in den Jahren* 1802 *und* 1803 came forth from a Riga press, in four parts or volumes, in 1804-5. The book consists of a series of letters written by Bergmann from different places during his residence among the Tartars, with interjected essays or dissertations of an independent kind on subjects relating to the Tartars,—one of these occupying 106 pages, and entitled *Versuch zur Geschichte der Kalmükenflucht von der Wolga* ("Essay on the History of the Flight of the Kalmucks from the Volga"). A French translation of the Letters, with this particular Essay included, appeared in 1825 under the title *Voyage de Benjamin Bergmann chez les Kalmuks: Traduit de l'Allemand par M. Moris, Membre de la Société Asiatique.* Both works are now very scarce; but, having seen copies of both (the only copies, I think, in Edinburgh, and possibly the very copies which De Quincey used), I have no doubt left that it was Bergmann's Essay of 1804 that supplied De Quincey with the facts, names, and hints he needed for filling up that outline-sketch of the history of the great Tartar Transmigration of 1771 which was already accessible for him in the Narrative of the Chinese Emperor Kien Long, and in other Chinese State Papers, as these had been published in translation in 1776 by the French Jesuit missionaries. At the same time, no doubt is left that he passed the composite material freely and boldly through his own imagination, on the principle that here was a theme of such unusual literary capabilities that it was a pity it should be left in the pages of ordinary historiographic summary or record, inasmuch as it would

be most effectively treated, even for the purposes of real history, if thrown into the form of an epic or romance. Accordingly, he takes liberties with his authorities, deviating from them now and then, and even once or twice introducing incidents not reconcilable with either of them, if not irreconcilable also with historical and geographical possibility. Hence one may doubt sometimes whether what one is reading is to be regarded as history or as invention. On that point I can but repeat words I have already used :—"As it is, we are bound to be thankful. In "quest of a literary theme, De Quincey was arrested some- "how by that extraordinary transmigration of a Kalmuck "horde across the face of Asia in 1771 which had also "struck Gibbon ; he inserted his hands into the vague chaos "of Asiatic inconceivability enshrouding the transaction ; "and he tore out the connected and tolerably conceivable "story which we now read. There is no such vivid version "of any such historical episode in all Gibbon, and possibly "nothing truer essentially, after all, to the substance of the "facts as they actually happened." D. M.

THE CASUISTRY OF ROMAN MEALS[1]

GREAT misconceptions have always prevailed about the Roman *dinner*. Dinner (*cœna*) was the only meal which the Romans as a nation took. It was no accident, but arose out of their whole social economy. This I shall endeavour to show by running through the history of a Roman day. *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* And the course of this review will expose one or two important truths in ancient political economy, which have been too much overlooked.

With the lark it was that the Roman rose. Not that the earliest lark rises so early in Latium as the earliest lark in England—that is, during summer; but then, on the other hand, neither does it ever rise so late. The Roman citizen was stirring with the dawn—which, allowing for the shorter longest-day and longer shortest-day of Rome, you may call about four in summer, about seven in winter. Why did he do this? Because he went to bed at a very early hour. But why did he do that? By backing in this way, we shall surely back into the very well of truth: always, where it is possible, let us have the *pourquoi* of the *pourquoi*. The Roman went to bed early for two remarkable reasons. 1st, because in Rome, built for a martial destiny, every habit of life had reference to the usages of war. Every citizen, if he

[1] Published first in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December 1839, under the title "Dinner: Real and Reputed"; reprinted by De Quincey in 1854, in Vol. III of his Collected Writings, under the present title, and with only the slightest verbal changes, such as the substitution of "I" and "my" for "we" and "our" when he speaks in his own person.—M.

were not a mere proletarian animal kept at the public cost with a view to his *proles* or offspring, held himself a soldier-elect: the more noble he was, the more was his liability to military service; in short, all Rome, and at all times, was consciously "in procinct."[1] Now, it was a principle of ancient warfare that every hour of daylight had a triple worth, as valued against hours of darkness. That was one reason—a reason suggested by the understanding. But there was a second reason, far more remarkable; and this was a reason suggested by a blind necessity. It is an important fact that this planet on which we live, this little industrious earth of ours, has developed her wealth by slow stages of increase. She was far from being the rich little globe in Cæsar's days that she is at present. The earth in our days is incalculably richer, as a whole, than in the time of Charlemagne; and at that time she was richer, by many a million of acres, than in the era of Augustus. In that Augustan era we descry a clear belt of cultivation, averaging perhaps six hundred miles in depth, running in a ring-fence about the Mediterranean. This belt, *and no more*, was in decent cultivation. Beyond that belt, there was only a wild Indian cultivation; generally not so much. At present, what a difference! We have that very belt, but much richer, all things considered, *æquatis æquandis*, than in the Roman era, and much beside. The reader must not look to single cases, as that of Egypt or other parts of Africa, but take the whole collectively. On that scheme of valuation, we have the old Roman belt, the circum-Mediterranean girdle, not much tarnished, and we have all the rest of Europe to boot. Such being the case, the Earth, being (as a whole) in that Pagan era so incomparably poorer, could not in the Pagan era support the expense of maintaining great empires in cold latitudes. Her purse would not reach that cost. Wherever she undertook in those early ages to rear man in great abundance, it must be where nature would consent to work in partnership with herself; where *warmth*

[1] "*In procinct*":—Milton's translation somewhere in the "Paradise Lost" of the technical phrase "in procinctu." [The phrase, often quoted by De Quincey from Milton, occurs in *Par. Lost*, vi. 198.—M.]

was to be had for nothing; where *clothes* were not so entirely indispensable but that a ragged fellow might still keep himself warm; where slight *shelter* might serve; and where the *soil*, if not absolutely richer in reversionary wealth, was more easily cultured. Nature, in those days of infancy, must come forward liberally, and take a number of shares in every new joint-stock concern, before it could move. Man, therefore, went to bed early in those ages, simply because his worthy mother earth could not afford him candles. She, good old lady (or good young lady, for geologists know not[1] whether she is in that stage of her progress which corresponds to grey hairs, or to infancy, or to "a *certain* age")—she, good lady, would certainly have shuddered to hear any of her nations asking for candles. "Candles, indeed!" she would have said; "who ever heard of such a thing? and with so much excellent daylight running to waste, as I have provided *gratis!* What will the wretches want next?"

The daylight furnished *gratis* was certainly "undeniable" in its quality, and quite sufficient for all purposes that were honest. Seneca, even in his own luxurious period, called those men "*lucifugæ*," and by other ugly names, who lived chiefly by candle-light. None but rich and luxurious men,—nay, even amongst these, none but idlers,—*did* live or *could* live by candle-light. An immense majority of men in Rome never lighted a candle, unless sometimes in the early dawn. And this custom of Rome was the custom also of all nations that lived round the great lake of the Mediterranean. In Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, everywhere, the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock.[2] The

[1] "*Geologists know not*":—In man, the sixtieth part of six thousand years is a very venerable age. But, as to the planet, as to our little earth, instead of arguing dotage, six thousand years may have scarcely carried her beyond babyhood. Some people think she is cutting her first teeth; some think her in her teens. But, seriously, it is a very interesting problem. Do the sixty centuries of our earth imply youth, maturity, or dotage?

[2] "*Everywhere the ancients went to bed, like good boys, from seven to nine o'clock*":—As I am perfectly serious, I must beg the reader who fancies any joke in all this to consider what an immense difference it must have made to the Earth, considered as a steward of her own resources, whether great nations, in a period when their resources were so feebly developed, did, or did not, for many centuries, require

Turks, and other people who have succeeded to the stations and the habits of the ancients, do so at this day.

The Roman, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting round a table in the dark, went off to bed as the darkness began. Everybody did so. Old Numa Pompilius himself was obliged to trundle off in the dusk. Tarquinius might be a very superb fellow; but I doubt whether he ever saw a farthing rushlight. And, though it may be thought that plots and conspiracies would flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators themselves had no more candles than honest men: both parties were in the dark.

Being up, then, and stirring not long after the lark, what mischief did the Roman go about first? Now-a-days he would have taken a pipe or a cigar. But, alas for the ignorance of the poor heathen creatures! they had neither one nor the other. In this point, I must tax our mother Earth with being really *too* stingy. In the case of the candles I approve of her parsimony. Much mischief is brewed by candle-light. But it was coming it too strong to allow no tobacco. Many a wild fellow in Rome, your Gracchi, Syllas, Catilines, would not have played "h— and Tommy" in the way they did if they could have soothed their angry stomachs with a cigar: a pipe has intercepted many an evil scheme. But the thing is past helping now. At Rome you must do as "they does" at Rome. So, after shaving (supposing the age of the *Barbati* to be past), what is the first business that our Roman will undertake? Forty to one he is a poor man, born to look upwards to his fellow-men, and not to look down upon anybody but slaves. He goes, therefore, to the palace of some grandee, some top-sawyer of the senatorian order. This great man, for all his greatness, has turned out even sooner than himself. For he

candles; and, I may add, fire. The five heads of human expenditure are—1, Food; 2, Shelter; 3, Clothing; 4, Fuel; 5. Light. All were pitched on a lower scale in the Pagan era; and the two last were almost banished from ancient housekeeping. What a great relief this must have been to our good mother the Earth! who at *first* was obliged to request of her children that they would settle round the Mediterranean. She could not even afford them water, unless they would come and fetch it themselves out of a common tank or cistern.

also has had no candles and no cigars ; and he well knows that, before the sun looks into his portals, all his halls will be overflowing and buzzing with the matin susurrus of courtiers —the "mane salutantes."[1] It is as much as his popularity is worth to absent himself, or to keep people waiting. But surely, the reader may think, this poor man he might keep waiting. No, he might not ; for, though poor, being a citizen, the man is a gentleman. That was the consequence of keeping slaves. Wherever there is a class of slaves, he that enjoys the *jus suffragii* (no matter how poor) is a gentleman. The true Latin word for a gentleman is *ingenuus*,—a freeman and the son of a freeman.

Yet even here there were distinctions. Under the Emperors, the courtiers were divided into two classes : with respect to the superior class, it was said of the sovereign—that he *saw* them ("*videbat*") ; with respect to the other—that he *was seen* ("*videbatur*"). Even Plutarch mentions it as a common boast in his times, ἡμας ειδεν ὁ βασιλευς—*Cæsar is in the habit of seeing me ;* or, as a common plea for evading a suit, ἑτερους ὁρᾳ μαλλον—*I am sorry to say he is more inclined to look upon others.* And this usage derived itself (mark that well !) from the *Republican* era. The aulic spirit was propagated by the Empire, but from a Republican root.

Having paid his court, you will suppose that our friend comes home to breakfast. Not at all : no such discovery as "breakfast" had then been made : breakfast was not invented for many centuries after that. I have always admired, and always shall admire, as the very best of all human stories, Charles Lamb's account of *roast-pork*, and its traditional origin in China. Ching Ping, it seems, had suffered his father's house to be burned down : the outhouses were burned along with the house ; and in one of these the

[1] "*The mane salutantes*" :—There can be no doubt that the *levees* of modern princes and ministers have been inherited from this ancient usage of Rome : one which belonged to Rome Republican, as well as Rome Imperial. The fiction in our modern practice is that we wait upon the *lever*, or rising of the prince. In France, at one era, this fiction was realised : the courtiers did really attend the king's dressing. And, as to the queen, even up to the Revolution, Marie Antoinette gave audience at her toilette.

pigs, by accident, were roasted to a turn. Memorable were the results for all future China and future civilisation. Ping, who (like all China beside) had hitherto eaten his pig raw, now for the first time tasted it in a state of torrefaction. Of course he made his peace with his father by a part (tradition says a leg) of the new dish. The father was so astounded with the discovery that he burned his house down once a-year for the sake of coming at an annual banquet of roast pig. A curious prying sort of fellow, one Chang Pang, got to know of this. He also burned down a house with a pig in it, and had his eyes opened. The secret was ill kept; the discovery spread; many great conversions were made; houses were blazing in every part of the Celestial Empire. The insurance offices took the matter up. One Chong Pong, detected in the very act of shutting up a pig in his drawing-room, and then firing a train, was indicted on a charge of arson. The chief justice of Peking, on that occasion, requested an officer of the court to hand him up a piece of the roast pig, the *corpus delicti*: pure curiosity it was, liberal curiosity, that led him to taste; but within two days after, it was observed, says Lamb, that his lordship's town-house was on fire. In short, all China apostatised to the new faith; and it was not until some centuries had passed that a man of prodigious genius arose—viz. Chung Pung—who established the second era in the history of roast pig by showing that it could be had without burning down a house.

No such genius had yet arisen in Rome. Breakfast was not suspected. No prophecy, no type of breakfast, had been published. In fact, it took as much time and research to arrive at that great discovery as at the Copernican system. True it is, reader, that you have heard of such a word as *jentaculum*; and your dictionary translates that old heathen word by the Christian word *breakfast*. But dictionaries are dull deceivers. Between *jentaculum* and *breakfast* the differences are as wide as between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut horse,—differences in the *time when*, in the *place where*, in the *manner how*, but pre-eminently in the *thing which*.

Galen is a good authority upon such a subject, since, if (like other Pagans) he ate no breakfast himself, in some sense he may be called the cause of breakfast to other

men, by treating of those things which could safely be taken upon an empty stomach. As to the time, he (like many other authors) says, περι τριτην, ἡ (το μακροτερον) περι τεταρτην, about the third, or at farthest about the fourth hour: and so exact is he that he assumes the day to lie exactly between six and six o'clock, and to be divided into thirteen equal portions. So the time will be a few minutes before nine, or a few minutes before ten, in the forenoon. That seems fair enough. But it is not time in respect to its location that we are concerned with, so much as time in respect to its duration. Now, heaps of authorities take it for granted that you are not to sit down—you are to stand; and, as to the place, that any place will do—"any corner of the Forum," says Galen, "any corner that you fancy"; which is like referring a man for his *salle-à-manger* to Westminster Hall or Fleet Street. Augustus, in a letter still surviving, tells us that he *jentabat*, or took his *jentaculum*, in his carriage: sometimes in a wheel carriage (*in essedo*), sometimes in a litter or palanquin (*in lectica*). This careless and disorderly way as to time and place, and other circumstances of haste, sufficiently indicate the quality of the meal you are to expect. Already you are "sagacious of your quarry from so far." Not that we would presume, excellent reader, to liken you to death, or to insinuate that you are a "grim feature." But would it not make a saint "grim" to hear of such preparations for the morning meal? And then to hear of such consummations as *panis siccus*, dry bread; or (if the learned reader thinks it will taste better in Greek) αρτος ξηρος! And what may this word *dry* happen to mean? "Does it mean *stale?*" says Salmasius. "Shall we suppose," says he, in querulous words, "*molli et recenti opponi*," that it is placed in antithesis to soft and new bread, what English sailors call "*soft tommy*"? and from that antithesis conclude it to be "*durum et non recens coctum, eoque sicciorem*"? hard and stale, and in that proportion more arid? Not quite so bad as that, we hope. Or again—"*siccum pro biscocto, ut hodie vocamus, sumemus?*"[1] By *hodie* Salmasius means

[1] "*Or again, 'siccum pro biscocto, ut hodie vocamus, sumemus?'*":—It is odd enough that a scholar so complete as Salmasius, whom nothing ever escapes, should have overlooked so obvious an alternative as that

amongst his countrymen of France, where *biscoctus* is verbatim reproduced in the word *bis* (twice) *cuit* (baked); whence our own *biscuit*. Biscuit might do very well, could we be sure that it was cabin biscuit: but Salmasius argues that in this case he takes it to mean "*buccellatum, qui est panis nauticus*"; that is, the ship company's biscuit, broken with a sledge-hammer. In Greek, for the benefit again of the learned reader, it is termed δίπυρος, indicating that it has passed twice under the action of fire.

"Well," you say, "no matter if it had passed through the fires of Moloch; only let us have this biscuit, such as it is." In good faith, then, fasting reader, you are not likely to see much more than you *have* seen. It is a very Barmecide feast, we do assure you—this same "jentaculum"; at which abstinence and patience are much more exercised than the teeth: faith and hope are the chief graces cultivated, together with that species of the *magnificum* which is founded on the *ignotum*. Even this biscuit was allowed in the most limited quantities; for which reason it is that the Greeks called this apology for a meal by the name of βουκκισμος, a word formed (as many words were in the Post-Augustan ages) from a Latin word—viz. *buccea*, a mouthful; not literally such, but so much as a polished man could allow himself to put into his mouth at once. "We took a mouthful," says Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary General—"took a mouthful; paid our reckoning; mounted; and were off." But there Sir William means, by his plausible "mouthful," something very much beyond either nine or nineteen ordinary quantities of that denomination, whereas the Roman "jentaculum" was literally such; and, accordingly, one of the varieties under which the ancient vocabularies express this model of evanescent quantities is *gustatio*, a mere tasting; and again, it is called by another variety *gustus*, a mere taste (whence comes the old French word *gouster*, for a refection or luncheon, and then, by the usual suppression of the *s*, *gouter*). Speaking of his uncle, Pliny the Younger says, "Post solem plerumque "lavabatur: deinde gustabat; dormiebat minimum; mox, "quasi alio die, studebat in cœnæ tempus": "After taking

of *siccus* in the sense of being without *opsonium*,—*Scottice*, without "kitchen."

" the air, generally speaking, he bathed ; after that he broke " his fast on a morsel of biscuit, and took a very slight *siesta:* " which done, as if awaking to a new day, he set in regularly " to his studies, and pursued them to dinner-time." *Gustabat* here meant that nondescript meal which arose at Rome when *jentaculum* and *prandium* were fused into one, and that only a *taste* or mouthful of biscuit, as we shall show farther on.

Possibly, however, most excellent reader, like some epicurean traveller, who, in crossing the Alps, finds himself weather-bound at St. Bernard's on Ash-Wednesday, you surmise a remedy: you descry some opening from "the loopholes of a retreat" through which a few delicacies might be insinuated to spread verdure on this arid wilderness of biscuit. Casuistry can do much. A dead hand at casuistry has often proved more than a match for Lent with all his quarantines. But sorry I am to say that, in this case, no relief is hinted at in any ancient author. A grape or two (not a bunch of grapes), a raisin or two, a date, an olive—these are the whole amount of relief[1] which the chancery of the Roman kitchen granted in such cases. All things here hang together, and prove each other,—the time, the place, the mode, the thing. Well might man eat standing, or eat in public, such a trifle as this. Go home, indeed, to such a breakfast ! You would as soon think of ordering a cloth to be laid in order to eat a peach, or of asking a friend to join you in an orange. No man in his senses makes "two bites of a cherry." So let us pass on to the other stages of the day. Only, in taking leave of this morning's stage, throw your eyes back with me, Christian reader, upon this truly heathen meal, fit for idolatrous dogs like your Greeks and your Romans ; survey, through the vista of ages, that thrice-accursed biscuit, with half a fig, perhaps, by way of garnish, and a huge hammer by its side, to secure the certainty of mastication by previous comminution. Then turn your eyes

[1] " *The whole amount of relief* " :—From which it appears how grossly Locke (see his "Education") was deceived in fancying that Augustus practised any remarkable abstinence in taking only a bit of bread and a raisin or two by way of luncheon. Augustus did no more than most people did ; secondly, he abstained only upon principles of luxury with a view to dinner ; and, thirdly, for this dinner he never waited longer than up to four o'clock.

to a Christian breakfast—hot rolls, eggs, coffee, beef; but down, down, rebellious visions: we need say no more! You, reader, like myself, will breathe a malediction on the Classical era, and thank your stars for making you a Romanticist. Every morning I thank mine for keeping me back from the Augustan age, and reserving me to a period in which breakfast had been already invented. In the words of Ovid, I say:—

> "Prisca juvent alios: ego me nunc denique natum
> Gratulor. Hæc ætas moribus apta meis."

Our friend, the Roman cit, has therefore thus far, in his progress through life, obtained no breakfast, if he ever contemplated an idea so frantic. But it occurs to you, my faithful reader, that perhaps he will not always be thus unhappy. I could bring waggon-loads of sentiments, Greek as well as Roman, which prove, more clearly than the most eminent pike-staff, that, as the wheel of fortune revolves, simply out of the fact that it has carried a man downwards, it must subsequently carry him upwards, no matter what dislike that wheel, or any of its spokes, may bear to that man: "non, si male nunc sit, et olim sic erit": and that, if a man, through the madness of his nation, misses coffee and hot rolls at nine, he may easily run into a leg of mutton at twelve. True it is he may do so: truth is commendable: and I will not deny that a man may sometimes, by losing a breakfast, gain a dinner. Such things have been in various ages, and will be again, but not at Rome. There were reasons against it. We have heard of men who consider life under the idea of a wilderness—dry as a "remainder biscuit after a voyage"—and who consider a day under the idea of a little life. Life is the *m*acrocosm, or world at large: day is the *m*icrocosm, or world in miniature. Consequently, if life is a wilderness, then day, as a little life, is a little wilderness. And this wilderness can be safely traversed only by having relays of fountains, or stages for refreshment. Such stages, they conceive, are found in the several meals which Providence has stationed at due intervals through the day, whenever the perverseness of man does not break the chain, or derange the order of succession.

These are the anchors by which man rides in that billowy

ocean between morning and night. The first anchor—viz. breakfast—having given way in Rome, the more need there is that he should pull up by the second ; and that is often reputed to be dinner. And, as your dictionary, good reader, translated *breakfast* by that vain word *jentaculum*, so doubtless it will translate *dinner* by that still vainer word *prandium*. Sincerely I hope that your own dinner on this day, and through all time coming, may have a better root in fact and substance than this most visionary of all baseless things—the Roman *prandium* ; of which I shall presently show you that the most approved translation is *moonshine*.

Reader, I am anything but jesting here. In the very spirit of serious truth, I assure you that the delusion about "jentaculum" is even exceeded by this other delusion about "prandium." Salmasius himself, for whom a natural prejudice of place and time partially obscured the truth, admits, however, that *prandium* was a meal which the ancients rarely took ; his very words are—"*raro prandebant veteres*." Now, judge for yourself of the good sense which is shown in translating by the word *dinner*, which must of necessity mean the chief meal, a Roman word which represents a fancy meal, a meal of caprice, a meal which few people took. At this moment, what is the single point of agreement between the noon meal of the English labourer and the evening meal of the English gentleman? What is the single circumstance common to both which causes us to denominate them by the common name of *dinner?* It is that in both we recognise the *principal* meal of the day, the meal upon which is thrown the *onus* of the day's support. In everything else they are as wide asunder as the poles ; but they agree in this one point of their function. Is it credible, now, that, to represent such a meal amongst ourselves, we select a Roman word so notoriously expressing a mere shadow, a pure apology, that very few people ever tasted it—nobody sat down to it—not many washed their hands after it, and gradually the very name of it became interchangeable with another name, implying the slightest possible act of tentative tasting or sipping? "*Post lavationem sine mensa prandium*," says Seneca, "*post quod non sunt lavandæ manus*" ; that is, "After bathing, I take a *prandium* without sitting down to table,

and such a *prandium* as brings after itself no need of washing the hands." No; moonshine as little soils the hands as it oppresses the stomach.

Reader! I, as well as Pliny, had an uncle, an East Indian uncle: doubtless you have such an uncle; everybody has an Indian uncle. Generally such a person is "rather yellow, rather yellow" (to quote Canning *versus* Lord Durham); that is the chief fault with his physics; but, as to his morals, he is universally a man of princely aspirations and habits. He is not always so orientally rich as he is reputed; but he is always orientally munificent. Call upon him at any hour from two to five, he insists on your taking *tiffin*, and such a tiffin! The English corresponding term is luncheon: but how meagre a shadow is the European meal to its glowing Asiatic cousin! Still, gloriously as tiffin shines, does anybody imagine that it is a vicarious dinner, or ever meant to be the substitute and *locum tenens* of dinner? Wait till eight, and you will have your eyes opened on that subject. So of the Roman *prandium:* had it been as luxurious as it was simple, still it was always viewed as something meant only to stay the stomach, as a prologue to something beyond. The *prandium* was far enough from giving the feeblest idea even of the English luncheon; yet it stood in the same relation to the Roman day. Now to Englishmen that meal scarcely exists, and, were it not for women, whose delicacy of organisation does not allow them to fast so long as men, would probably be abolished. It is singular in this, as in other points, how nearly England and ancient Rome approximate. We all know how hard it is to tempt a man generally into spoiling his appetite by eating before dinner. The same dislike of violating what they called the integrity of the appetite (*integram famem*) existed in Rome. *Integer* means what is *intact*, unviolated by touch. Cicero, when protesting against spoiling his appetite for dinner by tasting anything beforehand, says *integram famem ad cœnam afferam:* I intend bringing to dinner an appetite untampered with. Nay, so much stress did the Romans lay on maintaining this primitive state of the appetite undisturbed that any prelusions with either *jentaculum* or *prandium* were said, by a very strong phrase indeed, *polluere famem*—to pollute the sanctity of

the appetite. The appetite was regarded as a holy vestal flame, soaring upwards towards dinner throughout the day: if undebauched, it tended to its natural consummation in *cœna:* expiring like a phœnix, to rise again out of its own ashes. On this theory, to which language had accommodated itself, the two prelusive meals of nine or ten o'clock A.M. and of one P.M., so far from being ratified by the public sense, and adopted into the economy of the day, were regarded gloomily as gross irregularities, enormities, debauchers of the natural instinct; and, in so far as they thwarted that instinct, lessened it, or depraved it, were almost uniformly held to be full of pollution, and, finally, to *profane* a sacred motion of nature. Such was the language.

But we guess what is passing in the reader's mind. He thinks that all this proves the *prandium* to have been a meal of little account, and in very many cases absolutely unknown. But still he thinks all this might happen to the English dinner: *that* also might be neglected; supper might be generally preferred; and, nevertheless, dinner would be as truly entitled to the name of dinner as before. Many a student neglects his dinner; enthusiasm in any pursuit must often have extinguished appetite for all of us. Many a time and oft did this happen to Sir Isaac Newton. Evidence is on record that such a deponent at eight o'clock A.M. found Sir Isaac with one stocking on, one off: at two, said deponent called him to dinner. Being interrogated whether Sir Isaac had pulled on the *minus* stocking, or gartered the *plus* stocking, witness replied that he had not. Being asked if Sir Isaac came to dinner, replied that he did not. Being again asked, "At sunset, did you look in on Sir Isaac?" witness replied, "I did." And now, upon your conscience, sir, by the virtue of your oath, in what state were the stockings?" *Ans.*—"*In statu quo ante bellum.*" It seems Sir Isaac had fought through that whole battle of a long day, so trying a campaign to many people—he had traversed that whole sandy Zaarah, without calling, or needing to call, at one of those fountains, stages, or *mansiones*,[1] by which (according to our former explanation) Providence has relieved the con-

[1] "*Mansiones*":—The halts of the Roman legions, the stationary places of repose which divided the marches, were so called.

tinuity of arid soil which else disfigures that long dreary level. This happens to all; but was dinner not dinner, and did supper become dinner, because Sir Isaac Newton ate nothing at the first, and threw the whole day's support upon the last? No, you will say, a rule is not defeated by one casual deviation, nor by one person's constant deviation. Everybody else was still dining at two, though Sir Isaac might not; and Sir Isaac himself on most days no more deferred his dinner beyond two than he sat in public with one stocking off. But what if everybody, Sir Isaac included, had deferred his substantial meal until night, and taken a slight refection only at two? The question put does really represent the very case which has happened with us in England. In 1700 a large part of London took a meal at two P.M., and another at seven or eight P.M. At present, a large part of London is still doing the very same thing, taking one meal at two, and another at seven or eight. But the names are entirely changed: the two o'clock meal used to be called *dinner*, whereas at present it is called *luncheon*; the seven o'clock meal used to be called *supper*, whereas at present it is called *dinner*; and in both cases the difference is anything but *verbal*: it expresses a translation of that main meal on which the day's support rested from mid-day to evening.

Upon reviewing the idea of dinner, we soon perceive that time has little or no connexion with it: since, both in England and France, dinner has travelled, like the hand of a clock, through *every* hour between ten A.M. and ten P.M. We have a list, well attested, of every successive hour between these limits having been the known established hour for the royal dinner-table within the last three hundred and fifty years. Time, therefore, vanishes from the problem; it is a quantity regularly exterminated. The true elements of the idea are evidently these:—1. That dinner is that meal, no matter when taken, which is the principal meal, *i.e.* the meal on which the day's support is thrown. 2. That it is *therefore* the meal of hospitality. 3. That it is the meal (with reference to both Nos. 1 and 2) in which animal food predominates. 4. That it is that meal which, upon a necessity arising for the abolition of all *but* one, would naturally offer

itself as that one. Apply these four tests to *prandium* :—How could that meal *prandium* answer to the first test, as *the day's support*, which few people touched ? How could that meal *prandium* answer to the second test, as the *meal of hospitality*, at which nobody sat down ? How could that meal *prandium* answer to the third test, as the meal of animal food, which consisted exclusively and notoriously of bread ? Or answer to the fourth test, as the privileged meal *entitled to survive the abolition of the rest*, which was itself abolished at all times in practice ?

Tried, therefore, by every test, *prandium* vanishes. But I have something further to communicate about this same *prandium*.

1. It came to pass, by a very natural association of feeling, that *prandium* and *jentaculum*, in the latter centuries of Rome, were generally confounded. This result was inevitable. Both professed the same basis. Both came in the morning. Both were fictions. Hence they melted and collapsed into each other.

The fact speaks for itself. The modern breakfast and luncheon never could have been confounded ; but who would be at the pains of distinguishing two shadows ? In a gambling-house of that class where you are at liberty to sit down to a splendid banquet, anxiety probably prevents your sitting down at all ; but, if you do, the same cause prevents you noticing what you eat. So of the two *pseudo* meals of Rome : they came in the very midst of the Roman business —viz. from nine A.M. to two P.M. Nobody could give his mind to them, had they been of better quality. There lay one cause of their vagueness—viz. in their position. Another cause was—the common basis of both. Bread was so notoriously the predominating "feature" in each of these prelusive banquets that all foreigners at Rome, who communicated with Romans through the Greek language, knew both the one and the other by the name of ἀρτοσιτος, or the *bread repast*. Originally, this name had been restricted to the earlier meal. But a distinction without a difference could not sustain itself ; and both alike disguised their emptiness under this pompous quadrisyllable. All words are suspicious, there is an odour of fraud about them, which—being con-

cerned with common things—are so base as to stretch out to four syllables. What does an honest word want with more than two? In the identity of substance, therefore, lay a second ground of confusion. And then, thirdly, even as to the time, which had ever been the sole real distinction, there arose from accident a tendency to converge. For it happened that, while some had *jentaculum* but no *prandium*, others had *prandium* but no *jentaculum*; a third party had both; a fourth party, by much the largest, had neither. Out of which four varieties (who would think that a non-entity could cut up into so many somethings?) arose a fifth party of compromisers, who, because they could not afford a regular *cœna*, and yet were hospitably disposed, fused the two ideas into one; and so, because the usual time for the idea of a breakfast was nine to ten, and for the idea of a luncheon twelve to one, compromised the rival pretensions by what diplomatists call a *mezzo termine;* bisecting the time at eleven, and melting the two ideas into one. But, by thus merging the separate times of each, they abolished the sole real difference that had ever divided them. Losing that, they lost all.

Perhaps, as two negatives make one affirmative, it may be thought that two layers of moonshine might coalesce into one pancake, and two Barmecide banquets might be the square root of one poached egg. Of that the company were the best judges. But, probably, as a rump and dozen, in our land of wagers, is construed with a very liberal latitude as to the materials, so Martial's invitation, "to take bread with him at eleven," might be understood by the συνετοι (the knowing ones) as significant of something better than ἀρτοσιτος. Otherwise, in good truth, "moonshine and turn-out" at eleven A.M. would be even worse than "tea and turn-out" at eight P.M., —which the "fervida juventus" of Young England so loudly deprecates. But, however that might be, in this convergement of the several frontiers, and the confusion that ensued, one cannot wonder that, whilst the two bladders collapsed into one idea, they actually expanded into four names—two Latin and two Greek, *gustus* and *gustatio*, γευσις and γευσμα—which all alike express the merely tentative or exploratory act of a *prægustator* or professional "taster" in a king's household: what, if applied to a fluid, we should denominate sipping.

At last, by so many steps all in one direction, things had come to such a pass—the two prelusive meals of the Roman morning, each for itself separately vague from the beginning, had so communicated and interfused their several and joint vaguenesses—that at last no man knew or cared to know what any other man included in his idea of either; how much or how little. And you might as well have hunted in the woods of Ethiopia for Prester John, or fixed the parish of the Everlasting Jew,[1] as have attempted to say what "jentaculum" certainly *was*, or what "prandium" certainly was *not*. Only one thing was clear, that neither was anything that people cared for. They were both empty shadows; but, shadows as they were, we find from Cicero that they had a power of polluting and profaning better things than themselves.

We presume that no rational man will henceforth look for "dinner"—that great idea according to Dr. Johnson—that sacred idea according to Cicero—in a bag of moonshine on one side, or a bag of pollution on the other. *Prandium*, so far from being what our foolish dictionaries pretend—dinner itself—never in its palmiest days was more or other than a miserable attempt at being *luncheon*. It was a *conatus*, what physiologists call a *nisus*, a struggle in a very ambitious spark, or *scintilla*, to kindle into a fire. This *nisus* went on for some centuries, but finally evaporated in smoke. If *prandium* had worked out its ambition, had "the great stream of tendency" accomplished all its purposes, *prandium* never could have been more than a very indifferent luncheon. But now,

2. I have to offer another fact, ruinous to our dictionaries on another ground. Various circumstances have disguised the truth, but a truth it is, that "prandium," in its very origin and *incunabula*, never was a meal known to the Roman *culina*. In that court it was never recognised except as an alien. It had no original domicile in the city of Rome. It

[1] "*The Everlasting Jew*":—The German name for what we English call the Wandering Jew. The German imagination has been most struck by the duration of the man's life, and his unhappy sanctity from death: the English, by the unrestingness of the man's life, his incapacity of repose.

was a *vox castrensis*, a word and an idea purely martial, and pointing to martial necessities. Amongst the new ideas proclaimed to the recruit this was one—"Look for no '*cœna*,' no regular dinner, with us. Resign these unwarlike notions. It is true that even war has its respites; in these it would be possible to have our Roman *cœna* with all its equipage of ministrations. But luxury untunes the mind for doing and suffering. Let us voluntarily renounce it; that, when a necessity of renouncing it arrives, we may not feel it among the hardships of war. From the day when you enter the gates of the camp, reconcile yourself, tiro, to a new fashion of meal,—to what in camp dialect we call *prandium*." This "prandium," this essentially military meal, was taken standing, by way of symbolising the necessity of being always ready for the enemy. Hence the posture in which it was taken at Rome, the very counter-pole to the luxurious posture of dinner. A writer of the third century,—a period from which the Romans naturally looked back upon everything connected with their own early habits with much the same kind of interest as we extend to our Alfred (separated from us, as Romulus from them, by just a thousand years),—in speaking of *prandium*, says, "Quod dictum est *parandium*, ab eo quod milites ad bellum *paret*." Isidorus again says, "Proprie apud veteres prandium vocatum fuisse omnem militum cibum ante pugnam": *i.e.* "that, properly speaking, amongst our ancestors every military meal taken before battle was termed *prandium*." According to Isidore, the proposition is reciprocating; viz. that, as every *prandium* was a military meal, so every military meal was called *prandium*. But, in fact, the reason of that is apparent. Whether in the camp or the city, the early Romans had probably but one meal in a day. That is true of many a man amongst ourselves by choice; it is true also, to our knowledge, of some horse regiments in our service, and may be of all. This meal was called *cœna* or dinner in the city—*prandium* in camps. In the city it would always be tending to one fixed hour. In the camp innumerable accidents of war would make it very uncertain. On this account it would be an established rule to celebrate the daily meal at noon, if nothing hindered; not that a later hour would not have been preferred, had the

choice been free; but it was better to have a certainty at a bad hour than by waiting for a better hour to make it an uncertainty. For it was a camp proverb—*Pransus, paratus*; armed with this daily meal, the soldier is ready for service. It was not, however, that all meals, as Isidore imagined, were indiscriminately called *prandium*, but that the one sole meal of the day, by accidents of war, might, and did, revolve through all hours of the day.

The first introduction of this military meal into Rome itself would be through the honourable pedantry of old centurions, &c., delighting (like the Commodore Trunnions of our navy) to keep up in peaceful life some image or memorial of their past experience, so wild, so full of peril, excitement, and romance, as Roman warfare must have been in those ages. Many non-military people for health's sake, many as an excuse for eating early, many by way of interposing some refreshment between the stages of forensic business, would adopt this hurried and informal meal. Many would wish to see their sons adopting such a meal, as a training for foreign service in particular, and for temperance in general. It would also be maintained by a solemn and very interesting commemoration of this camp repast in Rome.

This commemoration, because it has been greatly misunderstood by Salmasius (whose error arose from not marking the true point of a particular antithesis), and still more because it is a distinct confirmation of all I have said as to the military nature of *prandium*, I shall detach from the series of my illustrations, by placing it in a separate paragraph.

On a set day the officers of the army were invited by Cæsar to a banquet; it was a circumstance expressly noticed in the invitation, that the banquet was not a "cœna," but a "prandium." What did *that* imply? Why, that all the guests must present themselves in full military accoutrement; whereas, observes the historian, had it been a *cœna*, the officers would have unbelted their swords; for, he adds, even in Cæsar's presence the officers are allowed to lay aside their swords. The word *prandium*, in short, converted the palace into the imperial tent; and Cæsar was no longer a civil emperor and *princeps senatus*, but became a commander-in-

chief amongst a council of his staff, all belted and plumed, and in full military fig.

On this principle we come to understand why it is that, whenever the Latin poet speaks of an army as taking food, the word used is always *prandens* and *pransus*, and, when the word used is *prandens*, then always it is an army that is concerned. Thus Juvenal in a well-known passage :—

> "Credimus altos
> Desiccasse amnes, epotaque flumina, Medo
> *Prandente*"—

that rivers were drunk up, when the Mede (*i.e.* the Median army under Xerxes) took his daily meal : *prandente*, observe, not *cœnante :* you might as well talk of an army taking tea and buttered toast as taking *cœna*. Nor is that word ever applied to armies. It is true that the converse is not so rigorously observed ; nor ought it, from the explanations already given. Though no soldier dined (*cœnabat*), yet the citizen sometimes adopted the camp usage, and took a *prandium*. But generally the poets use the word merely to mark the time of day. In that most humorous appeal of Persius, "Cur quis non prandeat, hoc est ?"—is this a sufficient reason for losing one's *prandium ?*—he was obliged to say *prandium*, because no exhibitions ever could cause a man to lose his *cœna*, since none were displayed at a time of day when nobody in Rome would have attended. Just as, in alluding to a parliamentary speech notoriously delivered at midnight, an English satirist might have said, Is this a speech to furnish an argument for leaving one's bed ?—not as what stood foremost in his regard, but as the only thing that *could* be lost at that time of night.

On this principle also—viz. by going back to the military origin of *prandium*—we gain the interpretation of all the peculiarities attached to it : viz.—1, its early hour ; 2, its being taken in a standing posture ; 3, in the open air ; 4, the humble quality of its materials—bread and biscuit (the main articles of military fare). In all these circumstances of the meal, we read, most legibly written, the exotic (or non-civic) character of the meal, and its martial character.

Thus I have brought down our Roman friend to noon-

day, or even one hour later than noon, and to this moment the poor man has had nothing to eat. For, supposing him to be not *impransus*, and supposing him *jentasse* beside, yet it is evident (I hope) that neither one nor the other means more than what it was often called—viz. βουκκισμος, or, in plain English, a mouthful. How long do we intend to keep him waiting? Reader, he will dine at three, or (supposing dinner put off to the latest) at four. Dinner was never known to be later than the tenth hour at Rome,—which in summer would be past five, but for a far greater proportion of days would be near four, in Rome. And so entirely was a Roman the creature of ceremonial usage that a national mourning would probably have been celebrated, and the "sad augurs" would have been called in to expiate the prodigy, had the general dinner lingered beyond four.

But, meantime, what has our friend been about since perhaps six or seven in the morning? After paying his little homage to his *patronus*, in what way has he fought with the great enemy Time since then? Why, reader, this illustrates one of the most interesting features in the Roman character. The Roman was the idlest of men. "Man and boy," he was "an idler in the land." He called himself and his pals "rerum dominos, gentemque togatam"—"*the gentry that wore the toga.*" Yes, a pretty set of *gentry* they were, and a pretty affair that "toga" was. Just figure to yourself, reader, the picture of a hard-working man, with horny hands, like our hedgers, ditchers, porters, &c., setting to work on the high-road in that vast sweeping toga, filling with a strong gale like the mainsail of a frigate. Conceive the roars with which this magnificent figure would be received into the bosom of a modern poorhouse detachment sent out to attack the stones on some line of road, or a fatigue party of dustmen sent upon secret service. Had there been nothing left as a memorial of the Romans but that one relic—their immeasurable toga[1]

[1] "*Immeasurable toga*":—It is very true that in the time of Augustus the *toga* had disappeared amongst the lowest plebs; and greatly Augustus was shocked at that spectacle. It is a very curious fact in itself, especially as expounding the main cause of the Civil Wars. Mere poverty, and the absence of bribery from Rome whilst all popular competition for offices drooped, can alone explain this remarkable revolution of dress.

—I should have known that they were born and bred to idleness. In fact, except in war, the Roman never did anything at all but sun himself. *Ut se apricaret* was the final cause of peace in his opinion; in literal truth, that he might make an *apricot* of himself. The public rations at all times supported the poorest inhabitant of Rome, if he were a citizen. Hence it was that Hadrian was so astonished with the spectacle of Alexandria, "*civitas opulenta, fœcunda, in qua nemo vivat otiosus.*" Here first he saw the spectacle of a vast city, second only to Rome, where every man had something to do; "*podagrosi quod agant habent; habent cœci quod faciant; ne chiragrici*" (those with gout in the fingers) "*apud eos otiosi vivunt.*" No poor rates levied upon the rest of the world for the benefit of their own paupers were there distributed *gratis*. The prodigious spectacle (such it seemed to Hadrian) was exhibited in Alexandria, of all men earning their bread in the sweat of their brow. In Rome only (and at one time in some of the Grecian states) it was the very meaning of *citizen* that he should vote and be idle. Precisely those were the two things which the Roman, the *fœx Romuli*, had to do—viz. sometimes to vote, and always to be idle.

In these circumstances, where the whole sum of life's duties amounted to voting, all the business a man *could* have was to attend the public assemblies, electioneering or factious. These, and any judicial trial (public or private) that might happen to interest him, for the persons concerned or for the questions at stake, amused him through the morning; that is, from eight till one. He might also extract some diversion from the *columnæ*, or pillars of certain porticoes to which they pasted advertisements. These *affiches* must have been numerous; for all the girls in Rome who lost a trinket, or a pet bird, or a lap-dog, took this mode of angling in the great ocean of the public for the missing articles.

But all this time I take for granted that there were no shows in a course of exhibition, either the dreadful ones of the amphitheatre, or the bloodless ones of the circus. If there were, then that became the business of all Romans; and it was a business which would have occupied him from daylight until the light began to fail. Here we see another effect from the scarcity of artificial light amongst the ancients.

These magnificent shows went on by day-light. But how incomparably more gorgeous would have been the splendour by lamp-light! What a gigantic conception! Two hundred and fifty thousand human faces all revealed under one blaze of lamp-light! Lord Bacon saw the mighty advantage of candle-light for the pomps and glories of this world. But the poverty of the earth was the original cause that the Pagan shows proceeded by day. Not that the masters of the world, who rained Arabian odours and perfumed waters of the most costly description from a thousand fountains, simply to cool the summer heats, would, in the *latter* centuries of Roman civilisation, have regarded the expense of light. Cedar and other odorous woods burning upon vast altars, together with every variety of fragrant torch, would have created light enough to shed a new day stretching over to the distant Adriatic. But precedents derived from early ages of poverty, ancient traditions, overruled the practical usage.

However, as there may happen to be no public spectacles, and the courts of political meetings (if not closed altogether by superstition) would at any rate be closed in the ordinary course by twelve or one o'clock, nothing remains for him to do, before returning home, except perhaps to attend the *palæstra*, or some public recitation of a poem written by a friend, but in any case to attend the public baths. For these the time varied; and many people have thought it tyrannical in some of the Cæsars that they imposed restraints on the time open for the baths. Some, for instance, would not suffer them to open at all before two; and in any case, if you were later than four or five in summer, you would have to pay a fine which most effectually cleaned out the baths of all raff, since it was a sum that *John Quires* could not have produced to save his life. But it should be considered that the Emperor was the steward of the public resources for maintaining the baths in fuel, oil, attendance, repairs. And certain it is that during the long peace of the first Cæsars, and after the *annonaria provisio* (that great pledge of popularity to a Roman prince) had been increased by the corn tribute from the Nile, the Roman population took a vast expansion ahead. The subsequent increase of baths, whilst no old ones were neglected, proves *that* decisively. And, as

citizenship expanded by means of the easy terms on which it could be had, so did the bathers multiply. The population of Rome, in the century after Augustus, was far greater than during that era; and this, still acting as a vortex to the rest of the world, may have been one great motive with Constantine for translating the capital eastwards,—in reality, for breaking up one monster capital into two of more manageable dimensions. Two o'clock was sometimes the earliest hour at which the public baths were opened. But in Martial's time a man could go without blushing (*salva fronte*) at eleven; though even then two o'clock was the meridian hour for the great uproar of splashing, and swimming, and "larking," in the endless baths of endless Rome.

And now, at last, bathing finished, and the exercises of the *palæstra*, at half-past two, or three, our friend finds his way home—not again to leave it for that day. He is now a new man,—refreshed, oiled with perfumes, his dust washed off by hot water, and ready for enjoyment. These were the things that determined the time for dinner. Had there been no other proof that *cœna* was the Roman dinner, this is an ample one. Now first the Roman was fit for dinner, in a condition of luxurious ease; business over—that day's load of anxiety laid aside—his *cuticle*, as he delighted to talk, cleansed and polished—nothing more to do or to think of until the next morning: he might now go and dine, and get drunk with a safe conscience. Besides, if he does not get dinner now, when will he get it? For most demonstrably he has taken nothing yet which comes near in value to that basin of soup which many of ourselves take at the Roman hour of bathing. No; we have kept our man fasting as yet. It is to be hoped that something is coming at last.

Yes, something *is* coming; dinner is coming, the great meal of "*cœna*," the meal sacred to hospitality and genial pleasure comes now to fill up the rest of the day, until light fails altogether.

Many people are of opinion that the Romans only understood what the capabilities of dinner were. It is certain that they were the first great people that discovered the true secret and meaning of dinner, the great office which it fulfils, and which we in England are now so generally acting on.

Barbarous nations—and none were, in that respect, more barbarous than our own ancestors—made this capital blunder: the brutes, if you asked them what was the use of dinner, what it was meant for, stared at you, and replied—as a horse would reply, if you put the same question about his provender—that it was to give him strength for finishing his work! Therefore, if you point your telescope back to antiquity about twelve or one o'clock of the daytime, you will descry our most worthy ancestors all eating for their very lives, eating as dogs eat—viz. in bodily fear that some other dog will come and take their dinner away. What swelling of the veins in the temples (see Boswell's natural history of Dr. Johnson at dinner)! what intense and rapid deglutition! what odious clatter of knives and plates! what silence of the human voice! what gravity! what fury in the libidinous eyes with which they contemplate the dishes! Positively it was an *indecent* spectacle to see Dr. Johnson at dinner. But, above all, what maniacal haste and hurry, as if the fiend were waiting with red-hot pincers to lay hold of the hindermost!

Oh, reader, do you recognise in this abominable picture your respected ancestors and ours? Excuse me for saying "What monsters!" I have a right to call my own ancestors monsters; and, if so, I must have the same right over yours. For Southey has shown plainly in the "Doctor" that, every man having four grand-parents in the second stage of ascent, consequently (since each of those four will have had four grand-parents) sixteen in the third stage, consequently sixty-four in the fourth, consequently two hundred and fifty-six in the fifth, and so on, it follows that, long before you get to the Conquest, every man and woman then living in England will be wanted to make up the sum of my separate ancestors: consequently you must take your ancestors out of the very same fund, or (if you are too proud for that) you must go without ancestors. So that, your ancestors being clearly mine, I have a right in law to call the whole "kit" of them monsters. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* Really, and upon my honour, it makes one, for the moment, ashamed of one's descent; one would wish to disinherit one's-self backwards, and (as Sheridan says in the "Rivals") to "cut the connexion." Wordsworth has an admirable picture in "Peter

Bell"[1] of "a snug party in a parlour" removed into *limbus patrum* for their offences in the flesh :—

> "Crammed, just as they on earth were crammed ;
> Some sipping punch, some sipping tea ;
> But, as you by their faces see,
> All *silent* and all d——d."

How well does that one word *silent* describe those venerable ancestral dinners — "All silent!" Contrast this infernal silence of voice, and fury of eye, with the "*risus amabilis*," the festivity, the social kindness, the music, the wine, the "*dulcis insania*," of a Roman "*cœna*." I mentioned four tests for determining what meal is, and what is not, dinner : we may now add a fifth—viz. the spirit of festal joy and elegant enjoyment, of anxiety laid aside, and of honourable social pleasure put on like a marriage garment.

And what caused the difference between our ancestors and the Romans? Simply this—the error of interposing dinner in the middle of business, thus courting all the breezes of angry feeling that may happen to blow from the business yet to come, instead of finishing, absolutely closing, the account with this world's troubles before you sit down. That unhappy interpolation ruined all. Dinner was an ugly little parenthesis between two still uglier clauses of a teetotally ugly sentence. Whereas, with us, their enlightened posterity, to whom they have the honour to be ancestors, dinner is a great reaction. There lies *my* conception of the matter. It grew out of the very excess of the evil. When business was moderate, dinner was allowed to divide and bisect it. When it swelled into that vast strife and agony, as one may call it, that boils along the tortured streets of modern London or other capitals, men began to see the necessity of an adequate counterforce to push against this overwhelming torrent, and thus maintain the equilibrium. Were it not for the soft relief of a six o'clock dinner, the gentle demeanour succeeding to the boisterous hubbub of the day, the soft glowing lights, the wine, the intellectual conversation, life in London is now come to such a pass that in two years all nerves would sink before it. But for this periodic reaction, the modern

[1] In the earliest editions, but not in the later.—M.

business which draws so cruelly on the brain, and so little on the hands, would overthrow that organ in all but those of coarse organisation. Dinner it is—meaning by dinner the whole complexity of attendant circumstances—which saves the modern brain-working man from going mad.

This revolution as to dinner was the greatest in virtue and value ever accomplished. In fact, those are always the most operative revolutions which are brought about through social or domestic changes. A nation must be barbarous, neither could it have much intellectual business, which dined in the morning. They could not be at ease in the morning. So much *must* be granted: every day has its separate *quantum*, its dose of anxiety, that could not be digested so soon as noon. No man will say it. He, therefore, who dined at noon showed himself willing to sit down squalid as he was, with his dress unchanged, his cares not washed off. And what follows from that? Why, that to him, to such a canine or cynical specimen of the genus *homo*, dinner existed only as a physical event, a mere animal relief, a purely carnal enjoyment. For in what, I demand, did this fleshly creature differ from the carrion crow, or the kite, or the vulture, or the cormorant? A French judge, in an action upon a wager, laid it down as law that man only had a *bouche*, all other animals a *gueule*: only with regard to the horse, in consideration of his beauty, nobility, use, and in honour of the respect with which man regarded him, by the courtesy of Christendom he might be allowed to have a *bouche*, and his reproach of brutality, if not taken away, might thus be hidden. But, surely, of the rabid animal who is caught dining at noonday, the *homo ferus* who affronts the meridian sun, like Thyestes and Atreus, by his inhuman meals, we are, by parity of reason, entitled to say that he has a "maw" (so has Milton's Death), but nothing resembling a stomach. And to this vile man a philosopher would say—"Go away, sir, and come back to me two or three centuries hence, when you have learned to be a reasonable creature, and to make that physico-intellectual thing out of dinner which it was meant to be, and is capable of becoming." In Henry VII's time the Court dined at eleven in the forenoon. But even that hour was considered so shockingly late in the French Court that

Louis XII actually had his grey hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave by changing his regular hour of half-past nine for eleven, in gallantry to his young English bride.[1] He fell a victim to late hours in the forenoon. In Cromwell's time they dined at one P.M. One century and a-half had carried them on by two hours. Doubtless, old cooks and scullions wondered what the world would come to next. Our French neighbours were in the same predicament. But they far surpassed us in veneration for the meal. They actually dated from it. Dinner constituted the great era of the day. *L'apres diner* is almost the sole date which you find in Cardinal De Retz's memoirs of the *Fronde*. Dinner was their *Hegira*—dinner was their *line* in traversing the ocean of day: they crossed the equator when they dined. Our English Revolution came next; it made some little difference, I have heard people say, in Church and State; I daresay it did; like enough, but its great effects were perceived in dinner. People now dined at two. So dined Addison for his last thirty years; so, through his entire life, dined Pope, whose birth was coeval with the Revolution. Precisely as the Rebellion of 1745 arose did people (but, observe, very great people) advance to four P.M. Philosophers, who watch the "semina rerum," and the first symptoms of change, had perceived this alteration singing in the upper air like a coming storm some little time before. About the year 1740, Pope complains of Lady Suffolk's dining so late as four. Young people may bear those things, he observed: but, as to himself, now turned of fifty, if such doings went on, if Lady Suffolk would adopt such strange hours, he must really absent himself from Marble Hill. Lady Suffolk had a right to

[1] "*His young English bride*":—The case of an old man, or one reputed old, marrying a very girlish wife is always too much for the gravity of history; and, rather than lose the joke, the historian prudently disguises the age,—which, after all, in this case was not above fifty-four. And the very persons who insist on the late dinner as the proximate cause of death elsewhere insinuate something more plausible, but not so decorously expressed. It is odd that this amiable prince, so memorable as having been a martyr to late dining at eleven A.M., was the same person who is so equally memorable for the noble, almost the sublime, answer about a King of France not remembering the wrongs of a Duke of Orleans.

please herself; he himself loved her. But, if she would persist, all which remained for a decayed poet was respectfully to cut his stick, and retire. Whether Pope ever put up with four o'clock dinners again, I have vainly sought to fathom. Some things advance continuously, like a flood or a fire, which always make an end of A, eat and digest it, before they go on to B. Other things advance *per saltum*: they do not silently cancer their way onwards, but lie as still as a snake after they have made some notable conquest, —then, when unobserved, they make themselves up "for mischief" and take a flying bound onwards. Thus advanced dinner, and by these fits got into the territory of evening. And ever, as it made a motion onwards, it found the nation more civilised (else the change could not have been effected), and co-operated in raising them to a still higher civilisation. The next relay on that line of road, the next repeating frigate, is Cowper in his poem on "Conversation." He speaks of four o'clock as still the elegant hour for dinner—the hour for the *lautiores* and the *lepidi homines*. Now, this might be written about 1780, or a little earlier; perhaps, therefore, just one generation after Pope's Lady Suffolk. But then Cowper was living amongst the rural gentry, not in high life; yet, again, Cowper was nearly connected by blood with the eminent Whig house of Cowper, and acknowledged as a kinsman. About twenty-five years after this we may take Oxford as a good exponent of the national advance. As a magnificent body of "foundations," endowed by kings, nursed by queens, and resorted to by the flower of the national youth, Oxford ought to be elegant and even splendid in her habits. Yet, on the other hand, as a grave seat of learning, and feeling the weight of her position in the commonwealth, she is slow to move: she is inert as she should be, having the functions of *resistance* assigned to her against the popular instinct (surely active enough) of *movement*. Now, in Oxford, about 1804-5, there was a general move in the dinner hour. Those colleges who dined at three, of which there were still several, now began to dine at four: those who had dined at four now translated their hour to five. These continued good general hours till about Waterloo. After that era, six, which had been somewhat of a gala hour, was promoted to

the fixed station of dinner-time in ordinary; and there perhaps it will rest through centuries. For a more festal dinner, seven, eight, nine, ten, have all been in requisition since then; but I am not aware of any man's habitually dining later than ten P.M., except in that classical case, recorded by Mr. Joseph Miller, of an Irishman who must have dined much later than ten, because his servant protested, when others were enforcing the dignity of their masters by the lateness of their dinner hours, that *his* master invariably dined "to-morrow."

Were the Romans not as barbarous as our own ancestors at one time? Most certainly they were. In their primitive ages they took their *cœna* at noon[1]: *that* was before they had laid aside their barbarism, before they shaved: it was during their barbarism, and in consequence of their barbarism, that they timed their *cœna* thus unseasonably. And this is made evident by the fact that, so long as they erred in the hour, they erred in the attending circumstances. At this period they had no music at dinner, no festal graces, and no reposing upon sofas. They sat bolt upright in chairs, and were as grave as our ancestors, as rabid, as libidinous in ogling the dishes, and doubtless as furiously in haste.

With us the revolution has been equally complex. We do not, indeed, adopt the luxurious attitude of semi-recumbency; our climate makes that less requisite; and, moreover, the Romans had no knives and forks,—which could scarcely be used in that recumbent posture; they ate with

[1] "*Took their cœna at noon*":—And, by the way, in order to show how little *cœna* had to do with any evening hour (though, in any age but that of our fathers, four in the afternoon would never have been thought an evening hour), the Roman *gourmands* and *bons vivants* continued through the very last ages of Rome to take their *cœna*, when more than usually sumptuous, at noon. This, indeed, all people did occasionally, just as we sometimes give a dinner even now so early as four P.M. under the name of a breakfast. Those who took their *cœna* as early as this were said *de die cœnare*—to begin dining from high day. That line in Horace—"Ut jugulent homines, surgunt *de nocte* latrones"—does not mean that the robbers rise when others are going to bed, viz. at nightfall, but at midnight. For, says one of the three best scholars of this earth, *de die, de nocte,* mean from that hour which was most fully, most intensely day or night—viz. the centre, the meridian. This one fact is surely a clencher as to the question whether *cœna* meant dinner or supper.

their fingers from dishes already cut up—whence the peculiar force of Seneca's "post quod non sunt lavandæ manus." But, exactly in proportion as our dinner has advanced towards evening, have we and has *that* advanced in circumstances of elegance, of taste, of intellectual value. This by itself would be much. Infinite would be the gain for any people that it had ceased to be brutal, animal, fleshly; ceased to regard the chief meal of the day as a ministration only to an animal necessity; that they had raised it to a higher office; associated it with social and humanising feelings, with manners, with graces moral and intellectual: moral in the self-restraint; intellectual in the fact, notorious to all men, that the chief arenas for the *easy* display of intellectual power are at our dinner tables. But dinner has *now* even a greater function than this: as the fervour of our day's business increases, dinner is continually more needed in its office of a great *reaction*. I repeat that, at this moment, but for the daily relief of dinner, the brain of all men who mix in the strife of capitals would be unhinged and thrown off its centre.

If we should suppose the case of a nation taking three equidistant meals, all of the same material and the same quantity—all milk, for instance, all bread, or all rice—it would be impossible for Thomas Aquinas himself to say which was or was not dinner. The case would be that of the Roman *ancile* which dropped from the skies: to prevent its ever being stolen, the priests made eleven *facsimiles* of it, in order that a thief, seeing the hopelessness of distinguishing the true one, might let all alone. And the result was that, in the next generation, nobody could point to the true one. But our dinner, the Roman *cœna*, is distinguished from the rest by far more than the hour; it is distinguished by great functions, and by still greater capacities. It is already most beneficial; *if it* saves (as I say it does) the nation from madness, it may become more so.

In saying this, I point to the lighter graces of music, and conversation *more varied*, by which the Roman *cœna* was chiefly distinguished from our dinner. I am far from agreeing with Mr. Croly that the Roman meal was more "intellectual" than ours. On the contrary, ours is the more

intellectual by much; we have far greater knowledge, far greater means for making it such. In fact, the fault of our meal is that it is *too* intellectual; of too severe a character; too political; too much tending, in many hands, to disquisition. Reciprocation of question and answer, variety of topics, shifting of topics, are points not sufficiently cultivated. In all else I assent to the following passage from Mr. Croly's eloquent *Salathiel*:—

"If an ancient Roman could start from his slumber into the "midst of European life, he must look with scorn on its "absence of grace, elegance, and fancy. But it is in its fes- "tivity, and most of all in its banquets, that he would feel "the incurable barbarism of the Gothic blood. Contrasted "with the fine displays that made the table of the Roman "noble a picture, and threw over the indulgence of appetite "the colours of the imagination, with what eyes must he "contemplate the tasteless and commonplace dress, the "coarse attendants, the meagre ornament, the want of mirth, "music, and intellectual interest—the whole heavy machinery "that converts the feast into the mere drudgery of devouring!"

Thus far the reader knows already that I dissent violently; and by looking back he will see a picture of our ancestors at dinner in which they rehearse the very part in relation to ourselves that Mr. Croly supposes all moderns to rehearse in relation to the Romans; but in the rest of the beautiful description,—the positive, though not the comparative part,—we must all concur:—"The guests before me were fifty or sixty "splendidly dressed men" [they were in fact Titus and his staff, then occupied with the siege of Jerusalem] "attended by "a crowd of domestics, attired with scarcely less splendour; "for no man thought of coming to the banquet in the robes "of ordinary life. The embroidered couches, themselves "striking objects, allowed the ease of position at once de- "lightful in the relaxing climates of the south, and capable "of combining with every grace of the human figure. At a "slight distance, the table loaded with plate glittering under "a profusion of lamps, and surrounded by couches thus "covered by rich draperies, was like a central source of light "radiating in broad shafts of every brilliant hue. The "wealth of the patricians, and their intercourse with the "Greeks, made them masters of the first performances of

" the arts. Copies of the most famous statues, and groups " of sculpture in the precious metals, trophies of victories, " models of temples, were mingled with vases of flowers and " lighted perfumes. Finally, covering and closing all, was a " vast scarlet canopy, which combined the groups beneath to " the eye, and threw the whole into the form that a painter " would love."

Mr. Croly then goes on to insist on the intellectual embellishments of the Roman dinner, their variety, their grace, their adaptation to a festive purpose. The truth is, our English imagination, more profound than the Roman, is also more gloomy, less gay, less *riante*. That accounts for our want of the gorgeous *triclinium*, with its scarlet draperies, and for many other differences both to the eye and to the understanding. But both we and the Romans agree in the main point: we both discovered the true purpose which dinner might serve—1, to throw the grace of intellectual enjoyment over an animal necessity; 2, to relieve and to meet by a benign antagonism the toil of brain incident to high forms of social life.

My object has been to point the eye to this fact: to show uses imperfectly suspected in a recurring accident of life; to show a steady tendency to that consummation, by holding up, as in a mirror, a series of changes corresponding to our own series, with regard to the same chief meal, silently going on in a great people of antiquity.

THE PAGAN ORACLES [1]

It is remarkable—and, without a previous explanation, it might seem paradoxical to say it—that oftentimes under a continual accession of light important subjects grow more and more enigmatical. In times when nothing was explained, the student, torpid as his teacher, saw nothing which called for explanation: all appeared one monotonous blank. But no sooner had an early twilight begun to solicit the creative faculties of the eye than many dusky objects, with outlines imperfectly defined, began to converge the eye, and to strengthen the nascent interest of the spectator. It is true that light, in its final plenitude, is calculated to disperse all darkness. But this effect belongs to its consummation. In its earlier and *struggling* states, light does but reveal darkness. It makes the darkness palpable and "visible." [2] Of which we may see a sensible illustration in a gloomy glass-house, where the sullen lustre from the furnace does but mass and accumulate the thick darkness in the rear upon which the moving figures are relieved. Or we may see an intellectual illustration in the mind of the savage, on whose

[1] From *Blackwood's Magazine* for March 1842: reprinted in greater part by De Quincey in 1858 in the eighth volume of his Collected Writings, but with omissions, and with additions both to the text and in footnotes.—M.

[2] Accordingly, some five-and-thirty years ago I attempted to show that Milton's famous expression in the "Paradise Lost," "*No light, but rather darkness visible*," was not (as critics imagined) a gigantic audacity, but a simple trait of description, faithful to the literal realities of a phenomenon (sullen light intermingled with massy darkness) which Milton had noticed with closer attention than the mob of careless observers. Equivalent to this is Milton's own expression, "*Teach light to counterfeit a gloom*," in "Il Penseroso."

blank surface there exists no doubt or perplexity at all, none of the pains connected with half-knowledge ; he is conscious of no darkness, simply because for *him* there exists no visual ray of speculation, no vestige of prelusive light.

Similar, and continually more similar, has been the condition of Ancient History. Once yielding a mere barren crop of facts and dates, slowly it has been kindling of late years into life and deep interest under superior treatment. And hitherto, as the light has advanced, *pari passu* have the masses of darkness strengthened. Every question solved has been the parent of three new questions unmasked. And the power of breathing life into dry bones has but seemed to multiply the skeletons and lifeless remains ; for the very natural reason—that these dry bones formerly (whilst viewed as incapable of revivification) had seemed less numerous, because everywhere confounded to the eye with stocks and stones, so long as there was no motive of hope for marking the distinction between them.

Amongst all the illustrations which might illuminate this truth, none is so instructive as the large question of PAGAN ORACLES. Every part, indeed, of the Pagan religion—the course, geographically or ethnographically, of its traditions, the vast labyrinth of its mythology, the deductions of its contradictory genealogies, the disputed meaning of its many secret "mysteries" (τελεται, symbolic rites or initiations), all these have been submitted of late years to the scrutiny of glasses more powerful, applied under more combined arrangements, and directed according to new principles more comprehensively framed. I cannot in sincerity affirm, always with immediate advantage. But, even where the individual effort may have been a failure as regarded the immediate object, rarely indeed has it happened that much indirect illumination did not result—which, afterwards entering into combination with other scattered currents of light, has issued in discoveries of value ; although, perhaps, any one contribution, taken separately, had been, and would have remained, inoperative. Much has been accomplished, chiefly of late years, and, confining our view to Ancient History, almost exclusively amongst the Germans—by the Savignys, the Niebuhrs, the Ottfried Muellers. And, if that *much* has left

still more to do, it has also brought the means of working upon a scale of accelerated speed.

The books now existing upon the Ancient Oracles—above all, upon the Greek Oracles—amount to a small library. The facts have been collected from all quarters, examined, sifted, winnowed. Theories have been raised upon these facts under every angle of aspect; and yet, after all, I profess myself dissatisfied. Amongst much that is sagacious, I feel, and I resent with disgust, a taint of falsehood diffused over these recent speculations from vulgar and even counterfeit incredulity: the one gross vice of German philosophy, not less determinate or less misleading than that vice which heretofore, through many centuries, had impoverished this subject, and had sealed up its discussion under the anile superstition of the Ecclesiastical Fathers.

These Fathers, both Greek and Latin, had the ill fortune to be extravagantly esteemed by the Church of Rome; whence, under a natural reaction, they were systematically depreciated by the great leaders of the Protestant Reformation. And yet hardly in a corresponding degree. For there was, after all, even among the Reformers, a deep-seated prejudice in behalf of all that was "primitive" in Christianity; under which term, by some confusion of ideas, the *Patristic* Literature benefited. Primitive Christianity was reasonably venerated, and on this argument—that for the first three centuries it was more demonstrably sincere. I do not think so much of that sincerity which affronted the fear of persecution; because, after all, the searching persecutions were rare and intermitting, and not perhaps, in any case, so fiery as they have been represented. I think more of that gentle but insidious persecution which lay in the solicitations of besieging friends, and more still of the continual temptations which haunted the irresolute Christian in the fascinations of the public amusements. The theatre, the circus, and, far beyond both, the cruel amphitheatre, constituted, for the ancient world, a passionate enjoyment, that by many authors, and especially through one period of time, is described as going to the verge of frenzy. And we, in modern times, are far too little aware in what degree these great carnivals, together with another attraction of great cities, the pomps

and festivals of the Pagan worship, broke the monotony of domestic life, which, for the old world, was even more oppressive than it is for us. In all principal cities, so as to be within the reach of almost all provincial inhabitants, there was a hippodrome, often uniting the functions of the circus and the amphitheatre; and there was a theatre. From all such pleasures the Christian was sternly excluded by his very profession of faith. From the festivals of the Pagan religion his exclusion was even more absolute; against *them* he was a sworn militant protester from the hour of his baptism. And, when these modes of pleasurable relaxation had been subtracted from ancient life, what could remain? Even less, perhaps, than most readers have been led to consider, because the ancients had no such power of extensive locomotion, of refreshment for their wearied minds by travelling and change of scene, as we children of modern civilisation. No ships had then been fitted up for passengers, nor public carriages established, nor roads opened extensively, nor hotels so much as imagined hypothetically; because the relation of ξενια [1] or the obligation to reciprocal hospitality, and partially the Roman relation of patron and client, had stifled the first motions of enterprise in any such direction: in fact, no man travelled but the soldier and the man of political authority. Consequently, in sacrificing public amusements, the Christians sacrificed *all* pleasure whatsoever that was not rigorously domestic; whilst, in facing the contingencies of persecutions that might arise under the rapid succession of changing

[1] "*Relation of Xenia*":—A citizen of Rome, if likely to travel, established correspondents all over the Mediterranean; of course, therefore, at so splendid a city as Corinth. After *that*, the Corinthian correspondent, when drawn by business of any kind to Rome, went thither without anxiety—relying upon his privilege; and, upon producing his *tessera*, or ticket of identification, he was immediately admitted to all the rights of hospitality; foremost amongst which ranked the advantage of good counsel against the risk of collision with the laws or usages of a strange city, and the further advantage of powerful aid in the case of having already incurred that risk. Inversely, the Roman enjoyed a parity of protection and hospitable entertainment on going to Corinth. And not unfrequently this reciprocal tie descended through several generations. The distant households drew upon each other *at sight*.

Emperors, they faced a perpetual *anxiety* more trying to the fortitude than any fixed and measurable evil. Here, certainly, we have a guarantee for the deep faithfulness of early Christians, such as never can exist for more mixed bodies of professors, subject to less searching trials.

Better the Primitive Christians were perhaps (not individually better, but better on the total body); yet they were not in any intellectual sense wiser. Unquestionably the elder Christians participated in the local follies, prejudices, superstitions, of their several provinces and cities, except where any of these happened to be too conspicuously at war with the spirit of love or the spirit of purity which exhaled at every point from the Christian faith; and, in all intellectual features, as were the Christians generally, such were the Fathers. Amongst the Greek Fathers, one might be unusually learned, as Clement of Alexandria; and another might be reputed unusually eloquent, as Gregory Nazianzen, or Basil. Amongst the Latin Fathers, one might be a man of admirable genius, as far beyond the poor, vaunted Rousseau in the impassioned grandeur of his thoughts as he was in truth and purity of heart,—I speak of St. Augustine (more briefly known as St. Austin),—and many might be distinguished by various literary merits. But could these advantages anticipate a higher civilisation? Most unquestionably some of the Fathers were the *élite* of their own age, but not in advance of their age. They, like all their contemporaries, were besieged by errors, ancient, inveterate, traditional; and, accidentally, from one cause special to themselves, they were not merely liable to error, but usually prone to error. This cause lay in the *polemic* form which so often they found a necessity, or a convenience, or a temptation, for assuming, as teachers or defenders of the truth.

He who reveals a body of awful truth to a candid and willing auditory is content with the grand simplicities of truth in the quality of his proofs. And truth, where it happens to be of a high order, is generally its own witness to all who approach it in the spirit of child-like docility. But far different is the position of that teacher who addresses an audience composed in various proportions of sceptical inquirers, obstinate opponents, and malignant scoffers. Less

than an Apostle is unequal to the suppression of all human reactions incident to wounded sensibilities. Scorn is too naturally met by retorted scorn; malignity in the Pagan, which characterised all the known cases of signal opposition to Christianity, could not but hurry many good men into a vindictive pursuit of victory. Generally, where truth is communicated *polemically* (that is, not as it exists in its own inner simplicity, but as it exists in external relation to error), the temptation is excessive to use those arguments which will tell at the moment upon the crowd of bystanders, by preference to those which will approve themselves ultimately to enlightened disciples. Hence it is that, like the professional Rhetoricians of Athens, not seldom the Christian Fathers, when urgently pressed by an antagonist equally mendacious and ignorant, could not resist the human instinct for employing arguments such as would baffle and confound the unprincipled opponent, rather than such as would satisfy the earnest inquirer. If a man denied himself all specious arguments, and all artifices of dialectic subtlety, he must renounce the hopes of a *present* triumph; for the light of absolute truth on moral or on spiritual themes is too dazzling to be sustained by the diseased optics of those habituated to darkness. And hence I explain not only the many gross delusions of the Fathers, their sophisms, their errors of fact and chronology, their attempts to build great truths upon fantastic etymologies, or upon popular conceits in science that have long since exploded, but also their occasional unchristian tempers. To contend with an unprincipled and malicious liar, such as Julian the Apostate,—in its original sense the first deliberate *miscreant* or *conscious misbeliever*,—offered a dreadful snare to any man's charity. And he must be a furious bigot who will justify the rancorous lampoons of Gregory Nazianzen against his sovereign.[1] Am I, then, angry on behalf of Julian? So far as *he* was interested, not for a moment would I have suspended the descending scourge.

[1] "*Lampoons*":—Too literally lampoons; for, as those meant personal invectives affixed to lamp-posts, where they could be read by everybody, so Gregory of Nazianzum himself entitled each of several successive libels on the Emperor Julian by the name of *stylites*, or libel affixed to a pillar of a public portico.

Cut him to the bone, I should have exclaimed at the time! Lay the knout into every "raw" that can be found!' For I am of opinion that Julian's duplicity is not yet adequately understood. But what was right as regarded the claims of the criminal was *not* right as regarded the duties of his opponent. Even in this mischievous renegade, trampling with his ourang-outang hoofs the holiest of truths, a Christian bishop ought still to have respected his Emperor, through the brief period in which he *was* such, and to have commiserated his benighted brother, however wilfully astray, and however hatefully seeking to quench that light for other men which, for his own misgiving heart (as might perhaps be demonstrated), he never *did* succeed in quenching. I do not wish to enlarge upon a theme both copious and easy. But here, and everywhere, speaking of the Fathers as a body, I charge them with antichristian practices of a twofold order: sometimes as supporting their great cause in a spirit alien to its own, retorting in a temper not less uncharitable than that of their opponents; sometimes, again, as adopting arguments that are unchristian in their ultimate grounds; resting upon errors the refutation of errors, upon superstitions the overthrow of superstitions, and drawing upon the armouries of darkness for weapons that, to be durable, ought to have been of celestial temper. Alternately, in short, the Fathers trespass against those affections which furnish to Christianity its moving powers, and against those truths which furnish to Christianity its guiding lights. Indeed, Milton's memorable attempt to characterise the Fathers as a body, contemptuous as it is, can hardly be challenged as overcharged.[1]

Never in any instance were these aberrations of the Fathers more vividly exemplified than in their theories upon the Pagan Oracles. On behalf of God they were determined to be wiser than God, and, in demonstration of scriptural power, to advance doctrines which the Scriptures had nowhere warranted. At this point, however, I shall take a short course, and, to use a vulgar phrase, shall endeavour to "kill two birds with one stone."

It happens that the earliest book in our modern European Literature which has subsequently obtained a station of

[1] See *ante*, Vol. II. p. 147, footnote.—M.

authority on the subject of the Ancient Oracles applied itself entirely to the erroneous theory of the Fathers. This is the celebrated "*Antonii Van Dale De Ethnicorum Oraculis Dissertationes*," which was published at Amsterdam *at least* as early as the year 1682,—that is, one hundred and seventy-six years ago.[1] And upon the same subject there has been no subsequent book which maintains an equal rank. Van Dale might have treated his theme simply with a view to the investigation of the truth, as some recent inquirers have preferred doing; and, in that case, the Fathers would have been noticed only as incidental occasions might arise to bring forward their opinions, true or false. But to this author the errors of the Fathers seemed capital,—worthy, in fact, of forming his *principal* object; and, knowing their great authority in the Papal Church, he anticipated, in the plan of attaching his own views to the false views of the Fathers, an opening to a double patronage—that of the Protestants, in the first place, as interested in all doctrines seeming to be anti-papal, that of the Sceptics, in the second place, as interested in the exposure of whatever had once commanded, but subsequently lost, the superstitious reverence of mankind. On this policy, he determined to treat the subject polemically. He fastened, therefore, upon the Fathers with a deadly *acharnement*, that evidently meant to leave no arrears of work for any succeeding assailant; and it must be acknowledged that, simply in relation to this purpose of hostility, his work is triumphant. So much was not difficult to accomplish; for barely to enunciate the leading doctrine of the Fathers is, in the ear of any chronologist, to overthrow it. But, though successful enough in its functions of destruction, on the other hand, as an affirmative or reconstructive work, the long treatise of Van Dale is most unsatisfactory. It leaves us with a hollow sound ringing in the ear, of malicious laughter from gnomes and imps grinning over the weaknesses of man—his paralytic facility in believing, his fraudulent villainy in abusing this facility—but in no point accounting for those real effects of diffusive social benefits from the

[1] Anthony Van Dale, Dutch physician, b. 1638, d. 1708. There was an English translation, or version, of his book in 1688, under the title *History of Oracles and the Cheats of Pagan Priests*.—M.

Oracle machinery which must arrest the attention of candid students amidst some opposite monuments of incorrigible credulity or of elaborate imposture.

As a book, however, belonging to that small cycle (not numbering, perhaps, on *all* subjects, above three score) which may be said to have moulded and controlled the public opinion of Europe through the last five generations, already for itself the work of Van Dale merits a special attention. It is confessedly the *classical* book—the original *fundus* for the arguments and facts—applicable to this question ; and an accident has greatly strengthened its authority. Fontenelle, the most fashionable of European authors at the opening of the eighteenth century, writing in a language at that time even more predominant than at present, did in effect employ all his advantages to propagate and popularise the views of Van Dale.[1] Scepticism naturally courts the patronage of France ; and in effect that same remark which a learned Belgian (Van Brouwer) has found frequent occasion to make upon single sections of Fontenelle's work may be fairly extended into a representative account of the whole—"*L'on trouve les mêmes arguments chez Fontenelle, mais dégagés des longueurs du savant Van Dale, et exprimés avec plus d'élégance.*" This *rifaccimento* did not injure the original work in reputation : it caused Van Dale to be less read, but to be more esteemed ; since a man confessedly distinguished for his powers of composition had not thought it beneath his ambition to adopt and to remodel Van Dale's theory. This important position of Van Dale with regard to the effectual creed of Europe—so that, whether he were read directly, or were slighted for a more fashionable expounder, equally in either case it was *his* doctrines which prevailed—must always confer a circumstantial value upon the original dissertations "*De Ethnicorum Oraculis.*"

This original work of Van Dale is a book of considerable extent. But, in spite of its length, it divides substantially into two great chapters, and no more, which coincide, in fact, with the two separate dissertations. The first of these dissertations, occupying one hundred and eighty-one pages,

[1] Fontenelle, 1657-1757. Of his work on Oracles there was an English translation in 1750.—M.

inquires into the failure and extinction of the Oracles,—*when* they failed, and *why*, or under what circumstances. The second of these dissertations inquires into the machinery and resources of the Oracles during the time of their prosperity.

In the first dissertation, the object is to expose the folly and gross ignorance of the Fathers, who insisted on representing the history of the case roundly in this shape—as though all had prospered with the Oracles up to the nativity of Christ, but that, after his crucifixion, and simultaneously with the first promulgation of Christianity, all Oracles had suddenly drooped, or, to tie up their language to the rigour of their theory, had suddenly expired. All this Van Dale peremptorily denies; and, in these days it is scarcely requisite to add, triumphantly denies: the whole hypothesis of the Fathers having literally not a leg to stand upon, and being, in fact, the most audacious defiance to historical records that perhaps the annals of human folly present.[1]

In the second dissertation, Van Dale combats the other notion of the Fathers—that, during their prosperous ages, the Oracles had moved by an agency of evil spirits. He, on the contrary, contends that, from the first hour to the last of their long domination over the minds and practice of the Pagan world, they had moved by no agencies whatever but those of human fraud, intrigue, collusion, applied to human blindness, credulity, and superstition.

We shall say a word or two upon each question.

As to the first,—namely, *when* it was that the Oracles fell into decay and silence,—thanks to the headlong rashness of the Fathers, Van Dale's assault cannot be refused or evaded. In reality, the evidence against them is too flagrant and hyperbolical. If we were to quote from Juvenal "Delphis et Oracula cessant," in that case the Fathers challenge it as an argument on *their* side, for that Juvenal described a state of things immediately posterior to Christianity. Yet even

[1] From this point to the paragraph in p. 62 beginning "Oracles, take them at the very worst" is a reinsertion into the text of matter in the original *Blackwood* article of March 1842 which does not appear in De Quincey's reprint of it in 1858. The omission must have been accidental and unintended, for the omitted paragraphs are not only important in themselves, but are essential to the coherence and completeness of the paper.—M.

here the word *cessant* points to a distinction of cases which already in itself is fatal to their doctrine. By *cessant* Juvenal means evidently what we, in these days, should mean in saying of a ship in action that her fire was slackening. This powerful poet, therefore, wiser so far than the Christian Fathers, distinguishes two separate cases: first, the state of torpor and languishing which might be (and in fact was) the predicament of many famous Oracles through centuries not fewer than five, six, or even eight; secondly, the state of absolute dismantling and utter extinction which, even before his time, had confounded individual Oracles of the inferior class, not from changes affecting religion, whether true or false, but from political revolutions. Here, therefore, lies the first blunder of the Fathers,—that they confound with total death the long drooping which befell many great Oracles from languor in the popular sympathies under changes hereafter to be noticed; and, consequently, from revenues and machinery continually decaying. That the Delphic Oracle itself—of all oracles the most illustrious—had not expired, but simply slumbered for centuries, the Fathers might have convinced themselves by innumerable passages in authors contemporary with themselves; and that it was continually throwing out fitful gleams of its ancient power when any very great man (suppose a Cæsar) thought fit to stimulate its latent vitality is notorious from such cases as that of Hadrian. He, in his earlier days, whilst yet only dreaming of the purple, had not found the Oracle superannuated or palsied. On the contrary, he found it but too clear-sighted; and it was no contempt in him, but too ghastly a fear and jealousy, which laboured to seal up the grander ministrations of the Oracle for the future. What the Pythia had foreshown to himself she might foreshow to others; and, when tempted by the same princely bribes, she might authorize and kindle the same aspiring views in other great officers. Thus, in the new condition of the Roman power, there was a perpetual peril lest an oracle, so potent as that of Delphi, should absolutely create rebellions by first suggesting hopes to men in high commands. Even as it was, all treasonable assumptions of the purple, for many generations, commenced in the hopes inspired by auguries, prophecies, or sortileges. And, had

the great Delphic Oracle, consecrated to men's feelings by hoary superstition and *privileged by secrecy*, come forward to countersign such hopes, many more would have been the wrecks of ambition, and even bloodier would have been the blood-polluted line of the imperial successions. Prudence, therefore, it was, and state policy, not the power of Christianity, which gave the *final* shock (of the *original* shock we shall speak elsewhere) to the grander functions of the Delphic Oracle. But, in the meantime, the humbler and more domestic offices of this oracle, though naturally making no noise at a distance, seem long to have survived its state relations. And, apart from the sort of galvanism notoriously applied by Hadrian, surely the Fathers could not have seen Plutarch's account of its condition already a century later than our Saviour's nativity. The Pythian priestess, as we gather from *him*, had by that time become a less select and dignified personage ; she was no longer a princess in the land —a change which was proximately due to the impoverished income of the temple ; but she was still in existence, still held in respect, still trained, though at inferior cost, to her difficult and showy ministrations. And the whole establishment of the Delphic god, if necessarily contracted from that scale which had been suitable when great kings and commonwealths were constant suitors within the gates of Delphi, still clung (like the Venice of modern centuries) to her old ancestral honours, and kept up that decent household of ministers which corresponded to the altered ministrations of her temple. In fact, the evidences on behalf of Delphi, as a princely house that had indeed partaken in the decaying fortunes of Greece, but naturally was all the prouder from the irritating contrast of her great remembrances, are so plentifully dispersed through books that the Fathers must have been willingly duped. That in some way they *were* duped is too notorious from the facts, and might be suspected even from their own occasional language. Take, as one instance amongst the whole *harmony* of similar expressions, this short passage from Eusebius : οἱ Ἕλληνες ὁμολογουντες ἐκλελοιπεναι αὐτων τα χρηστηρια : the Greeks admitting that their Oracles have failed—(there is, however, a disingenuous vagueness in the very word εκλελοιπεναι)—ουδ' ἀλλοτε

ποτε ἐξ αἰωνος—and when? why, at no other crisis through the total range of their existence ἡ κατα τους χρονους της εὐαγγελικης διδασκαλιας—than precisely at the epoch of the evangelical dispensation, etc. Eusebius was a man of too extensive reading to be entirely satisfied with the Christian representations upon this point. And in such indeterminate phrases as κατα τους χρονους (which might mean indifferently the entire three centuries then accomplished from the first promulgation of Christianity, or specifically that narrow punctual limit of the earliest promulgation) it is easy to trace an ambidextrous artifice of compromise between what would satisfy his own brethren, on the one hand, and what, on the other hand, he could hope to defend against the assaults of learned Pagans.

In particular instances it is but candid to acknowledge that the Fathers may have been misled by the remarkable tendencies to error amongst the ancients from their want of public journals, combined with territorial grandeur of empire. The greatest possible defect of harmony arises naturally in this way amongst ancient authors locally remote from each other, but more especially in the post-christian periods, when reporting any aspects of change, or any results from a revolution variable and advancing under the vast varieties of the Roman Empire. Having no newspapers to effect a level amongst the inequalities and anomalies of their public experience in regard to the Christian revolution, when collected from innumerable tribes so widely differing as to civilization, knowledge, superstition, &c., hence it happened that one writer could report with truth a change as having occurred within periods of ten to sixty years which for some other province would demand a circuit of six hundred. For example, in Asia Minor, all the way from the sea-coast to the Euphrates, towns were scattered having a dense population of Jews. Sometimes these were the most malignant opponents of Christianity; that is, wherever they happened to rest in the *letter* of their peculiar religion. But, on the other hand, where there happened to be a majority (or, if not numerically a majority, yet influentially an overbalance) in that section of the Jews who were docile children of their own preparatory faith and discipline, no bigots, and looking anxiously for the

fulfilment of their prophecies (an expectation at that time generally diffused),— under those circumstances the Jews were such ready converts as to account naturally for sudden local transitions which in other circumstances or places might not have been credible.

This single consideration may serve to explain the apparent contradictions, the irreconcilable discrepancies, between the statements of contemporary Christian bishops locally at a vast distance from each other, or (which is even more important) reporting from communities occupying different stages of civilization. There was no harmonizing organ of interpretation, in Christian or in Pagan newspapers, to bridge over the chasms that divided different provinces. A devout Jew, already possessed by the purest idea of the Supreme Being, stood on the very threshold of conversion: he might, by one hour's conversation with an apostle, be transfigured into an enlightened Christian; whereas a Pagan could seldom in one generation pass beyond the infirmity of his novitiate. His heart and affections, his will and the habits of his understanding, were too deeply diseased to be suddenly transmuted. And hence arises a phenomenon which has too languidly arrested the notice of historians: viz. that already, and for centuries before the time of Constantine, wherever the Jews had been thickly sown as colonists, the most potent body of Christian zeal stood ready to kindle under the first impulse of encouragement from the state; whilst in the great capitals of Rome and Alexandria, where the Jews were hated and neutralized politically by Pagan forces, not for a hundred years later than Constantine durst the whole power of the government lay hands on the Pagan machinery, except with timid precautions, and by graduations so remarkably adjusted to the circumstances that sometimes they wear the shape of compromises with idolatry. We must know the ground, the quality of the population, concerned in any particular report of the Fathers, before we can judge of its probabilities. Under local advantages, insulated cases of Oracles suddenly silenced, of temples and their idol-worship overthrown, as by a rupture of new-born zeal, were not less certain to arise as rare accidents from rare privileges, or from rare coincidences of unanimity in the

leaders of the place, than on the other hand they were certain *not* to arise in that unconditional universality pretended by the Fathers. Wheresoever Paganism was interwoven with the whole moral being of a people, as it was in Egypt, or with the political tenure and hopes of a people, as it was in Rome, *there* a long struggle was inevitable before the revolution could be effected. Briefly, as against the Fathers, we find a sufficient refutation in what *followed* Christianity. If, at a period five, or even six, hundred years after the birth of Christ, you find people still consulting the local Oracles of Egypt in places sheltered from the point-blank range of the state artillery,—there is an end, once and forever, to the delusive superstition that, merely by its silent presence in the world, Christianity must instantaneously come into fierce activity as a reagency of destruction to all forms of idolatrous error. That argument is multiplied beyond all power of calculation ; and to have missed it is the most eminent instance of wilful blindness which the records of human folly can furnish. But there is another refutation, lying in an opposite direction, which presses the Fathers even more urgently in the rear than this presses them in front. Any author posterior to Christianity who should point to the decay of Oracles they would claim on their own side. But what would they have said to Cicero, —by what resource of despair would they have parried his authority,—when insisting (as many times he does insist) forty and even fifty years before the birth of Christ on the languishing condition of the Delphic Oracle ? What evasion could they imagine here ? How could that languor be due to Christianity which far anticipated the very birth of Christianity ? For, as to Cicero, who did not "far anticipate the birth of Christianity," we allege *him* rather because his work *De Divinatione* is so readily accessible, and because his testimony on any subject is so full of weight, than because other and much older authorities cannot be produced to the same effect. The Oracles of Greece had lost their vigour and their palmy pride full two centuries before the Christian Era. Historical records show this *a posteriori*, whatever were the cause ; and the cause, which we will state hereafter, shows it *a priori*, apart from the records.

Surely, therefore, Van Dale needed not to have pressed his victory over the helpless Fathers so unrelentingly, and, after the first ten pages, by cases and proofs that are quite needless and *ex abundanti*. Simply the survival of any one distinguished Oracle upwards of four centuries *after* Christ—that is sufficient. But, if with this fact we combine the other fact, that all the principal Oracles had already begun to languish more than two centuries *before* Christianity, there can be no opening for a whisper of dissent upon any real question between Van Dale and his opponents: viz. both as to the possibility of Christianity coexisting with such forms of error, and the possibility that Oracles should be overthrown by merely Pagan or internal changes. The less plausible, however, that we find this error of the Fathers, the more curiosity we naturally feel about the source of that error; and the more so because Van Dale never turns his eyes in that direction.

This source lay (to speak the simple truth) in abject superstition. The Fathers conceived of the enmity between Christianity and Paganism as though it resembled that between certain chemical poisons and the Venetian wine-glass; which (according to the belief[1] of three centuries back) no sooner received any poisonous fluid than immediately it shivered into crystal splinters. They thought to honour Christianity by imaging it as some exotic animal of more powerful breed, such as we English have witnessed in a domestic case, coming into instant collision with the native race, and exterminating it everywhere upon the first conflict. In this conceit they substituted a foul fiction of their own, fashioned on the very model of Pagan fictions, for the unvarying analogy of the divine procedure. Christianity, as the last and consummate of revelations, had the high destination of working out its victory through what was greatest in a

[1] Which belief we can see no reason for rejecting so summarily as is usually done in modern times. It would be absurd, indeed, to suppose a kind of glass qualified to expose all poisons indifferently, considering the vast range of their chemical differences. But, surely, as against that one poison then familiarly used for domestic murders, a chemical reagency might have been devised in the quality of the glass. At least, there is no *prima facie* absurdity in such a supposition.

man—through his reason, his will, his affections. But, to satisfy the Fathers, it must operate like a drug, like sympathetic powders, like an amulet, or like a conjurer's charm. Precisely the monkish effect of a Bible when hurled at an evil spirit—not the true rational effect of that profound oracle read, studied, and laid to heart—was that which the Fathers ascribed to the mere proclamation of Christianity, when first piercing the atmosphere circumjacent to any oracle; and, in fact, to their gross appreciations Christian truth was like the scavenger bird in Eastern climates, or the stork in Holland, which signalizes its presence by devouring all the native brood of vermin, or nuisances, as fast as they reproduce themselves under local distemperatures of climate or soil.

It is interesting to pursue the same ignoble superstition, —which, in fact, under Romish hands, soon crept like a parasitical plant over Christianity itself, until it had nearly strangled its natural vigour,—back into times far preceding that of the Fathers. Spite of all that could be wrought by Heaven, for the purpose of continually confounding the local vestiges of popular reverence which might have gathered round stocks and stones, so obstinate is the hankering after this mode of superstition in man that his heart returns to it with an elastic recoil as often as the openings are restored. Agreeably to this infatuation, the Temple of the true God—even its awful *adytum*, the Holy of Holies, or the places where the Ark of the Covenant had rested in its migrations —all were conceived to have an eternal and a self-vindicating sanctity. So thought man: but God himself, though to man's folly pledged to the vindication of his own sanctities, thought far otherwise; as we know by numerous profanations of all holy places in Judea, triumphantly carried through, and avenged by no plausible judgments. To speak only of the latter temple, three men are memorable as having polluted its holiest recesses: Antiochus Epiphanes, Pompey about a century later, and Titus pretty nearly by the same exact interval later than Pompey. Upon which of these three did any judgment descend? Attempts have been made to impress that colouring of the sequel in two of these cases, indeed,—but without effect upon *any* man's mind. Possibly

in the case of Antiochus, who seems to have moved under a burning hatred not so much of the insurgent Jews as of the true faith which prompted their resistance, there is some colourable argument for viewing him in his miserable death as a monument of divine wrath. But the two others had no such malignant spirit; they were tolerant, and even merciful; were authorized instruments for executing the purposes of Providence; and no calamity in the life of either can be reasonably traced to his dealings with Palestine. Yet, if Christianity could not brook for an instant the mere coexistence of a Pagan oracle, how came it that the Author of Christianity had thus brooked (nay, by many signs of co-operation, had promoted) that ultimate desecration which planted "the abomination of desolation" as a victorious crest of Paganism upon his own solitary altar? The institution of the Sabbath, again—what part of the Mosaic economy could it more plausibly have been expected that God should vindicate by some memorable interference, since of all the Jewish institutions it was that one which only and which frequently became the occasion of wholesale butchery to the pious (however erring) Jews? The scruple of the Jews to fight, or even to resist an assassin, on the Sabbath, was not the less pious in its motive because erroneous in principle; yet no miracle interfered to save them from the consequences of their infatuation. And this seemed the more remarkable in the case of their war with Antiochus, because *that* (if any that history has recorded) was a holy war. But, after one tragical experience, which cost the lives of a thousand martyrs, the Maccabees—quite as much on a level with their scrupulous brethren in piety as they were superior in good sense—began to reflect that they had no shadow of a warrant from Scripture for counting upon any miraculous aid; that the whole expectation, from first to last, had been human and presumptuous; and that the obligation of fighting valiantly against idolatrous compliances was, at all events, paramount to the obligation of the Sabbath. In one hour, after unyoking themselves from this monstrous millstone of their own forging about their own necks, the cause rose buoyantly aloft as upon wings of victory; and, as their very earliest reward —as the first fruits from thus disabusing their minds of

windy presumptions—they found the very case itself melting away which had furnished the scruple ; since their cowardly enemies, now finding that they would fight on all days alike, had no longer any motive for attacking them on the Sabbath ; besides that their own astonishing victories henceforward secured to them often the choice of the day not less than of the ground.

But, without lingering on these outworks of the true religion, namely, 1st, the Temple of Jerusalem ; 2dly, the Sabbath,—both of which the divine wisdom often saw fit to lay prostrate before the presumption of idolatrous assaults, on principles utterly irreconcilable with the Oracle doctrine of the Fathers,—there is a still more flagrant argument against the Fathers, which it is perfectly confounding to find both them and their confuter overlooking. It is this :—

Oracles, take them at the very worst, were no otherwise hostile to Christianity than as a branch, or (mathematically speaking) a *function* of Paganism. If, for instance, the Delphic establishment were hateful (as sometimes no doubt it was) to the holy spirit of truth which burned in an apostle, *why* was it hateful ? Not primarily in its special character of Oracle, but in its universal character of Pagan temple ; not as an authentic distributor of counsels adapted to the infinite situations of its clients—often very wise counsels ; but as being ultimately engrafted on the stem of idolatrous religion—as deriving, in the last resort, their sanctions from Pagan deities, and, therefore, as sharing *constructively* in all the pollutions of that tainted source. Now, therefore, if Christianity, according to the fancy of the Fathers, could not tolerate the co-presence of so much evil as resided in the Oracle superstition—that is, in the derivative, in the secondary, in the not unfrequently neutralised or even redundantly compensated, mode of error—then, *a fortiori*, Christianity could not have tolerated for an hour the parent superstition, the larger evil, the fontal error, which diseased the very organ of vision—which not merely distorted a few objects on the road, but spread darkness over the road itself. Yet what is the fact ? So far from any mysterious repulsion *externally* between idolatrous errors and Christianity, as though the two schemes of belief could no more co-exist in the same society

than two queen-bees in a hive—as though elementary nature herself recoiled from the abominable *concursus*—do but open a child's epitome of History, and you find it to have required four entire centuries before the destroyer's hammer and crow-bar began to ring loudly against the temples of idolatrous worship ; and not before five, nay, locally, six or even seven, centuries, had elapsed, could the better angel of mankind have sung gratulations announcing that the great strife was over—that man was inoculated with the truth, or have adopted the impressive language of a Latin Father, that "the "owls were to be heard in *every* village hooting from the "dismantled fanes of heathenism, or the gaunt wolf disturb-"ing the sleep of peasants as he yelled in winter from the "cold, dilapidated altars." Even this victorious consummation was true only for the southern world of civilisation. The forests of Germany, though pierced already to the south in the third and fourth centuries by the torch of missionaries —though already at that time illuminated by the immortal Gothic version of the New Testament proceeding from Ulphilas, and still surviving—sheltered through ages in the north and east vast tribes of idolaters, some awaiting the baptism of Charlemagne in the eighth century and the ninth, others actually resuming a fierce countenance of heathenism for the martial zeal of crusading knights in the thirteenth and fourteenth. The history of Constantine has grossly misled the world. It was very early in the fourth century (313 A.D.) that Constantine found himself strong enough to take his *earliest* steps for raising Christianity to a privileged station ; which station was not merely an effect and monument of its progress, but a further cause of progress. In this latter light, as a power advancing and moving, but politically still militant, Christianity required exactly one other century to carry out and accomplish even its eastern triumph. Dating from the era of the very inaugurating and merely local acts of Constantine, we shall be sufficiently accurate in saying that the corresponding period in the fifth century (namely, from about 404 to 420 A.D.) first witnessed those uproars of ruin in Egypt and Alexandria—fire racing along the old carious timbers, battering-rams thundering against the ancient walls of the horrid temples—which rang so searchingly in

the ears of Zosimus,[1] extorting, at every blow, a howl of Pagan sympathy from that bad and most howling of anti-christian slanderers. So far from the fact being, according to the general prepossession, as though Constantine had found himself able to destroy Paganism, and to replace it by Christianity, on the contrary, it was both because he happened to be far too weak, in fact, for such a mighty revolution, and because he *knew* his own weakness, that he fixed his new capital, as a preliminary caution, upon the Propontis.

There were other motives to this change,[2] and particularly (as I have attempted to show in a separate dissertation) motives of high political economy, suggested by the relative conditions of land and agriculture in Thrace and Asia Minor by comparison with decaying Italy; but a paramount motive, I am satisfied, and the earliest motive, was the incurable Pagan bigotry of Rome. Paganism for Rome, it ought to have been remembered by historians, was a mere necessity of her Pagan origin. Paganism was the fatal dowry of Rome from her inauguration; not only she had once received a retaining fee on behalf of Paganism in the mysterious *Ancile* (or supernatural shield) supposed to have fallen from heaven, but she actually preserved this bribe amongst her rarest jewels. She possessed a palladium, such a national amulet or talisman as many Grecian or Asiatic cities had once possessed—a *fatal* guarantee to the prosperity of the state. Even the Sibylline Books, whatever ravages they might be supposed by the intelligent to have sustained in a lapse of centuries, were popularly believed, in the latest period of the Western Empire, to exist as so many characters of supremacy. Jupiter himself in Rome had put on a peculiar Roman physiognomy, which associated him with the destinies of

[1] Zosimus, Greek historian, *circa* A.D. 400.—M.

[2] The reader will find me here treading in the footsteps of a former essay. As the repetition is brief, and not at all in the same words, and occurring at different periods of time, I have seen no reason to cancel it. A kind interpreter of the case will rather regard it as an argument of my sincerity and self-consistency. The real subject for wonder, as perhaps such an interpreter may be disposed to think, is that in such hurried essays, the Press always fretting at my irregularities, I did not oftener need to make similar apologies.

the gigantic state. Above all, the solemn augury of the Twelve Vultures, so memorably passed downwards from the days of Romulus, through generations as yet uncertain of the event, and therefore chronologically incapable of participation in any fraud—an augury *always* explained as promising twelve centuries of supremacy to Rome, from the year 748 down to 452 A.D.—co-operated with the endless other Pagan superstitions in anchoring the whole Pantheon to the Capitol and Mount Palatine. So long as Rome had a worldly hope surviving, it was impossible for her to forget the Vestal Virgins, the College of Augurs, or the indispensable office and the *indefeasible* privileges of the *Pontifex Maximus*, which (and, though Cardinal Baronius, in his great work,[1] for many years sought to fight off the evidences for that fact, yet afterwards partially he confessed his error) actually availed —historically and *medallically* can be demonstrated to have availed—for the temptation of Christian Cæsars into collusive adulteries with heathenism. Here, for instance, came an emperor that timidly recorded his scruples—feebly protested, but gave way at once as to an ugly necessity. There came another, more deeply religious, or constitutionally more bold, who fought long and strenuously against the compromise. "What! should he, the delegate of God, and the standard-bearer of the true religion, proclaim himself officially head of the false? No; that was too much for his conscience." But the fatal meshes of prescription, of superstitions ancient and gloomy, gathered around him; he heard that he was no perfect Cæsar without this office: and eventually the very same reason which had obliged Augustus not to suppress, but himself to assume, the tribunitian office—namely, that it was a popular mode of leaving democratic organs untouched whilst he neutralised their democratic functions by absorbing them into his own—availed to overthrow all Christian scruples of conscience, even in the most Christian of the Cæsars. Many years *after* Constantine, the pious Theodosius found himself literally compelled to become a Pagan pontiff. A *bon mot*[2] circulating amongst the people warned him that,

[1] Cardinal Cæsar Baronius (1538-1607), author of *Ecclesiastical Annals*.—M.

[2] "*A bon mot*":—This was built on the accident that a certain man

if he left the cycle of imperial powers incomplete, if he suffered the galvanic battery to remain imperfect in its circuit of links, pretty soon he would tempt treason to show its head, and would even for the present find but an imperfect obedience. Reluctantly, therefore, the Emperor gave way: and perhaps soothed his fretting conscience by offering to Heaven, as a penitential litany, that same excuse which Naaman the Syrian offered to the prophet Elijah as a reason for a private personal dispensation. Hardly more possible it was that a camel should go through the eye of a needle than that a Roman Senator should forswear those inveterate superstitions with which his own system of patrician rank and privilege had been riveted for better and worse. As soon would the Venetian Senator, the gloomy "magnifico" of St. Mark, have consented to renounce the annual wedding of his Republic with the Adriatic as the Roman noble, whether senator, or senator elect, or of senatorial descent, would have dissevered his own solitary stem from the great forest of his ancestral order; and this he must have done by doubting the legend of Jupiter Stator, or by withdrawing his allegiance from Jupiter Capitolinus. The Roman People universally became agitated towards the opening of the fifth century after Christ, when their own twelfth century was drawing near to its completion. Rome had now reached the very condition of Dr. Faustus: having, like *him*, received a known term of prosperity from some dark power; but doomed, like *him*, to hear the revolving hours, one after one, tolling solemnly the summons to judgment, as they exhausted the waning minutes of that fatal day marked down in the contract. The more profound was the faith of Rome in the flight of the Twelve Vultures, once so glorious, now so sad, an augury, the deeper was the depression as the last hour drew near that had been so mysteriously prefigured. The

whose proper name was *Maximus* stood in notorious circumstances of rivalship to the Emperor (Theodosius): and the bitterness of the jest took this turn—that, if the Emperor should persist in declining the office of *Pontifex Maximus* or Supreme Pontiff, in that case "erit Pontifex Maximus," Maximus (the secret aspirant) shall be our Pontifex—*i.e.* shall be our Emperor. *So* the words sounded to those in the secret (συνετοισι), whilst to others they seemed to have no meaning at all.

reckoning, indeed, of chronology was slightly uncertain. The Varronian account varied from others. But these were trivial differences, and might tell as easily against them as for them, and did but strengthen the universal agitation. Alaric, in the opening of the fifth century (about 410)—Attila, near the middle (445)—already seemed prelusive earthquakes running before the final earthquake. And Christianity, during this era of public alarm, was so far from assuming a more winning aspect to Roman eyes, as a religion promising to survive their own, that already, under that character of reversionary triumph, this gracious religion seemed, by no fault of its own, a public insult, and this meek religion a clamorous defiance; pretty much as a king sees with scowling eyes, when revealed to him in some glass of Cornelius Agrippa, the phantom procession of that mysterious house which is destined to supplant his own.

Now, from this condition of feeling at Rome, it is apparent not only as a fact that Constantine did not overthrow Paganism, but as a possibility that he could not have overthrown it. In the fierce conflict he would probably have been overthrown himself; and, even for so much as he *did* accomplish, it was well that he attempted it at a distance from Rome. So profoundly, therefore, are the Fathers in error that, instead of that instant victory which they ascribe to Christianity, even Constantine's revolution was slow and merely local. Nearly five centuries, in fact, it cost, and not three, to Christianise even the entire Mediterranean Empire of Rome; and the premature effort of Constantine ought to be regarded as a mere *fluctus decumanus*[1] in the continuous

[1] "*Fluctus decumanus*":—Connected with this term, once so well understood, but now (like all things human) hurrying into oblivion, there was amongst the ancients a fanciful superstition, or, until it is proved such, let us call it courteously a popular creed that wanted the seal and *imprimatur* of science. Has the reader himself any creed whatsoever, or even opinion, as to *waves*? Stars, we all know, are of many colours, and of many sizes—crimson, green, azure, orange, and (I believe, but am not certain) violet. As to size, they range all the way from those grandees up and down the sky, apparently plenipotentiaries of the heavens, or (in the Titanic language of Æschylus) λαμπροι δυναστaι—blazing potentates—all the way down to such as count only amongst the secrets of the telescope, telescopic stars, as imperfectly revealed to the children of man as those children are revealed to *them*.

advance of the new religion—one of those ambitious billows which sometimes run far ahead of their fellows in a tide steadily gaining ground, but which inevitably recede in the next moment, marking only the strength of that tendency

The graduation of stars runs down a Jacob's ladder. Can there be any parallel graduation amongst the billows of old Ocean? The ancients—and perhaps it furnishes not the least conspicuous amongst the many evidences attesting their defect of power to observe accurately enough to meet the purposes of natural philosophy—fancied that there was; and, supposing them for the moment right as to the main principle—viz. of a secret law moulding the waves in obedience to some geometric pressure, and expressing itself in some recurrent relation to arithmetic intervals—they must yet have been negligent in excess not to have investigated the relations of the vulgar waves: those, I mean, which apparently escaped the control of the ocean looms. What the ancients held was simply this—that every *tenth* wave was conspicuously larger than the other nine. But in what respect larger? In height was it, or generally in bulk? Did the favoured wave distribute its superiority of size through the three dimensions of space (consequently the three dimensions of that which fills space)—an arrangement which would greatly disturb the apparent (though not the real) advantage on the scale of comparison between the tenth wave and the other nine? or did this privileged tenth wave accumulate its entire advantage upon the one dimension of altitude? Next, as to the nine subordinate waves, defrauded of their fair proportions by unjust novercal nature, were they all equally defrauded, or was a bias towards favouritism manifested here also? And, if unequally endowed, did this inequality proceed *graduatim* and continuously, or discontinuously? And, if continuously, how did the scale move upwards? Was it by a geometrical progression through a series of multiples, or arithmetically through a series of constant increments? And the tenth wave—a thing which I was nearly forgetting to demand—being always superior in the scale, was it always equally superior? And, if not, if the superiority were liable to disturbances, did these disturbances follow any known law? or was this law suspected of leaning towards the well-known Cambridge problem—Given the captain's name, and the price of his knee-buckles, to determine the latitude of the ship?

This question about *the tenth wave*, together with others sent down to us from elder days—such, in particular, as that which respects the venom of the toad—had interested equally myself, the poorest of naturalists, and the late Professor Wilson [written in 1858, four years after Wilson's death.—M.], among the very best. We both admired, in the highest degree, the impassioned eloquence of Sir Thomas Browne in those works which allowed of eloquence, as in his "Religio Medici" and his "Urn-Burial"; but in his works of pure erudition he, the corrector of traditional follies (as in his "Vulgar Errors"), sometimes needs correction himself. We had, in Westmoreland, learned experimentally that Shakspere is right in describing the toad as *venomous*.

which sooner or later is destined to fill the whole capacity of the shore.

To have proved, therefore, were it even open to proof, that Christianity had been fatal in the way of a magical

Venomous it is, to the small extent of diluted nitric acid in burning and discolouring the skin, when irritated—or more probably when greatly alarmed. Several brute creatures, cats in particular, when driven into a frenzy of fear, have been supposed to fall into a self-generated hydrophobia, with full power to inflict it. But grieved should we have been if we had imagined that the full establishment of this persecution-born venom would ever suggest an argument of palliation to the cruel persecutors of this most inoffensive creature. Aggressive tendencies it has none: not offended, it will never offend. But *the decuman wave* was a more elaborate case. We had heard little else than scoffs at the Greek races who had countenanced such a belief. *Græcia mendax*, in the brief exsibilation from the stage by the stern Roman of all Greek testimony whatsoever, had been the answer of the incredulous. Yet this reference had the effect of suggesting a question favourable to the ancients: might not the phenomenon, in Hibernian phrase, be "*thrue for them*"? The tides in the Mediterranean are, I believe, everywhere in an under-key as compared with those of our angry Atlantic: in the Euripus, or narrow frith between Eubœa (Negropont) and the mainland, there are, by report, none at all. And, having confessedly one great difference, why not another? Professor Wilson, therefore, and myself had imposed it upon ourselves as a duty to investigate this problem. Of all companions that a man *could* have had, with the world stretched out before him to choose from, in any chase after a natural phenomenon, for any purpose, whether of sceptical inquiry or of verification, none was equal to Professor Wilson. He had used his youthful (I may say schoolboy) opportunities indefatigably: he had won all his knowledge, so varied and so accurate, by direct experience, troubling himself little about books,[1] which in *his*

[1] I ought in all gratitude to make an emphatic exception for "Bewick's Quadrupeds," a book to which myself, in common with my brothers and sisters, had been more deeply indebted than to any score of books beside in that department of knowledge. But, after all, it was the matchless vignettes of Bewick himself—

"And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne"—

that gave such golden value to this book: for the printed text, though I daresay respectable, did not leave a profound impression upon any one of us. The "Birds," in which some of the vignettes struck me as even more beautiful, came to us, however, at a less impressible period. And the "Fables" we never heard of whilst children. Our experience of this delightful artist, on whom rest the benedictions of childhood for ever, was gathered in the years 1794 (when Robespierre might have figured for the Royal Tiger of Bengal), 1795, and 1796. Since then, two entire generations of the human race, with its annual harvests of children, have pursued their flight over the disk of Time. I have elsewhere mentioned "Gulliver" as one of those books which command a mixed audience where children and grown-up men are seen jostling each other: to this list must be added "Bunyan," the "Arabian Nights," "Robinson

charm to the Oracles of the world, would have proved nothing but a perplexing inconsistency, so long as the Fathers were obliged to confess that Paganism itself, as a gross total, as the parent superstition (sure to reproduce Oracles faster than

earlier days had as yet benefited by no reform (though even then on the brink of it). Professor Wilson has himself most powerfully discriminated (see Christopher in his "Aviary," Cant. i.) the two orders of naturalists: those self-formed amongst the fields and forests, on the one hand—on the other, the dry sapless students of books in a closet or a museum. To the former class belonged pre-eminently White of Selborne, Waterton, Audubon, Charles Bonaparte, and those whom Professor Wilson himself indicated as "the two Wilsons," meaning probably his own younger brother, James Wilson, and the American Wilson. But we ought *now* to speak of "the three Wilsons": for the Professor himself, in so far as his other studies had left him time to pursue this science, was the most vivid, life-like, and realising describer of brute animals, especially birds and fishes. He was not the measurer of proportions in fins and beaks, but the circumstantiator of habits and variable resources under variable difficulties. Perhaps, in earlier days, Swammerdam should be added to this meritorious catalogue. Of *him* it was said that, for every one year passed in human society, he had passed three in a ditch amongst frogs. At the time I speak of our own inquiries concerned a sublimer object![1] But, sublime as it might be, *that* formed no attraction to the feelings—morbid, it may be thought, but pathetically morbid—of Professor Wilson. The year of which I speak was (to the best of my recollection) 1826. Consequently, I had already known him most intimately for 17 years; and year by year, as regards the latter seven, there had been growing upon him a deadly recoil of feeling from the sea-shore—as presenting that peculiar gathering of sights and sounds which more than any other awoke phantom resurrections to his own mind of his youthful gifts and physical energies, now annually decaying. We made two separate visits, if not three, to the sea-shore (*i.e.* the shore of the Firth near Edinburgh), one perhaps in the year already mentioned, and a second some seven years later. One or other of these was to no greater

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Crusoe," and "Bewick." Publishers, it seems to me, should pay some regard to this fact in the characteristic embellishments, &c., adapted separately to the two different audiences.

[1] Not so sublime, however, as at first it may be fancied. Charles Lamb explained the cause of this when accounting for some person's disappointment on his first introduction to the sea. This person had vaguely prefigured the case to himself, as though the total object would present itself in all its tumultuous extent. Not that, upon a moment's reflection, he could have expected such a spectacle; but irreflectively he had allowed himself to anticipate, if not such a spectacle, yet an *impression* answerable in grandeur to such a spectacle. Meantime, all that he saw, or should reasonably have hoped to see, was a beggarly section, a fraction, of the whole concern; and, even for that fraction, the very station of dry land, *from* which he viewed it, reminded him that the ocean was anything but boundless. The ocean pretended to hem in mighty continents; but the naked truth was that *they* hemmed in *him*.

they could be extinguished), had been suffered to exist for many centuries concurrently with Christianity, and had finally been overthrown by the simple majesty of truth that courts the light, as matched against falsehood that shuns it, that fears it, and that hates it.

distance than the sands of Portobello; but on that occasion, unfortunately, we met the Yeomanry (of Mid-Lothian, I think), who with some difficulty executed a charge on the very insufficient area of sand exposed at Portobello. This accident did not improve the spirits of Professor Wilson, who was reminded too keenly of the years 1806 and 1810, when he had himself figured most conspicuously in the ranks, first of the Oxford, subsequently of the Kendal, Volunteers—on both occasions in the light company; for his powers as an athlete turned altogether upon agility, not upon strength. No man was a better judge upon questions of bodily prowess; and no man, at least no gentleman, was better acquainted with the records of the Fancy, as delivered by Mr. Pierce Egan, an amateur of first-rate ability. As to mere strength, though always disposed to speak disparagingly of his own powers, he was right, I believe, in undervaluing his own pretensions to the power of hard hitting. What had been sometimes said of Spring, though champion of England for some years, he has often assured me was true of himself—viz. that "he could not make a dint in a pound of butter." But in agility, as manifested in running, leaping, and dancing, he was the Pelides of his time. One striking proof of his supreme excellence as a leaper is implied in this anecdote:—When he was about 20 (Anno 1805), he had started from Oxford at midnight for Moulsey Hurst (50 miles distant, I believe), where some great event was to come off. After this was decided, Wilson, at the request of several friends on the ground, favoured the amateurs with a specimen of his leaping. The crack leaper of the day—I rather think Richmond, a black—witnessed this performance; and, upon hearing the circumstances under which it had been executed—viz. the severe pedestrian effort and the night's want of sleep—declined to undertake a contest upon any terms. That advantage upon which Lady Hester Stanhope idly nursed a secret vanity as peculiar to herself and the Bedouins—viz. an instep so highly arched that a rat might have run under her foot—formed one in the system of muscular machinery by which nature had equipped him for unapproachable excellence in one mode of gymnastics. Barely to see him even walk round a table was a pure delight to an eye at all learned in the fluencies of motion. Burke's expression upon the visionary grace of Marie Antoinette—that she hardly seemed to touch the earth—was realised, and became suddenly apprehensible to the sense, in *him*. And through this same structure of foot it was, and the extraordinary strength of his *tendon Achillis*, that he danced with ease and elegance so perfect. Yet he had never received one hour's instruction.

I fear that this preliminary account of my partner in the research may prove disproportioned; for the total result was small and purely

As applied, therefore, to the first problem in the whole question upon Oracles—*When, and under what circumstances, did they cease?*—the "*Dissertatio*" of Van Dale, and the negative. In the latter trial we waited and watched from an early stage of a spring tide; but the answer was none. We began by watching for a wave that should seem conspicuously larger than its fellows, and then counted onwards to the 10th, the 20th, the 30th, and so on to the 100th dated from *that*. But we never could detect any overruling principle involving itself in the successive swells; and the wind continually disturbed any tendency that we had fancied to a recurrent law. Southey's brother Tom, a lieutenant in the navy, whom I had once asked for his opinion upon the question, laughed, and said that such a notion must have come from the *log* of the ship Argo,—thus raising the Professor, who really *had* a good deal of nautical skill, and my ignorant self, that had none at all, to the rank of Argonauts. We, however, fancying that the phenomenon might possibly belong to *tideless* waters, subsequently tried the English lakes, some of which throw up very respectable waves when they rise into angry moods. The Cumberland lakes of Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater fell to my share: Windermere, Coniston, and Ulleswater, to Professor Wilson. But the issue of all was emptiness and aerial mockeries; as if the lady of the secret depths—Undina, or some Grecian Naiad,

"Or Lady of the Lake,[1]
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance"—

had been playing with our credulity. False, however, as it may be, this image of the tenth wave furnished the ancients with a strong rhetorical expression for any possible excess in any mode of evil. A fiery heat of persecution, a threatening advance of exterminating war, a sudden and simultaneous rush of calamities (as upon Athens in the Peloponnesian War), was termed a *fluctus decumanus* of evil. Perhaps I have too lightly yielded to the temptation of connecting a *personal* interest with my imperfect report of an attempt to investigate the *thing*, or attempt at least to ascertain whether the supposed "thing" had any real root except in the fanciful creeds of Pagan naturalists. Now let us retreat from this digression into the high-road of the discussion upon ORACLES.

[1] "*Lady of the Lake*":—Such was the earliest expression of Wordsworth's heavenly image—perhaps the loveliest that poetry can show. By altering the word *lake* to *mere*, he greatly deteriorated the effect: as he partly perceived himself. Why then had he done it? Simply because amongst the dramatic writers of Shakspere's era the phrase *Lady of the Lake* had received a slang meaning, like *Bona Roba* and other disreputable designations for that frail sisterhood. But this meaning (never at any time popularly diffused) had vanished for two entire centuries. So weak was William Wordsworth's reason for this, as for many another tampering with his own text. His first thoughts were almost invariably best. Indeed it is very noticeable that William Wordsworth, in earlier life the most obstinate of recusants as regarded the arrogant mandates of criticism (and in general rightly so), became, towards the close of his life, most injudiciously indulgent to capricious objectors.

Histoire des "Oracles" by Fontenelle, are irresistible; though not written in a proper spirit of gravity, nor making use of that indispensable argument which I have myself derived from the analogy of all scriptural cases in parallel circumstances.

But the case is far otherwise as concerns the second problem—*How and by what machinery did the Oracles, in the days of their prosperity, conduct their elaborate ministrations?* To this problem no justice at all is done by the school of Van Dale. A spirit of mockery and banter is ill applied to questions that at any time have been centres of fear, and hope, and mysterious awe, to long trains of human generations. And the coarse assumption of systematic fraud in the Oracles is neither satisfactory to the understanding, as failing to meet many important aspects of the case, nor is it at all countenanced by the kind of evidences that have been hitherto alleged. The Fathers had taken the course—vulgar and superstitious—of explaining everything sagacious, everything true, everything that by possibility could seem to argue prophetic functions in the greater Oracles, as the product indeed of inspiration, but of inspiration emanating from an Evil Spirit. This hypothesis of a diabolic inspiration is rejected by the school of Van Dale. Both the power of at all looking into the future, and the fancied source of that power, are dismissed as contemptible chimeras. Upon the first of these dark pretensions I shall have occasion to speak at another point. Upon the other I agree with Van Dale. Yet, even here, the spirit of triumphant ridicule, applied to questions not wholly within the competence of human resources, is displeasing in grave discussions: grave they are by necessity of their relations, howsoever momentarily disfigured by levity, and the unseasonable grimaces of self-sufficient "philosophy." This temper of mind is already advertised from the first to the observing reader of Van Dale by the character of his engraved frontispiece. Men are there exhibited in the act of juggling, and still more odiously as exulting over their juggleries by gestures of the basest collusion, such as protruding the tongue, inflating one cheek by means of the tongue, grinning, and winking obliquely. These vilenesses are so ignoble that for his own sake a man

of honour (whether as a writer or a reader) shrinks from dealing with any case to which they do really adhere; such a case belongs to the province of police courts, not of literature. But, in the ancient apparatus of the Oracles, although frauds and *espionage* did certainly form an occasional resource, the artifices employed were rarely illiberal in their mode, and frequently ennobled by their motive. As to the mode, the Oracles had fortunately no temptation to descend into any tricks that could look like "thimble-rigging"; and, as to the motive, it will be seen that this could never be dissociated from some regard to public or patriotic objects in the first place,—to which if any secondary interest were occasionally attached, *that* could rarely descend so low as even to an ordinary purpose of gossiping curiosity, but never to a mercenary purpose of fraud. My views, however, on this phasis of the question will speedily speak for themselves.

Meantime, pausing for one moment to glance at the hypothesis of the Fathers, I confess myself to be scandalised by its unnecessary plunge into the ignoble. Many sincere Christian believers have doubted altogether of any evil spirits as existences warranted by Scripture, — that is, as beings whose *principle* was evil ("evil, be thou my good"); others, again, believing in the possibility that spiritual beings had been (in ways unintelligible to us) seduced from their state of perfection by temptations analogous to those which had seduced man, acquiesced in the notion of spirits tainted with evil, but not therefore (any more than man himself) essentially or causelessly malignant. Now, it is well known, and, amongst others, Eichhorn (*Einleitung in das alte Testament*) has noticed the fact,—which will be obvious, on a little reflection, to any even unlearned student of the Scriptures who can throw his memory back through a *real* familiarity with those records,—that the Jews derived their obstinate notions of fiends and demoniacal possessions (as accounting even for bodily affections) entirely from their Chaldean captivity. Not before that great event in Jewish history, and, therefore, in consequence of that great event, were the Jews inoculated with this Babylonian, Persian, and Median superstition. If Eichhorn and others are right, it follows

that the elder Scriptures, as they ascend more and more into the purer atmosphere of untainted Hebrew creeds, ought to exhibit an increasing freedom from all these modes of demoniacal agency. And accordingly so we find it. Messengers of God are often concerned in the early records of Moses; but it is not until we come down to Post-Mosaical records—Job, for example (though that book is doubtful as to its chronology), and the Chronicles of the Jewish Kings (whether *Judaic or Israelitish*)—that we first find any allusion to malignant spirits. As against Eichhorn, however, though readily conceding that the agency is not often recognised, I would beg leave to notice that there is a threefold agency of evil, relatively to man, ascribed to certain spirits in the elder Scriptures: viz., 1, of *misleading* (as in the case of the Israelitish king seduced into a fatal battle by a falsehood originating with a spiritual being); 2, of *temptation;* 3, of calumnious *accusation* directed against absent parties. It is not absolutely an untenable hypothesis that these functions of malignity to man, as at first sight they appear, may be in fact reconcilable with the general character of a being not malignant, and not evil in any sense, but simply obedient to superior commands: for none of us supposes, of course, that a "destroying angel" must be an evil spirit, though sometimes appearing in a dreadful relation of hostility to *all* parties (as in the case of the chastising angel who checked his wrath at the threshing-floor of Araunah). In commemoration of that merciful intervention from heaven, this threshing-floor was subsequently purchased by the national treasury, and solemnly appropriated to the use of the First Temple, for which it furnished the foundation area. The Temple itself, therefore, built by Solomon 1000 years before Christ, became a monumental record of that suspended wrath which uttered its departing thunders over the homestead of Araunah. But surely the Holy Temple would not have been suffered to commemorate any act of an impure spirit. Waiving, however, all these speculations, one thing is apparent, that the negative allowance, the toleration granted to these later Jewish modes of belief by our Saviour, can no more be urged as arguing any positive sanction to such existences (to *demons* in the bad sense) than his toleration

of Jewish errors and conceits in questions of science. Once for all, it was no purpose of his mission to expose errors in matters of pure curiosity, and in speculations *not* moral, but exclusively intellectual.

To leave the Patristic Literature, and to state my own views on the final question argued by Van Dale—"What was the essential machinery by which the Oracles moved?"—I shall inquire, subdividingly,

1. What was the relation of the Oracles (and I would wish to be understood as speaking particularly of the Delphic Oracle) to the religious credulity of Greece?

2. What was the relation of that same Oracle to the absolute truth?

3. What was its relation to the public welfare of Greece?

Into this trisection I shall decompose the coarse unity of the question presented by Van Dale and his Vandals, as though the one sole "issue" that could be sent down for trial before a jury were the probabilities of fraud and gross swindling. It is not with the deceptions or collusions of the Oracles, as mere matters of fact, that we in this age are primarily concerned, but with those deceptions as they affected the contemporary people of Greece. It is important to know whether the general faith of Greece in the mysterious pretensions of Oracles were unsettled or disturbed by the several agencies at work that naturally tended to rouse suspicion: such, for instance, as these four which follow:—1, eminent instances of scepticism with regard to the assumed prophetic vision of any Oracle, from time to time circulating through Greece in the shape of *bons mots*; or, 2,—which silently amounted to the same virtual expression of distrust—refusals (often more speciously wearing the name of *neglects*) to consult the proper Oracle on some hazardous enterprise of general notoriety and interest; 3, cases of direct failure in the event as understood to have been predicted by the Oracle, not unfrequently accompanied by tragical catastrophes to the parties misled by this erroneous construction of the Oracle; 4, (which is, perhaps, the climax of the exposures possible under the superstitions of Paganism) a public detection of known oracular temples doing business on a considerable scale as accomplices with felons.

Modern appraisers of the oracular establishments are too commonly in all moral senses anachronists. I hear it alleged with some plausibility against Southey's portrait of Don Roderick, though otherwise conceived in a spirit proper for bringing out the whole sentiment of his pathetic situation,[1] that the King is too Protestant, and too evangelical after the model of 1800, in his modes of penitential piety. The poet, in short, reflected back, upon one who was too certain in the eighth century to have been the victim of dark popish superstitions, his own pure and enlightened faith. But the anachronistic spirit in which modern sceptics react upon the Pagan Oracles is not so elevating as the English poet's. Southey reflected his own superiority upon the Gothic Prince of Spain. But the sceptics reflect their own vulgar habits of mechanic and compendious office business upon the large institutions of the ancient Oracles. To satisfy *them*, the Oracle should resemble a modern coach-office — where undoubtedly you would suspect fraud, if the question, "How far to Derby?" were answered evasively, or if the grounds of choice between two roads were expressed enigmatically. But the το λοξον, or mysterious indirectness of the Oracle, was calculated far more to support the imaginative grandeur of the unseen God, and was designed to do so, than to relieve the individual suitor in a perplexity that was seldom of any capital importance. In this way every oracular answer operated upon the local Grecian neighbourhood in which it circulated as one of the impulses which, from time to time, renewed the sense of a mysterious involution in the invisible powers, as though they were incapable of direct correspond-

[1] What *was* this situation? Early in the eighth century after Christ (let us say A.D. 707), Roderick the Goth, King of Spain, taking an infamous advantage from his regal power, was said to have violated the person of Count Julian's daughter — by some historians called Cava. Her father, as the deadliest mode of vengeance open to him, had called in the Mahometan invaders of the Barbary coasts. Roderick, by a deep prophetic instinct, read in vision the desolation which his own perfidious atrocity had let loose upon Spain, his country, and Christianity, his faith, through eight hundred years; descended into hell by means of despair, re-ascended by penitence to earth, fought one mighty battle for the Cross, was beaten, and immediately vanished from earth, leaving no traces for deciphering his mysterious fate.

ence or parallelism with the monotony and slight compass of human ideas. As the symbolic dancers of the ancients, who narrated an elaborate story "saltando Hecubam" or "saltando Loadamiam," interwove the passion of the advancing incidents into the intricacies of the figure—something in the same way it was understood by all men that the Oracle did not so much evade the difficulty by a dark form of words as he revealed his own hieroglyphic nature. All prophets, the true equally with the false, have felt the instinct for surrounding themselves with the majesty of darkness. Look at the Hebrew prophets: never once are *they* direct and without obliquity. And in a religion like the Pagan, so deplorably meagre and starved as to most of the draperies connected with the mysterious and sublime, we must not seek to diminish its already scanty wardrobe. But let us pass from speculation to illustrative anecdotes. I have imagined several cases which might seem fitted for giving a shock to the general Pagan confidence in Oracles. Let me review them.

The first is the case of any memorable scepticism published in a pointed or witty form, as when Demosthenes avowed his suspicions "that the Oracle was *Philippising*." This was about 344 years B.C. Exactly one hundred years earlier, in the 444th year B.C., or the *locus* of Pericles, Herodotus (then forty years old) is universally supposed to have read (which for *him* was to publish) his History. In this work two insinuations of the same kind occur: during the invasion of Darius the Mede (about 490 B.C.) the Oracle was charged with *Medising*; and in the previous period of Pisistratus (about 555 B.C.) the Oracle had been almost convicted of *Alcmæonidising*. The Oracle concerned was the same—viz. the Delphic—in all three cases. In the case of Darius, fear was the ruling passion; in the earlier case, a near self-interest, but not in a base sense selfish. The Alcmæonidæ, an Athenian house hostile to Pisistratus, being exceedingly rich, had engaged to rebuild the ruined temple of the Oracle, and had fulfilled their engagements with a munificence outrunning the letter of their professions, particularly with regard to the quality of marble used in facing or "veneering" the front elevation. Now, these sententious and rather witty expressions gave wings and buoyancy to the public

suspicions, so as to make them fly from one end of Greece to the other; and they continued in lively remembrance for centuries.

In the second case—viz. that of sceptical slights shown to the Oracle — there are some memorable precedents on record. Most readers know the ridiculous stratagem of Crœsus, the Lydian king, for trying the powers of the Oracle by a monstrous culinary arrangement of pots and pans, known (as he fancied) only to himself. But, please your most Lydian majesty, it was known also to your cook, though not perhaps to your chancellor, and therefore to your cook's scullion. Which scullion, if a man, had assuredly told it to his wife,—but, if a woman, then by a deadlier necessity to her husband. Generally, the course of the Delphic Oracle under similar insults was warmly to resent them. But Crœsus, as a king, as a foreigner, and as a suitor of unexampled munificence, was privileged, especially because the ministers of the Delphic temple had doubtless found it easy to extract the secret by bribery from some one of the royal mission. A case, however, much more interesting, because arising between two leading states of Greece, and in the century subsequent to the ruder age of Crœsus (who was about coeval with Pisistratus, 555 B.C.), is reported by Xenophon of the Lacedæmonians and Thebans. They concluded a treaty of peace without any communication, not so much as a civil notification, to the Oracle; τῳ μεν Θεῳ ουδεν εκοινωσαντο ὁπως ἡ ειρηνη γενοιτο—to the god (the Delphic god) they made no communication at all as to the terms of the peace; αυτοι δε εβουλευοντο, but they personally pursued their negotiations in private. That this was a very extraordinary reach of presumption is evident from the care of Xenophon in bringing it before his readers. It is probable, indeed, that neither of the high contracting parties had really acted in a spirit of religious indifference; though it is remarkable of the Spartans, that of all Greek tribes they were the most facile and frequent delinquents under all varieties of foreign temptations to revolt from their hereditary allegiance to their own established yoke of civic usage —a fact which measures the degree of unnatural constraint and tension which the Spartan usages involved; but in this

case I rather account for the public outrage to religion and universal usage by a strong political jealousy lest the provisions of the treaty should transpire prematurely amongst states adjacent to Bœotia,—a point forgotten by Xenophon.

Whatever, meantime, were the secret motive to this policy, it did not fail to shock all Greece profoundly. And, in a slighter degree, the same effect upon public feeling followed the act of Agesipolis, who, after obtaining an answer from the Oracle of Delphi, carried forward his suit to the more awfully ancient Oracle of Dodona,—by way of trying, as he most impudently alleged, "whether the child agreed with its papa." These open expressions of distrust were generally condemned; and the irresistible proof that they were lies in the fact that they led to no imitations. Even in a case mentioned by Herodotus, where a man had the audacity to found a colony without seeking an oracular sanction, no precedent was established; though the journey to Delphi must often have been peculiarly inconvenient to the founders of colonies moving westwards from Greece, and the expenses of such a journey, with the subsequent offerings, could not but prove unseasonable at the moment when every drachma was most urgently needed. "Charity begins at home" was a thought quite as likely to press upon a Pagan conscience, in those circumstances, as upon our modern Christian consciences under heavy taxation; yet, for all that, such was the regard to a pious inauguration of all colonial enterprises that no one provision or pledge of prosperity was held equally indispensable by all parties to such hazardous speculations. The merest worldly foresight, indeed, to the most irreligious leader would suggest this sanction as a necessity, under the following reason:—Colonies the most enviably prosperous upon the whole have yet had many hardships to contend with in their novitiate of the first five years, were it only from the summer failure of water under circumstances of local ignorance, or from the casual failure of crops under imperfect arrangements of culture. Now, the one great qualification for wrestling strenuously with such difficult contingencies in solitary situations is the spirit of cheerful hope; but, when any room had been left for apprehending a supernatural curse resting upon their efforts—equally in the most

thoughtfully pious man and the most crazily superstitious—all spirit of hope would be blighted at once; and the religious neglect would, even in a common human way, become its own certain avenger, through mere depression of spirits and misgiving of expectations. Well, therefore, might Cicero in a tone of defiance demand, "Quam vero Græcia coloniam misit in Ætoliam, Ioniam, Asiam, Siciliam, Italiam sine Pythio [the Delphic], aut Dodonæo, aut Hammonis oraculo?" An oracular sanction must be had, and from a leading oracle—the three mentioned by Cicero being the greatest[1]; and, if a minor oracle could have satisfied the inaugurating necessities of a regular colony, we may be sure that the Dorian states of the Peloponnesus, who had twenty-five decent oracles at home (that is, within the peninsula), would not so constantly have carried their money to Delphi. Nay, it is certain that even where the colonial counsels of the greater oracles seemed extravagant, though a large discretion was allowed to remonstrance, and even to very homely expostulations, still, in the last resort, no doubts were felt that the oracle must be right. Brouwer, the Belgic scholar, who has so recently and so temperately treated these subjects ("Histoire de la Civilisation Morale et Religieuse chez les Grecs." 6 tomes: Groningue, 1840), alleges a case (which, however, I do not remember to have met) where the client ventured to object:—"*Mon roi Apollon, je crois que tu es fou.*"[2] But cases are obvious which look this way, though not going so far as to charge lunacy upon the lord of prophetic vision. Battus, who was destined to be the eldest father of Cyrene, memorable as the first ground[3]

[1] To which at one time must be added, as of equal rank, the Oracle of the Branchides, in Asia Minor. But this had been destroyed by the invading Persians, in retaliation of the Athenian outrages—real or pretended—at Sardis.

[2] "*Tu es fou*":—The merely English reader, who is unacquainted with French, must not mistake *fou* for *sot*. *Sot* is the word for *fool*; and the word *fou*, though looking too like that opprobrious term, denotes a form of intellectual infirmity—viz. madness—claiming deeper pity, but also deeper awe and respect.

[3] "*First ground*":—In our modern geography, *Egypt* is the first region ot Africa to those who enter it from the east. But exactly at that point it is that Grecian geography differs from ours. The Greek Libya, as regarded the Mediterranean coast, coincided with our Africa

of Greek intercourse with the Libyan shore of the Mediterranean, so often as he consulted the Delphic Oracle in reference to his eyes, which happened to be diseased, was admonished to prepare for colonising Libya. "Grant me patience," would the peppery Battus reply; "here am I getting into years; and never do I consult the Oracle about my precious eyesight but you, King Phœbus, begin your old yarn about Cyrene. Confound Cyrene! Nobody knows where it is. But, if you are serious, speak to my son: he's a likely young man, and worth a hundred of old rotten hulks like myself." Battus was provoked in good earnest; and it is well known that the whole scheme went to sleep for several years, until King Phœbus sent in a gentle refresher to the peppery Battus and his islanders in the shape of failing crops, pestilence, and his ordinary chastisements. The people were roused—the colony was founded—and, after utter failure, was again founded—and the results justified the Oracle. But, in all such cases, and where the remonstrances were least respectful, or where the resistance of *inertia* was longest, I differ altogether from M. Brouwer in his belief that the suitors fancied Apollo to have gone distracted. If they ever said so, this must have been merely by way of putting the Oracle on its mettle, and calling forth some *plainer*—not any different—answer from the god, who was essentially enigmatic; for there it was that the doubts of the clients settled, and on that it was the practical demurs hinged. Not because even Battus, vexed as he was about his precious eyesight, distrusted the Oracle, but because he felt sure that the Oracle had not spoken out freely—that the Oracle was in debt to him as regarded plain dealing in a matter of *national* interest and a question of life and death; therefore had he and many others in similar circumstances presumed to linger or to demur. Blind obedience was hard to practise in cases which, being clothed in riddles, might (as a long experience had taught them) be too easily deciphered erroneously. A second edition was what they waited for, corrected and *enlarged*. We have a

except precisely as to Egypt; which (Herodotus tells us) was, or ought to be, regarded as a transitional chamber between Asia and Libya.

memorable instance of this policy in the Athenian envoys who, upon receiving a most ominous doom, but obscurely expressed, from the Delphic Oracle—which politely concluded by saying, "And so get out, you vagabonds, from my temple: don't cumber my decks any longer"—were advised to answer sturdily, "No! we will *not* get out; we mean to sit here for ever, until you think proper to give us a more reasonable reply." Upon which spirited rejoinder, the priestess saw the policy of revising her truly brutal rescript as it had stood originally.[1]

The necessity, indeed, was strong for not acquiescing in the answer of the Oracle until it had become clearer by revision or by casual illustration. But some were so precipitate as to adopt the first answer in its most literal and apparent sense. As usual, there is a Spartan case of this nature. Cleomenes complained bitterly that the Oracle of Delphi had deluded him, by holding out as a possibility, and under given conditions as a certainty, that he should possess himself of Argos. But the Oracle, agreeably to Pagan casuistry, was justified: there was an inconsiderable place outside the walls of Argos which bore the same name. This was the commonest of dodges amongst the heathen professors of divination. Most readers will remember the case of Cambyses, who had been assured by a legion of oracles that he should die at Ecbatana, generally supposed to be the *Hamadan* of our days,—to which northern city, cooled by Caspian breezes, the Shah of Persia retires when Teheran grows too hot. Suffering, therefore, in Syria from a scratch

[1] At first sight the reader is apt to wonder why it was that insolence so undisguised should have been allowed to prosper. But in fact all religions have been indulgent to insolence, where the known alternative has been sycophantic timidity. Christianity herself encourages men to "take heaven by storm." In that spirit it was that the Pagan deities, in the persons of their representative idols, submitted to be caned and horsewhipped without open mutiny, and continually to be chained up by one leg, in cases where the gods were suspected of meditating flight to the enemy. Universally, insolence was but an offence of *manner*. Even *that* might have provoked a shade of displeasure, were it not that, more effectually than any other expression of temper, it cured the one unpardonable offence of insincerity, languishing devotion, decay of burning love; to which love, as the one sole pledge of undying loyalty, all frailties were forgiven.

inflicted upon his thigh by his own sabre, whilst angrily sabring a ridiculous quadruped which the Egyptian priests had put forward as a god, Cambyses felt quite at his ease so long as he remembered his vast distance from the mighty capital of Media, to the eastward of the Tigris. The scratch, however, inflamed, for his intemperance had saturated his system with combustible matter; the inflammation spread; the pulse ran high: and he began to feel twinges of alarm. At length mortification commenced; but still he trusted to the old prophecy about Ecbatana, when suddenly a horrid discovery was made—that the very Syrian village at his own head-quarters was known by the pompous name of Ecbatana. Josephus tells a similar story of some man contemporary with Herod the Great. And we must all remember that case in Shakspere where the first king of the *red* rose, Henry IV, had long fancied his destiny to be that he should meet his death in Jerusalem; which naturally did not quicken his zeal for becoming a crusader. "All time enough," doubtless he used to say; "no hurry at all, gentlemen!" But at length, finding himself pronounced by the doctor ripe for dying, it became a question whether the prophet were a false prophet, or the doctor an incompetent physician. However, in such a case, it is something to have a collision of opinions—the prophet against the doctor. But, behold, it soon transpired that there was no collision at all. It was the Jerusalem Chamber, occupied by the king as a bedroom, and extant even yet, to which the prophet had alluded. Upon which his majesty reconciled himself at once to the ugly necessity at hand—

"In that Jerusalem shall Harry die."

The last case—that of oracular establishments turning out to be accomplices of thieves—is one which occurred in Egypt on a scale of some extent, and is noticed by Herodotus. This degradation argued great poverty in the particular temples; and it is not at all improbable that, amongst a hundred Grecian Oracles, some, under a similar temptation, might fall into a similar disgrace: the poverty must often have existed, but without the thieves; and at Delphi constantly the thieves, but without the poverty.

Yet now, as regards even this lowest extremity of disgrace, much more as regards the qualified sort of disrepute attending the three minor cases, one brief distinction puts all to rights. The Greeks never confounded the temple and household of officers engaged in the temple service with the dark functions of the presiding god. In Delphi, besides the Great Lady who discharged the life-shaking duties of Pythia, and the priests, with their train of subordinate ministers directly billeted on the temple, there were two orders of men outside, Delphic citizens: the one styled ἄριστεις, gentlemen of the service; the other ὅσιοι, a sort of semi-sanctified members of the temple establishment, wearing a shadowy resemblance to the lay *elders* of the Presbyterian Kirk, whose duty was probably, *inter alia*, to attach themselves to persons of corresponding rank in the retinues of the envoys or consulting clients, and doubtless to extract from them, in convivial moments, all the secrets or general information which the temple required for satisfactory answers. If these outside agents of the great temple personally went too far in their intrigues or stratagems of decoy, the disgrace no more recoiled on the god than, in modern times, the vices or crimes of a priest can affect the pure ritual sanctity of the sacrament he dispenses.

Meantime, through these outside ministers—though unaffected by their follies or errors as trepanners—the Oracle of Delphi drew that vast and comprehensive information, from every local nook or recess of Greece, which made it in the end a blessing to the land. The great error is to suppose the majority of cases laid before the Delphic Oracle strictly questions for *prophetic* functions. Ninety-nine in a hundred respected marriages, state-treaties, sales, purchases, founding of towns or colonies, which demanded no faculty whatever of divination, but the nobler faculty of natural sagacity that calculates the natural consequences of human acts co-operating with the local circumstances. If ever I should attempt to trace the steps, or to appraise the value, of Grecian civilisation—the mother of civilisation to all the western earth—it will not be difficult to prove that Delphi discharged the functions of a central *bureau d'administration*, a general centre of political information, an organ of universal organ-

isation for the counsels of the whole Grecian race. And that which caused the declension of the Oracles was the loss of political independence and autonomy. After Philip and the day of Chæronea, still more after the Roman conquest, each separate state, having no powers, and therefore no motive, for asking counsel on public interests, naturally confined itself more and more to its humbler local interests of police, or even at last to its family arrangements.

[1] In drawing towards a close upon the great institution of Oracles, I would wish to point the reader's attention to a feature of strong analogy between these mysterious incorporations and that great modern product of high civilisation—the Banking System. Had the ancients any banks, or any apology for banks? Formally and directly they certainly had not; but indirectly they had an imperfect representative of our banks. What was it? First let me ask—What is the primary and elementary function of a bank — of a good, honest, hard-working, industrious bank? Vixere Bankers ante Agamemnona. But their task was simpler; it was merely to take care of a man's money when he could not take care of it himself. What, because he was drunk? Oh no: but because housebreakers (family-men, as they are called in our flash dictionaries) were in Greece and circumjacent regions far too plentiful. They swarmed in all quarters of needy Greece.

What an invitation to you and me, when speculating for a rise in our respective capitals, to suspect a supper table left by the sleeping family to take care of itself and also of all the family plate, with a perfect knowledge on our parts that as small a tool as a mason's trowel will introduce us in six minutes to that same abandoned supper-tray. The word τοιχωρυχος, literally wall-borer, or τοιχωρυκτης, wall-underminer, the Greek name for a housebreaker, indicates the brief process through which the Attic burglar seduced and eloped with another man's too charming plate. The artist had but to excavate a peck or two of earth with his trowel; a rabbit's

[1] From this point onwards is an addition by De Quincey in 1858 to the paper as it originally appeared in *Blackwood* for March 1842. —M.

burrow was large enough ; this he soon improved and widened, using his own body as a gimlet; and very soon he had gimleted himself down amongst the family rats. Then, making free to borrow a rat-hole for a minute, and lying on his back, he soon *whittled* away or chiselled away the slight piece of carious flooring that divided him from the beautiful object (whether gold or silver) that enamoured him. Between Greece and Rome, in this point, how vast the difference ! In Rome the houses were built for eternity—twelve to twenty thousand pounds sterling was no uncommon cost, I believe, for the mansion of a senator. In Athens it is notorious that the houses of citizens the most distinguished,—Miltiades, and soon afterwards Themistocles,—were little better than hovels. And, although it is true that in forty years more, when the star of Pericles began to dawn upon Athens, the houses showed symptoms of improvement, nevertheless, being still built of slight and frail materials, they continued to rest on no massier or deeper foundations than does at this day a Scotch Highland bothy. Stakes or poles, hand-driven into the ground, formed their whole support—not at all stronger than the pegs which hold down the draperies of a soldier's tent. This it was—viz. the make-shift foundation—which so powerfully facilitated the art or "profession" (as I find it called by one lexicographer) of the housebreaker. In fact the art might be viewed as a mode of *diving* : the Attic burglar dived into the earth on the outside of the walls, and, coming up on the other side, found himself comfortably seated in grandmamma's easy-chair. And, whilst the access was thus easy at Athens, was thus impossible at Rome, on the other hand, the burglars in the former land swarmed like flies in a hot August with us, and in the latter were rare as hornets. With robbery a thousand times easier, and robbers a thousand times more plentiful[1]—reason enough there was in Athens

[1] In fact so plentiful, that even the memorials dearest to their vanity and patriotism—viz. their Battle Trophies—could no otherwise be protected from the rapacity of domestic robbers than by making them of materials which would hardly pay the cost of removal. The Greeks, after any victory of one little rascally clan over another,—of Spartans over Thebans, for instance, or (what is more gratifying to imagine) of Thebans over Spartans,—used to do two things in the way of self-glorification: first, they chanted a hymn or *pæan* (επαιανιζον),

for banks to take charge of a man's money. And banks, therefore, of the very strongest construction, the Greeks had, banks that could stand a military siege, and sometimes *did*. But what was the name of these banks? The name? Why, the name of these banks was *temples*. Upon a twofold consideration, temples were eligible as banks. In the first place, any temple whatsoever, being regarded as a monument of reverence and gratitude to a divinity, was naturally made as splendid as the disposable funds would allow. Marble, therefore, or stone at the least, was used in constructing the walls and porticoes. But the great weight of marble and stone obliged the architects to lay them upon deep foundations. Hence it happened that, in such altered circumstances, the alliance of a rat, and the loan of a rat-hole, went but a little way towards a prosperous burglary. But there was even a deeper protection to a temple. Being placed under the tutelary care of a divinity, the building enjoyed the *prestige*

which was *their* mode of singing *Te Deum;* secondly, they erected a trophy, or memorial of their victory, on the ground. But this trophy one might naturally expect to be framed of the most durable materials; whereas, on the contrary, it was framed of the very frailest, viz. firewood, at sevenpence the cart-load; and the best final result that I, for *my* part, can suppose from any trophy whatsoever would be that some old woman, living in the neighbourhood of the trophy, went out on favourable nights, and selected fuel enough to warm her poor old Pagan bones through the entire length of a Grecian winter. Why the wood rapidly disappeared is therefore easy to understand: but not why it had ever been relied on as a durable record. The Greeks, however, who were masters in the arts of varnishing and gilding, reported the whole case in the following superfine terms:—"It is right," said they, "and simply a necessity of our human nature, that we should quarrel intermittingly. We Grecians are all brothers, it is true: but still even brothers must, for the sake of health, have a monthly allowance of fighting and kicking. Not at all less natural it is that the conquerors in each particular round of our never-ending battle should triumph gloriously, and crow like twenty thousand game cocks, each flapping his wings on his own dunghill, armed with spurs according to the Socratic model left us by Plato. An allowance, in short, of shouting and jubilating is but fair. Still all this should have a speedy end: not only upon the prudential maxim—that he who is the kicking party to-day will often be the kicked party to-morrow; but also on a moral motive—viz. to forget and forgive. Under these suggestions, it becomes right to raise no memorials of fighting triumphs in any but fugitive materials; not therefore of brass, not therefore of marble, which (says the cunning Greek) would be too durable, which

of consecration. And this kept the most audacious burglar at a distance. His trade was hopeless,—he well knew that,—against walls so impregnable; and, had it been otherwise, the burglar feared a pursuing curse if he robbed a temple of any peculiar sanctity: he would as little dally with any such dangerous purpose as a Spanish *flibustier* would have joined an English buccaneer in pillaging a shrine of the Virgin. With power ten times multiplied did these grounds of strength apply to an *oracular* temple; most of all to Delphi—known to all princes that were themselves known. It is not surprising, therefore, that Delphi should have become the consecrated *depot* for incalculable property through many generations. And, if the reputation of wealth so enormous drew upon that temple and town occasional threats, or even assaults from a distance, no losses arising in this way could counterbalance, by a thousandth part, the vast amount of conservative aid that this temple must, in so many generations, have dispensed; for Delphi must have been viewed as

(say I, revising the Greek dissembler) would be too costly, but rather of wood the most worm-eaten, and, if it show signs of dry-rot, all the better. Under this limitation our triumph puts on a human and a natural shape. It very soon decays, and typifies our exultation, which decays concurrently." Ay, very plausible and sentimental! But this is an *ex parte* account; purely Grecian. Mine is different. I venture to suggest that the reason for not using brass or copper was because, in that case, long before the moon had run her circuit, the trophy would have been found in a blacksmith's shop at Corinth or Athens, sold or pawned, at the rate of a drachma a-head for a gang of forty thieves. The *Græculus esuriens* of Juvenal's sketch (taken from the standing-point of Rome) was true for centuries: always he was a knave, a sharp sycophantic knave, that lived by his wits; and yet, multiplying too fast, always in the large majority he was hungry. Through many a generation he was the dominant physician of the earth; he left behind him a body of medical research that is even yet worth studying: he, if nobody else, forestalled Lord Bacon's philosophy, for he at least relied altogether upon experience and tentative approaches; others he healed by myriads; but himself he never succeeded in healing permanently or widely of the disease called hunger. Empty stomachs continued to form the reproach of his art. For the truth was, through centuries, that Greece bred too large a population. Her institutions favoured population too much, whilst her agriculture and commerce tended (but could not establish a sufficient tendency) to repress population. Too constantly, therefore, Greece was *mendax*, *edax*, *furax* (mendacious, edacious, furacious), though indisposed to criminal excesses.

central to Greece, to the Grecian Islands, in later days to Macedon, Epirus, Thrace, and (in Asia Minor) to regions stretching all the way to the Euphrates.

As a bank of deposit, therefore, Delphi and its illustrious temple discharged a most weighty class of services; and with this class at least Christianity could have had no wish to interfere. No rivalship could here be imagined; no crossing of purposes; no collision of interests. So far it is not any service offering *analogies* to the modern services of banks that Delphi might have claimed; it was the direct, undeniable, and elementary service that any and every bank does or can perform. The service done was not of a nature to involve any social refinements; it was plain and homely as a cudgel; and in fact very like a cudgel: for one of the best uses which the learned have yet discovered in a cudgel is its tendency to mount guard effectually upon a man's pockets; and precisely *that* use was rendered in perfection by the temple of the Oracle at Delphi. A bank which could not be stormed by Brennus and his Gauls was manifestly in no danger from the τοιχωρυχος and his trowel.

But mere security, though a great point to achieve in a community where hardly anything was safe from moths that corrupt, or from thieves that break through and steal, was yet far from approaching that mysterious discovery as to the powers of capital which to all mankind, for many a long century, seemed to involve an impossibility. The exquisite silliness of the ancient doctrine "that money doth not breed money,"—that one gold or silver coin was never known, in any natural process of generation, to produce another gold or silver coin,—gagged the utterance, blindfolded the eyes, paralysed the understanding of man through much more than a thousand years. From this doctrine it seemed (in the eyes of our worthy and most stupid ancestors) to radiate as the most irresistible of inferences that, if any man drew a profit, a something *extra*, from the employment of his money, that profit must take its rise in some unlawful source. The most obvious explanation was that it arose in fraud. In some way the man must have cheated. This, as most people know, was the theory of Cicero. A man must lie, and must lie pretty strongly (*admodum*), in *his* opinion, before he could

reap any gain whatever—the least or most shadowy—from a commercial transaction. And, if Cicero had been made to understand that the distinction between buyer and seller was imaginary,—that a buyer was necessarily a seller, a seller necessarily a buyer, and that in every transaction of exchange the two parties, the party on each side, might gain simultaneously, might gain equally, and not by any metaphysical trick of words, but by a gain expressible in money,—he would probably, in excess of wrath, have assaulted his opponent. Any use of capital that should imply such doctrines would, in the Grecian stage of civilisation, have been impossible. Yet why? Simply because all such uses waited for other concurrent agencies, which must meet in combination before their last potential results could be developed. From that Grecian stage of social progress in which the showy religion of men, and the pomps of their gay mythologies, had put forth their uttermost strength in the stationary grandeur of temples and the scenical beauty of processions, let us leap by a flight across forty generations to that modern period when the bank of Venice, of Amsterdam, &c., had implied as a cause, and had promoted as an effect, that new birth in the science of capital and its uses which the world has now gazed upon for three centuries and upwards as a gorgeous spectacle towering to the clouds by its multitudinous creations. From this grand station, commanding both stages—the infancy and the maturity of the banking economy—and connecting them into one field of retrospect, let us ask what it is in the upshot that has been gained? In the Grecian infancy of its power, moneyed power (as regards the western regions of the ancient world) was first of all made safe. The temples (and probably in many instances under dim anticipations of future Persian invasions, or even of tumultuary invasions by mere Scythian, German, or Gaulish savages) were built with the strength of fortresses: not meant for the security of money, these massy temples had not the less benefited money. In that cradle of European culture, under the double protection of martial power and of religion, first of all we behold the great productive power of property, as yet indeed most slenderly applied to production, but still reposing in absolute safety. Under all this vast advantage as yet, however, it slumbers

passively, having very little more interest for society than simply as all property, however little employed productively, nevertheless (in the shape of expenditure as an income) unavoidably stimulates production. But at the modern terminus of our long prospect we behold this property no longer inert and lifeless, but waking magically into a two-fold life. Money, to the confusion of the incredulous, now at last is found to produce money; and this intolerable paradox, as through so long a period it has been held, is accomplished oftentimes through another machinery equally paradoxical. Not the proprietor of the money, in most cases, but an alien as regards any natural relations to the money, reaps the primary benefits from the property; and out of that seeming intrusion into another man's rights first of all it becomes possible that a bank should create an income for the true proprietor. This man's share of benefit is so far from being encroached upon by the alien employer of his property that, on the contrary, in the innumerable cases where the owner could not himself be the employer, it is only through this intrusion of an alien party that the bank carves out a triple return: first, for itself; secondly, for the commercial employer; thirdly, for the sedentary and passive proprietor.

Pausing for an instant, let us review the methods through which the bank organises such great results. All the little rills and runnels of surplus income scattered amongst numerous individuals, which in an uncommercial land could not find employment, and would lie as barren accumulation in domestic depositories, tempting the assaults of house-breakers, are converged by banks into large central reservoirs, from which they are speedily returned, through the channels of many commercial or manufacturing men, into the vast field of productive industry. What the bank does is essentially the function of a broker. The bank brings scattered interests into communication, and remote interests into contact. Through this agency, the multitudes who have surplus money, and would be glad to lend it under any sufficient prospect of seeing it profitably employed, are brought face to face with the multitudes who wish to extend their means of creating such profitable employment. And now, turning

back to the great Oracular Temple of Delphi, we may trace more firmly and luminously the direct point of contact, or the more indirect and remote points of analogy, which connect the Delphic Temple with the machineries of banking. In the early and elementary stage of this great organ, we notice (as I remarked above) not so much the analogy, as the direct parity or identity, of their public ministrations. A modern bank contemplates, as its initial service, the safe keeping of the money confided to its care. The bank provides a strong building, rooms specially protected against burglars, iron safes, proper attendants, and watchmen, together with the means of rapid and authentic intelligence upon questions connected with the public securities of the national treasury, &c., and is able to distribute these great advantages amongst an immense number of customers at a cost to each which is little more than nominal. The Delphic Temple, upon terms essentially the same, but very much more costly, indemnified itself for the absolute security (both in its English and its Latin sense)[1] which it had created.

What more did the bank of Delphi accomplish towards the development of the banking system than simply to make it safe? Nothing. Then how was I entitled to say that Delphi & Co. exhibited strong features of analogy to our existing banks in their most improved state of efficiency? The Bank of England at this day is prepared to stand a siege, if such a necessity should arise: only I fear that she is not victualled; she has not laid in enough of biscuit. However, this is the uttermost extent of her martial capacities; and Delphi could do as much, besides having actually done it. But what further lineaments of sisterly resemblance do we trace in the two banks? This one marked expression at the least we trace—viz. a systematic use of brokerage in the largest extent: by which term "brokerage" I understand a

[1] In English we understand by security neither more nor less than *safety*: *i.e.* freedom from danger. But in Latin *securitas* means freedom—not at all from danger, but from the *sense* of danger and its anxieties. A man is therefore in Latin often described as *securus* whilst on the brink of destruction, if only not conscious of his danger. Milton, in his occasional tendency to draw too emphatically upon the Latin elements in our language, has given to the word *secure* its Roman acceptation; but he has hardly naturalised that use.

regular and known machinery for bringing into practical communication with each other parties that, but for this machinery, were too remote to have learned their reciprocal wants. All people of rank and distinction, throughout Greece and its dependencies or adjacencies, kept up a respectful intercourse with Delphi; and consequently that great bank had the advantage of what might be called *official* reports from every corner of Hellas, and (if need arose) of reports circumstantially minute. Was it a high-born lady with ample dowry leading a solitary life because no suitor of corresponding pretensions existed in her own neighbourhood? The Oracle had a ready means for transmitting this intelligence to a remote quarter, where it would tell effectually. Was a call for colonisation becoming clamorous in some particular region? What more beneficial, or what more easy, than for the Oracle to forward this news by its own channels to a tract of country labouring (through causes casual or local) under an excess of pauperised population? Or, if a chieftain in the north were commencing a sumptuous palace, what should hinder the Oracle from forwarding that intelligence to the architects and decorators of the south? Mr. Carlyle's impeachment of Poor-law arrangements, on the ground that they accumulated ploughs and ploughmen in one province, whilst the arable lands needing to be ploughed all lay in some other province, would hardly have existed under Delphi, or not as any subject of complaint where the remedy was so prompt. The brief summary of Delphic administration was this:—It moved by *secret* springs: not being visibly or audibly displayed, it irritated no jealousies. Appealing to no *coercive* powers, but purely to moral suasion, it provoked no refractoriness. Combining with the very highest of religious influences that Hellas recognised, it insured a docile and a reverential acceptance for all its directions. And, finally, because this great Delphic establishment held in its hands the hidden reins from *every* province, therefore it was that out of universal Greece, as a body of wants, powers, slumbering activities, and undeveloped resources, Delphi would have constructed, and *did* construct so far as her influence escaped the thwarting of cross currents, a system of political watch-work where all the parts and movements played into a common

centre. We must remember that Greece, after all, and allowing for every class of drawbacks, was really the first region upon earth in which (as in our present Christendom) there had formed itself a system of international law, and fixed modes of diplomacy. Compare her, this Greece, with the wretched voluptuaries of Southern Asia, from Western Arabia and Persia to Eastern China, no matter *when*, whether before or after Mahomet. Greece, though beginning with institutions as to women too dangerously Asiatic, was yet never emasculated. Men, aspiring men, were what she still produced. And much of this great advantage she owed apparently to that diffusive Delphic influence through which she nourished and expanded her unity, all parts existing for the sake of each, and each for all, in a degree of which no vestige was ever exhibited by the crazy and effeminate policy of any Asiatic state.

Now, therefore, having laid the foundations of a road for safe footing, let me march to *my* conclusion. The conclusion of the Fathers was the wildest of errors, into which they were misled by the most groundless of preconceptions. They started with the assumption that there was an essential hostility between Christianity and the primary pretensions of Oracles, consequently of Delphi as the supreme Oracle. And one result of this startling error was that they exacted as a debt from Christianity that *expression* of hostility which, except in a Patristic romance, never had any real existence. The Fathers regarded it as a duty of Christianity to destroy Oracles; and, holding that baseless creed, some of them went on to affirm, in mere defiance of history, that Christianity *had* destroyed Oracles. But *why* did the Fathers fancy it so special a duty of the Christian faith to destroy Oracles? Simply for these two reasons: viz. that

1. Most falsely they supposed *prophecy* to be the main function of an Oracle; whereas it did not enter as an element into the main business of an Oracle by so much as once in a thousand responses.

2. Not less erroneously they assumed this to be the inevitable parent of a collision with Christianity. For all prophecy, and the spirit of prophecy, they supposed to be a regal prerogative of Christianity,—sacred, in fact, to the true

faith by some alienable right. But no such claim is anywhere advanced in the Scriptures. And even a careless reader will remember one conspicuous case where a prophet of known hostility to the Hebrew interest and the Hebrew faith, and for that reason invoked and summoned to curse the children of Israel, is nevertheless relied on as a fountain of truth by the Hebrew leaders.

But suppose that there really *were* any such exclusive pretension to prophecy on behalf of Christianity: what *is* prophecy? The Patristic error is here intolerable. In order to make any comparison as to such a gift between the Greek Oracles and Christianity, we must at least be talking of the same thing; whereas nothing can be more extensively distinguished from the vaticinations of the Pagan Oracle than prophecy as it is understood in the Bible. St. Paul is continually referring in his Epistles to gifts of prophecy: but does any man suppose this apostle to mean gifts as to the faculty of prediction? Nobody, of all whom St. Paul was addressing, pretended to any qualifications of that nature. A prophet in the Bible nowhere means a foreseer or predicter. It means a person endowed with *exegetic* gifts: that is, with powers of *interpretation* applicable to truth hidden, or truth imperfectly revealed. All profound and scriptural truth may be regarded as liable to misinterpretation, because originally lying under veils of shadowy concealment, many and various. He who removes any one of these varying obscurations—he who displays in his commentaries the gifts of an *exegetes* or interpreter—is, in St. Paul's sense, a prophet. Now, among these obscuring causes, one is Time: some features of what is communicated may chance to be hidden by the clouds which surround a distant future; and in that sole case, one case amongst hundreds, the prophet coincides with the predicter. But in the vast majority of cases prophecy means the power of interpretation, or of commentary and practical extension, applied to scriptural doctrines: a sense not only irrelevant to the Oracles, but without purpose, or value, or meaning, to any Pagan whatever. So that competition from that quarter was the idlest of chimeras. Prophecy, therefore, in any sense ever contemplated by a Christian writer, *could* not be violated or desecrated by any rival pretensions of Paganism, such as

the Fathers feared, inasmuch as all such pretensions on the part of Paganism were blank impossibilities.

That falsification, therefore, of historic facts, by which the Fathers attempted to varnish and mystify the absolute indifference of Christianity to the Oracles, falls away spontaneously when the motive upon which it moved is exposed as frivolous and childish. Cleared from these gross misrepresentations of the ill-informed, Oracles appear to have fulfilled a most important mission. As rationally might Christianity be supposed hostile to post-offices, or jealous of mail steamers, as indisposed to that oracular mission of which the noble purpose, stated in the briefest terms, was to knit the extremities of a state to its centre and to quicken the progress of civilisation.

Why the Oracles really decayed I presume arose thus:—I have already noticed their loss of high political functions. This loss, though never intentionally offered as a degradation, not the less had that result. During that long course of generations when princes or republics needed the co-operation of Oracles that possessed worlds of local information, and that furnished the sanctions of heavenly authority, not at all less than the Oracles needed martial protection, the two powers were seen, or were felt obscurely, acting always in harmony and coalition. With us in Great Britain a man acquires the title of *Right Honourable* by entering the Privy Council as a member. Some honour, or some distinction for the ear or for the eye, corresponding to this, no doubt settled upon the high officers at Delphi. They were probably regarded as honorary members of the national council that in one shape or other advised and assisted the ruler of every state having established relations with Delphi. But these flattering distinctions would cease, or would become mere titular honours, when Delphi lost her connexion, and her right of suggestion, and her "voice potential," with the supreme government of her own land. With us, when a man has been presented to the sovereign, he obtains (or used to obtain), from the Lord Chamberlain, a sort of certificate which said "Mr. Thingamby is known at the Court of St. James": whether known for any good was civilly suppressed; and this potent recognition enabled Thingamby to

present himself as one having on a wedding garment, and admissible at any other court or courtlet whatsoever, except that of Ashantee. Let the reader honestly confess that he envies Thingamby. Now, it is not improbable that the high ministers at Delphi had a power equal to the Lord Chamberlain's of certifying on behalf of any man going on his travels, were it Pythagoras or Solon, Herodotus or Plato, Anacharsis or Thingamby (every one of whom was a traveller), that the bearer is favourably known at Delphi. In the days of Delphic grandeur such an introduction would bear a high value at all the surrounding courts; and this value would be multiplied in that age when the successors of Alexander had founded thrones stretching all the way from the Oxus to the Nile. But, after the Roman conquest of Greece and of Macedon, all this would collapse. A large field of economic services would still remain open to the temple; but the atmosphere of sanctity, with the faith in supernatural co-operation, would have suffered a shock. And the local agents, that once in every district had emulously disputed the glory of ranking in the long retinue of the god, and of the great lady seated on the tripod, would no longer find a sufficient indemnification for their labours in the glory of the service. Delphi, like the "Times" newspaper, would have to pay its agents; and the clouded splendours of the Delphic shrine and temple would reflect themselves, as years went on, in the dilapidations of the town. Delphi, the city, must have been the creation of Delphi, the oracular temple; and the dismantlings of both must have gone on under the same impulses, and through corresponding stages; so that either would reflect sufficiently to the other its own ruins and superannuations. When earthly grandeurs, however, were gone, there would still survive a large arrear of humbler and economic services, by which a decent revenue might be secured. And the true reason why the ceasing of Oracles was so variously timed and so vaguely dated is to be looked for precisely in this variable declension of humbler ministrations, through local ebbs and flows in casual advantages of position. The case recalls to my eye a scene exhibited in certain streets of London very early on a summer morning nearly forty-four years ago. It was high summer, in the

year 1814. All the leaders, royal or not royal, in the three immortal campaigns of Moscow (1812), of Leipsic (1813), and of France (1814), were just then in London, and paying a visit of honour to our own Regent. There was the reigning King of Prussia, whom most people likened to "the knight of the rueful countenance." There was the king's sole faithful servant—Blucher. There was the imperial fop, Alexander, and in his train men of sixty different languages; and, distinguished above all others that owed suit and service to this great potentate, rode Platoff, the Hetman of the Cossacks, specially beloved by all men as the most gallant, adventurous, and ugly of Cossacks. These Cossacks, if one might believe the flying rumours, drank with rapture every species of train oil. The London lamps were then lighted with oil; and the Cossacks, it was said, gave it the honour of a decided preference: so that, in streets lying near to the hetman's residence, to the north of Oxford Street, the lamps were observed to burn with a very variable lustre. In such a street I, and others, my companions, returning from a ball, about an hour before sunrise, saw a mimic sketch of the decaying Oracles. Here, close to the hetman's front-door, was a large overshadowing lamp, that might typify the Delphic shrine, but (to borrow a word from kitchen-maids) "black out." It was supposed to have been tapped too frequently by the hetman's sentinels who mounted guard on his Tartar Highness. Then, on the other side the street, was a lamp, ancient and gloomy, that might pass for Dodona, throwing up sickly and fitful gleams of *undulating* lustre, but drawing near to extinction. Further ahead was a huge octagon lamp, that apparently never had been cleaned from smoke and fuliginous tarnish, forlorn, solitary, yet grimly alight, though under a disastrous eclipse, and ably supporting the part of Jupiter Ammon—that unsocial oracle which stood aloof from men in a narrow oasis belted round by worlds of sandy wilderness. And in the midst of all these vast and venerable mementoes rose one, singularly pert and lively, though not bigger than a farthing rushlight, which probably had singly escaped the Cossacks, as having promised nothing; so that the least and most trivial of the entire group was likely to survive them all.

Briefly, the Oracles went out—lamp after lamp—as we see oftentimes in some festal illumination that one glass globe of light capriciously outlives its neighbour. Or they might be described as melting away like snow on the gradual return of vernal breezes. Large drifts vanish in a few hours; but patches here and there, lurking in the angles of high mountainous grounds, linger on into summer. Yet, whatever might have been their distinctions or their advantages on collation with each other, none of the ancients ever appear to have considered their pretensions to divination or prescience (whether by the reading of signs, as in the flight of birds, in the entrails of sacrificial victims, or, again, in direct spiritual prevision) as forming any conspicuous feature of their ordinary duties. Accordingly, when Cato in the Pharsalia is advised by Labienus to seek the counsel of Jupiter Ammon, whose sequestered oracle was then near enough to be reached without much *extra* trouble, he replies by a fine abstract of what might be expected from an oracle: viz. not predictions, but grand sentiments bearing on the wisdom of life. These representative sentiments, as shaped by Lucan, are fine and noble; we might expect it from a poet so truly Roman and noble. But he dismisses these oracular sayings as superfluous, because already familiar to meditative men. We know them,

"Scimus"—(says he)
"Et hæc nobis non altius inseret Ammon."

And no Ammon will ever engraft them more deeply into my heart.

This I mention, when concluding, as a further and collateral evidence against the Fathers. For, if any mode of prophetic illumination had been the sort of communication reasonably and characteristically to be anticipated from an Oracle, in that case Lucan would have pointed his artillery from a very different battery,—the battery of scorn and indignation. No people certainly *could* be more superstitious than the Roman populace. witness the everlasting *Bos locutus est* of the credulous Livy. Yet, on the other hand, already in the early days of Ennius, we know, by one of his beautiful fragments, that no nation could breed more high-minded denouncers of such misleading follies.

THE ESSENES [1]

PART I.—THE TRADITION FROM JOSEPHUS

SOME months back we published a little Essay, that might easily be expanded into a very large volume, and ultimately into a perfectly new Philosophy of Roman History, in proof that Rome was self-barbarised,—barbarised *ab intra*, and not by foreign enemies. The evidences of this, (1) in the death of her literature, and (2) in the instant oblivion which swallowed up all public transactions, are so obvious as to

[1] The paper appeared originally in three parts in *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, April, and May 1840. When it was reprinted by De Quincey in 1859, in the tenth volume of his Collected Writings, it was very much shortened by two omissions: viz. (1) the omission of the four introductory paragraphs to the whole, (2) the omission of Part II altogether. What may have been De Quincey's reasons for these omissions one cannot now conjecture,—if indeed he had any reasons, and the omissions were not in some manner the result of accident. In the case of the second and more important omission, it is possible that he was reserving the matter for some separate use, *e.g.* in an independent paper on Josephus generally, apart from Josephus as the describer of the Essenes,—which intention he did not live to carry out; or it is just possible that, in one of his hours of somnolence in the last year of his life, his editorial vigilance failed him, so that this paper went to press with an unperceived gap in the copy. At all events, the omissions are so serious, and the second of them so affects the integrity and coherence of the paper, that the restoration of the omitted portions is imperative. The American edition, printing direct from *Blackwood*, gives the paper in its complete state; and it would be an injury to it with its British readers to do otherwise in the present edition. The paper is, accordingly, here divided into three "Parts," as originally; and to each part is prefixed what appears to be a suitable sub-title.—M.

challenge notice from the most inattentive reader.[1] For instance, as respects the latter tendency, what case can be more striking than the fact that Trebellius Pollio,[2] expressly dedicating himself to such researches, and having the state documents at his service, cannot trace, by so much as the merest outline, the biography of some great officers who had worn the purple as rebels, though actually personal friends of his own grandfather? So nearly connected as they were with his own age and his own family, yet had they utterly perished for want of literary memorials! A third indication of barbarism, in the growing brutality of the Army and the Emperor, is of a nature to impress many readers even more powerfully, and especially by contrast with the spirit of Roman warfare in its Republican period. Always it had been an insolent and haughty warfare; but, upon strong motives of policy, sparing in bloodshed. Whereas, latterly, the ideal of a Roman general was approaching continually nearer to the odious standard of a *caboceer* amongst the Ashantees. Listen to the father of his people (Gallienus) issuing his paternal commands for the massacre, in cold blood, of a whole district—not foreign but domestic—after the offence had become almost obsolete: "Non satisfacies mihi, si tantum *armatos* occideris — quos et fors belli interimere potuisset. Perimendus est omnis sexus virilis": and, lest even this sweeping warrant should seem liable to any merciful distinctions, he adds circumstantially—"Sic et senes atque impuberes sine mea reprehensione occidi possent." And thus the bloody mandate winds up: "Occidendus est quicunque male voluit, occidendus est quicunque male dixit contra me: lacera, occide, concide."[3] Was ever such a

[1] The Essay to which De Quincey refers is his "Philosophy of Roman History," which had appeared in *Blackwood* in November 1839, two months before the First Part of the present paper. See the Essay itself *ante*, Vol. VI. pp. 429-447.—M.

[2] One of the writers of the *Augustan History*, living early in the fourth century.—M.

[3] The quotations may be Englished thus:—"You will not satisfy me if you kill only the armed men, whom the mere chance of war itself might have cut off. The whole male sex must be exterminated."—"There would be no blame from me if both the old and those not yet of age could be slain."—"Let there be killed every one who has wished me ill; let there be killed every one who has spoken ill against me: slash, kill, massacre."—M.

rabid tiger found, except amongst the Hyder Alis or Nadir Shahs of half-civilized or decivilized tribes? Yet another and a very favourite Emperor outherods even this butcher, by boasting of the sabring which he had let loose amongst crowds of helpless women.

The fourth feature of the Roman barbarism upon which we insisted, viz. the growing passion for trivial anecdotage in slight of all nobler delineations, may be traced, in common with all the other features, to the decay of a *public mind* and a common *connecting interest* amongst the different members of that vast imperial body. This was a necessity arising out of the merely *personal* tenure by which the throne was held. Competition for dignities, ambition under any form, could not exist with safety under circumstances which immediately attracted a blighting jealousy from the highest quarter. Where hereditary succession was no fixed principle of state—no principle which all men were leagued to maintain—every man, in his own defence, might be made an object of anxiety in proportion to his public merit. Not conspiring, he might still be placed at the head of a conspiracy. There was no oath of allegiance taken to the Emperor's family, but only to the Emperor personally. But, if it was thus dangerous for a man to offer himself as a participator in state honours, on the other hand it was impossible for a people to feel any living sympathy with a public grandeur in which they could not safely attempt to participate. Simply to be a member of this vast body was no distinction at all: honour could not attach to what was universal. One path only lay open to personal distinction; and *that*, being haunted along its whole extent by increasing danger, naturally bred the murderous spirit of retaliation or pre-occupation. It is besides certain that the very change wrought in the nature of warlike rewards and honours contributed to cherish a spirit of atrocity amongst the officers. Triumphs had been granted of old for conquests; and these were generally obtained much more by intellectual qualities than by any display of qualities merely or rudely martial. Triumphs were now forbidden fruit to any officer less than Augustan. And this one change, had there been no other, sufficed to throw the efforts of military men into a direction more humble, more directly

personal and more brutal. It became dangerous to be too conspicuously victorious. There yet remains a letter, amongst the few surviving from that unlettered period, which whispers a thrilling caution to a great officer not to be *too* meritorious: "Dignus eras triumpho," says the letter, "si antiqua tempora extarent." But what of that? What signified merit that was to cost a man his head? And the letter goes on to add this gloomy warning—"Memor cujusdam ominis, *cautius velim vincas*."[1] The warning was thrown away; the man (Regillianus) persisted in these imprudent victories; he was too meritorious; he grew dangerous; and he perished. Such examples forced upon the officers a less suspicious and a more brutal ambition. The laurels of a conqueror marked a man out for a possible competitor, no matter through whose ambition—his own in assuming the purple, or that of others in throwing it by force around him. The differences of guilt could not be allowed for where they made no difference in the result. But the laurels of a butcher created no jealousy, whilst they sufficed for establishing a camp reputation. And thus the danger of a higher ambition threw a weight of encouragement into the lower and more brutal.

So powerful, indeed, was this tendency—so headlong this gravitation to the brutal—that, unless a new force, moving in an opposite direction, had begun to rise in the political heavens, the Roman Empire would have become an organized engine of barbarism, — barbarous and making barbarous. This fact gives one additional motive to the study of Christian Antiquities, which on so many other motives interest and perplex our curiosity. About the time of Diocletian the weight of Christianity was making itself felt in high places. There is a memorable scene between that Emperor and a Pagan priest representing an Oracle (that is, speaking on behalf of the Pagan interests) full forty years before the legal establishment of Christianity, which shows how insensibly the Christian faith had crept onwards within the fifty or sixty years previous. Such hints, such "momenta," such stages in the subtle progress of Christianity, should be

[1] "You were worthy of a triumph, if the ancient times were still here."—"Mindful of a certain omen, I would have you conquer more cautiously."—M.

carefully noted, searched, probed, improved. And it is partly because too little anxiety of research has been applied in this direction that every student of ecclesiastical history mourns over the dire sterility of its primitive fields. For the first three or four centuries we know next to nothing of the course by which Christianity moved, and the events through which its agency was developed. *That* it prospered, we know; but *how* it prospered (meaning not through what transcendent cause, but by what circumstantial steps and gradations) is painfully mysterious. And, for much of this darkness, we must confess that it is now past all human power of illumination. Nay, perhaps it belongs to the very sanctity of the struggle in which powers more than human were working concurrently with man that it should be lost (like much of our earliest antediluvian history) in a mysterious gloom, and for the same reason—viz. that, when man stands too near the super-sensual world, and is too palpably co-agent with schemes of Providence, there would arise, upon the total review of the whole plan and execution, were it all circumstantially laid below our eyes, too compulsory an evidence of a supernatural agency. It is not meant that men should be *forced* into believing: free agencies must be left to the human belief both in adapting and rejecting, else it would cease to be a *moral* thing or to possess a moral value. Those who were contemporary to these great agencies saw only in part; the fractionary mode of their perceptions intercepted this compulsion from *them*. But, as to us who look back upon the whole, it would perhaps have been impossible to secure the same immunity from compulsion, the same integrity of the free, unbiassed choice, unless by darkening the miraculous agencies, obliterating many facts, and disturbing their relations. In such a way the equality is maintained between generation and generation; no age is unduly favoured, none penuriously depressed. Each has its separate advantages, each its peculiar difficulties. The worst has not so little light as to have a plea for infidelity. The best has not so much as to overpower the freedom of election — a freedom which is indispensable to all moral value, whether in doing or in suffering, in believing or denying.

Meantime, though this obscurity of Primitive Christianity

is past denying, and possibly, for the reason just given, not without an *a priori* purpose and meaning, we nevertheless maintain that something may yet be done to relieve it. We need not fear to press into the farthest recesses of Christian Antiquity, under any notion that we are prying into forbidden secrets, or carrying a torch into shades consecrated to mystery. For, wherever it is not meant that we should raise the veil, there we shall carry our torch in vain. Precisely as our researches are fortunate, they authenticate themselves as privileged; and in such a chase all success justifies itself.

No scholar—not even the wariest—has ever read with adequate care those records which we still possess of Primitive Christianity. He should approach this subject with a vexatious scrutiny. He should lie in ambush for discoveries, as we did in reading Josephus.[1]

Let us examine his chapter on the Essenes, and open the very logic of the case, its very outermost outline, in these two sentences: A thing there *is* in Josephus, which ought not to be there; this thing we will call *Epsilon* (E). A thing there is which ought to be in Josephus, but which is not; this thing we propose to call *Chi* (X).

The *Epsilon*, which ought not to be there, but *is*—what is that? It is the pretended philosophical sect amongst the Jews to which Josephus gives the name of *Essenes*: this ought not to be in Josephus, nor anywhere else, for certain we are that no such sect ever existed.

The *Chi*, which ought by every obligation—obligations of reason, passion, interest—to have been more broadly and emphatically present in the Judæan history of the Josephan period than in any other period whatever, but unaccountably is omitted—what is that? It is, reader, neither more nor less than the new-born brotherhood of *Christians*. The whole monstrosity of this omission will not be apparent to the

[1] Flavius Josephus, the Jewish Historian, b. A.D. 37, d. about A.D. 100. His account of the Essenes is contained in portions of his *History of the Jewish War* and his *Jewish Antiquities*,—both of which books were written by him in Greek during his residence in Rome after he had left Judæa.—M.

reader until his attention be pointed closely to the chronological position of Josephus,—his longitude as respects the great meridian of the Christian era.

The period of Josephus's connexion with Palestine, running abreast (as it were) with that very generation succeeding to Christ—with that very Epichristian age, prolonging the generation of Christ, which dated from the Crucifixion, and terminated in the Destruction of Jerusalem—how? by what possibility? did he escape all knowledge of the Christians as a body of men that should naturally have challenged notice from the very stocks and stones of their birthplace; the very echo of whose footsteps ought to have sunk upon the ear with the awe that belongs to spiritual phenomena, that belongs to the bells of convents in the Desert long since dilapidated and surviving only in the traditions of Bedouins, that belongs (in the sublime expression of Wordsworth) to "echoes from beyond the grave." There were circumstances of distinction in the very closeness of the confederation that connected the early Christians which ought to have made them interesting. But, waiving all that, what a supernatural awe must naturally have attended the persons of those who laid the corner-stone of their faith in an event so affecting and so appalling as the Resurrection! The *Chi*, therefore, that should be in Josephus, but that is not, how can we suggest any approximation to a solution of this mystery?

True it is that an interpolated passage, found in all the printed editions of Josephus, makes him take a special and a respectful notice of Jesus Christ. But this passage has long been given up us a forgery by all men not lunatic.

True it is that Whiston makes the astounding discovery that Josephus was himself an Ebionite Christian. Josephus a Christian! In the instance before us, were it possible that he had been a Christian, in that case the wonder is many times greater that he should have omitted all notice of the whole body as a fraternity acting together with a harmony unprecedented amongst their distracted countrymen of that age, and, secondly, as a fraternity to whom was assigned a certain political aspect by their enemies. The civil and external relations of this new party he could not but have noticed, had he even omitted the religious doctrines which

bound them together internally, as doctrines too remote from Roman comprehension.[1] In reality, so far from being a Christian, we can show that Josephus was not even a Jew in any conscientious or religious sense. He had never taken the first step in the direction of Christianity, but was, as many other Jews were in that age, essentially a pagan ; as little impressed with the true nature of the God whom his country worshipped, with his ineffable purity and holiness, as any idolatrous Athenian whatsoever.

The wonder therefore subsists, and revolves upon us with the more violence after Whiston's efforts to extinguish it, how it could have happened that a writer who passed his infancy, youth, manhood, in the midst of a growing sect so transcendently interesting to every philosophic mind, and pre-eminently so interesting to a Jew, should have left behind him,—in a compass of eight hundred and fifty-four pages, double columns (each column having sixty-five lines or a double ordinary octavo page), much of it relating to his own times,—not one paragraph, line, or fragment of a line, by which it can be known that he ever heard of such a body as the Christians ?

And to our mind, for reasons which we shall presently show, it is equally wonderful that he *should* talk of the Essenes, under the idea of a known, stationary, original sect amongst the Jews, as that he should *not* talk of the Christians, — equally wonderful that he should remember the imaginary as that he should forget the real. There is not one difficulty, but two difficulties ; and what we need is not one solution, but two solutions.

If, in an ancient palace, reopened after it had been shut up for centuries, you were to find a hundred golden shafts or pillars for which nobody could suggest a place or a use, and if, in some other quarter of the palace, far remote, you were afterwards to find a hundred golden sockets fixed in the floor—first of all, pillars which nobody could apply to any purpose, or refer to any place ; secondly, sockets which nobody could fill—probably even "wicked Will Whiston"

[1] "*Roman* comprehension":—The reader must remember that the audience addressed by Josephus was not a Jewish but a Roman audience.

might be capable of a glimmering suspicion that the hundred golden shafts belonged to the hundred golden sockets. And, if, upon applying the shafts to the sockets, it should turn out that each several shaft screwed into its own peculiar socket, why, in such a case, not "Whiston, Ditton, & Co." could resist the evidence that each enigma had brought a key to the other, and that by means of two mysteries there had ceased even to be one mystery.

Now, then, first of all, before stating our objections to the Essenes as any permanent or known sect amongst the Jews, let us review as rapidly as possible the main features by which Josephus characterizes these supposed Essenes, and in a brief comment point out their conformity to what we know of the Primitive Christians. That done, let us endeavour to explain all the remaining difficulties of the case. The words of Josephus we take from Whiston's translation[1]; for, if we gave our own version, we might seem to have coloured it so as to favour our own views. But we do this unwillingly: for Whiston was a poor Grecian; and, what is worse, he knew very little about English.

1. "*The third Sect*" [*i.e. third in relation to the Pharisees, who ranked as the first, and the Sadducees, who ranked as the second*] "*are called Essenes. These last are Jews by birth, and seem to have a greater affection for one another than the other sects have.*"

We need not point out the strong conformity in this point to the distinguishing features of the new-born Christians, as they would be likely to impress the eye of a stranger. There was obviously a double reason for a stricter cohesion amongst the Christians internally than could by possibility belong to any other sect: 1*st*, in the essential

[1] "Genuine Works of Josephus Flavius, the Jewish Historian, translated from the original Greek, with proper Notes, &c. By William Whiston, M.A., London, 1737." Whiston (1667-1752), though perhaps most popularly remembered now by this translation of Josephus, was known in his life-time for various other works of theoretical scholarship and eccentric theological opinion. The phrase "Whiston, Ditton, & Co.," used above by De Quincey, is, as will afterwards appear, from a metrical squib of Dean Swift's, in which the name of Whiston is conjoined in very rough jest with that of another mathematician, Humphrey Ditton.—M.

tendency of the whole Christian faith to a far more intense love than the world could comprehend, as well as in the express charge to love one another; 2*d*, in the strong compressing power of external affliction, and of persecution too certainly anticipated. The little flock, turned out to face a wide world of storms, naturally drew close together. Over and above the indefeasible hostility of the world to a spiritual morality, there was the bigotry of Judaical superstition on the one hand, and the bigotry of Paganism on the other. All this would move in mass against nascent Christianity, so soon as that moved; and well, therefore, might the instincts of the Early Christians instruct them to act in the very closest concert and communion.

2. "*These men are despisers of riches, and so very communicative as raises our admiration. Nor is there any one to be found among them who hath more than another; every one's possessions are intermingled with every other's possessions, and so there is, as it were, one patrimony among all the brethren.*"

In this account of the "communicativeness," as to temporal wealth, of the third sect, it is hardly necessary that we should point out the mirror which it holds up to the habits of the very first Christians in Jerusalem, as we see them recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. This, the primary record of Christian History (for even the disciples were not in any full sense Christians until after the resurrection and the Divine afflatus), is echoed afterwards in various stages of Primitive Christianity. But all these subsequent acts and monuments of early Christian faith were derived by imitation and by sympathy from the apostolic precedent in Jerusalem; as that again was derived from the "common purse" carried by the twelve disciples.

3. "*They have no certain city, but many of them dwell in every city; and, if any of their sect come from other places, what they find lies open for them just as if it were their own: and they go in to such as they never knew before, as if they had been ever so long acquainted with them.*"

All Christian antiquity illustrates and bears witness to this, as a regular and avowed Christian habit. To this habit point St. Paul's expression of "*given to hospitality*";

and many passages in all the apostolical writings. Like other practices, however, that had been firmly established from the beginning, it is rather alluded to, and indirectly taken for granted and assumed, than prescribed: expressly to teach or enjoin it was as little necessary, or indeed open to a teacher, as with us it would be open to recommend marriage. What Christian could be imagined capable of neglecting such an institution?

4. "*For which reason they carry nothing with them when they travel into remote parts.*"

This dates itself from Christ's own directions (St. Luke x. 3, 4): "Go your way. Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes." And, doubtless, many other of the primitive practices amongst the Christians were not adopted without a special command from Christ, traditionally retained by the Church whilst standing in the same civil circumstances, though not committed to writing amongst the great press of matter circumscribing the choice of the Evangelists.

5. "*As for their piety towards God, it is very extraordinary: for before sun-rising they speak not a word about profane matters, but put up certain prayers which they have received from their forefathers.*"

This practice of crepuscular antelucan worship, possibly having reference to the ineffable mystery of the resurrection (all the Evangelists agreeing in the awful circumstance that it was very early in the morning, and one even saying, "whilst it was yet dark"),—a symbolic pathos which appeals to the very depths of human passion, as if the world of sleep and the anarchy of dreams figured to our apprehension the dark worlds of sin and death,—it happens remarkably enough that we find confirmed and countersigned by the testimony of the first open antagonist to our Christian faith. Pliny, in that report to Trajan so universally known to every class of readers, and so rank with everlasting dishonour to his own sense and equity, notices this point in the ritual of primitive Christianity. "However," says he, "they assured "me that the amount of their fault, or of their error, was "this,—that they were wont, on a stated day, to meet "together *before it was light*, and to sing a hymn to Christ," &c. The date of Pliny's letter is about forty years after the

siege of Jerusalem,—about seventy-seven, therefore, after the Crucifixion, when Josephus would be just seventy-two years old.[1] But we may be sure, from collateral records, and from the entire uniformity of Early Christianity, that a much longer lapse of time would have made no change in this respect.

6. "*They neglect wedlock; but they do not absolutely deny the fitness of marriage.*"

This is a very noticeable article in his account of the Essenes, and powerfully illustrates the sort of acquaintance which Josephus had gained with their faith and usages. In the first place, as to the doctrine itself, it tallies remarkably with the leanings of St. Paul. He allows of marriage, overruled by his own moral prudence. But evidently his bias was the other way. And the allowance is notoriously a concession to the necessities which experience had taught him, and by way of preventing greater evils: but an evil, on the whole, it is clear that he regarded it. And naturally it was so in relation to that highest mode of spiritual life which the Apostles contemplated as a fixed ideal. Moreover, we know that the Apostles fell into some errors which must have affected their views in these respects. For a time at least they thought the end of the world close at hand: who could think otherwise that had witnessed the awful things which they had witnessed, or had drunk out of the same spiritual cup? Under such impressions, they reasonably pitched the key of Christian practice higher than else they would have done. So far as to the doctrine here ascribed to the Essenes. But it is observable that in this place Josephus admits that these Essenes *did* tolerate marriage. Now, in his earlier notice of the same people, he had denied this. What do we infer from that? Why, that he came to his knowledge of the Essenes by degrees, as would be likely to happen with regard to a sect sequestrating themselves and

[1] Pliny the younger was proprætor of the province of Bithynia and Pontus, in Asia Minor, from A.D. 103 to A.D. 105; and it was on the subject of the proper treatment of the Christians in that province that he wrote his famous letter to the Emperor Trajan and received that Emperor's reply. The siege and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus was in A.D. 70; and, if Josephus was alive at the date of Pliny's letter (which is doubtful), he was then about sixty-eight years of age.—M.

locking up their doctrines as secrets: which description exactly applies to the earliest Christians. The instinct of self-preservation obliged them to retreat from notoriety. Their tenets could not be learned easily; they were gathered slowly, indirectly, by fragments. This accounts for the fact that people standing outside, like Josephus or Philo-Judæus,[1] got only casual glimpses of the truth, and such as were continually shifting. Hence at different periods Josephus contradicts himself. But, if he had been speaking of a sect as notorious as the Pharisees or Sadducees, no such error, and no such alteration of views, could have happened.

7. "*They are eminent for fidelity, and are the ministers of peace.*"

We suppose that it cannot be necessary to remind any reader of such characteristic Christian doctrines as "Blessed are the peace-makers," &c., still less of the transcendent demand made by Christianity for singleness of heart, uprightness, and entire conscientiousness; without which all pretences to Christian truth are regarded as mere hollow mockeries. Here, therefore, again we read the features, too plainly for any mistake, of pure Christianity. But, let the reader observe keenly, had there been this pretended sect of Essenes teaching all this lofty and spiritual morality, it would have been a fair inference to ask what more or better had been taught by Christ: in which case there might still have remained the great redemptional and mediatorial functions for Christ; but, as to his Divine morality, it would have been forestalled. Such would have been the inference, and it is an inference which really *has been* drawn from this romance of the Essenes adopted as true history.

8. "*Whatsoever they say is firmer than an oath; but swearing is avoided by them; and they esteem it worse than perjury.*"

We presume that nobody can fail to recognise in this great scrupulosity the memorable command of Christ, delivered in such unexampled majesty of language, "Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool," &c. This was said in condemna-

[1] Philo-Judæus, Jew of Alexandria, b. about B.C. 20, d. about A.D. 50.—M.

tion of a practice universal amongst the Jews; and, if any man can believe that a visionary sect, of whom no man ever heard except through two writers both lying under the same very natural mistake,[1] could have come by blind accidents into such an inheritance of spiritual truth as is here described by Josephus, that man will find nothing beyond his credulity. For he presumes a revelation far beyond all the wisdom of the pagan world to have been attained by some unknown Jewish philosopher, so little regarded by his followers that they have not even preserved his name from oblivion.

Amongst the initiatory and probationary vows which these sectarians are required to take is this—"That he will ever show fidelity to all men, and especially *to those in authority, because no one obtains the government without God's assistance.*" Here, again, we see a memorable precept of St. Paul and the Apostles generally,—the same precept, and built on the very same reason: viz. that rulers are of God's appointment.

"They are long-lived also: insomuch that many of them live above a hundred years, by means of the simplicity of their diet."

Here we are reminded of St. John the Evangelist: whilst others, no doubt, would have attained the same age, had they not been cut off by martyrdom.

In many other points of their interior discipline, their white robes, their meals, their silence and gravity, we see in this account of the Essenes a mere echo of the primitive economy established among the first Christians, as we find it noticed up and down the *Apostolical Constitutions.*

It is remarkable that Josephus notices, as belonging to the sect of the Essenes, the order of "angels" or messengers. Now, everybody must remember this order of officers as a Christian institution noticed in the Apocalypse.

Finally, in all that is said of the contempt which the Essenes showed for pain and death, and that, "*although tortured and distorted, burnt and torn to pieces, yet could they not be made to flatter their tormentors, or to shed a tear, but that*

[1] The other writer referred to is Philo-Judæus; but the books bearing his name in which the Essenes are mentioned are not now accepted as genuine.—M.

they smiled in their very torments," &c., we see the regular habit of Christian martyrs through the first three centuries. We see that principle established amongst them so early as that first examination of Pliny's ; for he is so well aware how useless it would be to seek for any discoveries by torture applied to the Christian *men* that he resorts instantly to the torture of female servants. The secrecy, again, as to their opinions, is another point common to the supposed Essenes and the Christians. Why the Essenes, as an orthodox Jewish sect, should have practised any secrecy, Josephus would have found it hard to say ; but the Christian reasons will appear decisive to any man who reflects.

But, first of all, let us recur to the argument we have just employed, and summon you to a review of the New Testament. Christ, during his ministry in Palestine, is brought as if by special arrangement into contact with all known orders of men : Scribes and Doctors, Pharisees and Sadducees, Herodians and followers of the Baptist, Roman officers insolent with authority, tax-gatherers the Pariahs of the land, Galileans the most undervalued of the Jews, Samaritans hostile to the very name of Jew, rich men clothed in purple and poor men fishing for their daily bread, the happy and those that sate in darkness, wedding parties and funeral parties, solitudes amongst hills or sea-shores and multitudes that could not be counted, mighty cities and hamlets the most obscure, golden sanhedrims and the glorious temple where he spoke to myriads of the worshippers, and solitary corners where he stood in conference with a single contrite heart. Were the subject or the person different, one might ascribe a dramatic purpose and a scenical art to the vast variety of the circumstances and situations in which Christ is introduced. And yet, whilst all other sorts and orders of men converse with him, never do we hear of any interview between him and the Essenes. Suppose one Evangelist to have overlooked such a scene, another would not. In part, the very source of the dramatic variety in the New Testament scenes must be looked for in the total want of collusion amongst the Evangelists. Each throwing himself back upon overmastering remembrances, all-glorified to his heart, had no more need to consult a fellow-witness than

a man needs, in rehearsing the circumstances of a final parting with a wife or a child, to seek collateral vouchers for his facts. Thence it was, viz. because left to themselves, unmodified by each other, that they attained so much variety in the midst of so much inevitable sameness. One evangelist was impressed by *this*, a second by *that*. And thus it must have happened, amongst four, that at least one would have noticed the Essenes. But no one of the four Gospels alludes to them. The *Acts of the Apostles*, again, whether by a fifth author or not, is a fifth body of remembrances, a fifth act of the memory applied to the followers of Christ. Yet neither does this notice them. The Apocalypse of St. John, reviewing the new Church for a still longer period, and noticing all the great outstanding features of the state militant then unrolling for Christianity, says not one word about them. St. Peter, St. James, utterly overlooked them. Lastly, which weighs more than all the rest, St. Paul, the learned and philosophic apostle, bred up in all the learning of the most orthodox amongst the Jews, gives no sign that he had ever heard of such people. In short, to sum up all in one sentence, the very word *Essene* and *Essenes* is not found in the New Testament.

Now, is it for one moment to be credited that a body of men so truly spiritual in the eternals of their creed, whatever might be the temporals of their practice, should have won no word of praise from Christ for that by which they so far exceeded other sects—no word of reproach for that by which they might happen to fall short of their own profession—no word of admonition, founded on the comparison between their good and their bad, their heavenly and earthly? Or, if that had been supposable, can we believe that Christ's enemies, so eager as they showed themselves to turn even the Baptist into a handle of reproach against the new teacher, would have lost the overwhelming argument derived from the Essenes? "A new command I give unto you." "Not at all," they would have retorted. "Not at all new. Everything spiritual in your ethics has been anticipated by the Essenes." It would have been alleged that the function of Redeemer for Israel was to be judged and tried by the event. The only *instant* touch-stone for the preten-

sions of Christ lay in the Divine character of his morality, and the spirituality of that worship which he taught. Miracles were or were not from God, according to the purposes to which they ministered. That moral doctrine and that worship were those purposes. By these only they could try the soundness of all beside; and, if these had been forestalled by the Essenes, what remained for any new teacher or new founder of a religion? In fact, were the palpable lies of this Jew-traitor built on anything but delusions misinterpreted by his own ignorant heart, there would be more in that one tale of his about the Essenes to undermine Christianity than in all the batteries of all the infidels to overthrow it. No infidel can argue away the spirituality of the Christian religion: attacks upon miracles leave *that* unaffected. But he who (confessing the spirituality) derives it from some elder and unknown source at one step evades what he could not master. He overthrows without opposition, and enters the citadel through ruins caused by internal explosion.

What then is to be thought? If this deathlike silence of all the evangelists, and all the apostles, makes it a mere impossibility to suppose the existence of such a sect as the Essenes in the time of Christ, did such a sect arise afterwards, viz. in the Epichristian generation?[1] Or, if not,

[1] "*Epichristian*":—This term, introduced to meet a necessity of the case, may be explained thus: That particular age or generation (of twenty or thirty years, suppose) which witnesses the first origin of any great idea, system, discovery, or revelation, rarely indeed witnesses the main struggle and opening rush of its evolution. Exactly as any birth promises vast results for man, it may be expected to slumber and *gather* silently, like what housemaids call *a gathering-coal*, through perhaps one generation. Then, suddenly kindling, and spreading by ratios continually accelerated, it rushes into the fulness of life with the hurry of a vernal resurrection in Sweden. Such a secondary generation, therefore, supervening upon the very earliest which dates from the first infant germs, is the season of true and virtual birth: but still, according to the *letter* of chronological precedency, it is not so. In order, therefore, to reconcile the apparent with the substantial truth, I speak of all agencies that belonged to the primary movements of Christianity as *Epichristian*, — that is, as essentially forming elements in the original machinery through which that revelation revolved, though generally not coming into mature action until the generation that succeeded.

how and by what steps came up the romance we have been considering? Was there any substance in the tale? Or, if positively none, how came the fiction? Was it a conscious lie? Was it a mistake? Was it an exaggeration?

Now, our idea is as follows:—What do we suppose the early Christians to have been called? By what name were they known amongst themselves and amongst others? *Christians?* Not at all. When it is said, "The disciples were first called Christians at Antioch," we are satisfied that the meaning is not—"This name, now general, was first used at Antioch"; but "Whereas we followers of Christ generally call one another, and *are* called, by a particular name X,—in Antioch that name was not used; but from the very beginning they were called by another name, viz. Christians." At all events, since this name Christian was confessedly used at Antioch before it was used anywhere else, there must have been another name elsewhere for the same people. What *was* that name? It was "*The Brethren*" (οἱ ἀδελφοί); and at times, by way of variety, to prevent the awkwardness of too monotonously repeating the same word, perhaps it was "*The Faithful*" (οἱ πιστοί). The name *Christians* travelled, we are convinced, not immediately amongst themselves, but slowly amongst their enemies. It was a name of reproach; and the meaning was—"We pagans are all worshippers of gods, such as they are; but this sect worships a man, and that man a malefactor." For, though Christ should properly have been known by his name,—which was Jesus,—yet, because his crime, in the opinion of the Jews, lay in the office he had assumed in having made himself the *Christos*, the anointed of God, therefore it happened that he was published amongst the Roman world by that name: his offence, his "*titulus*" on the cross (the King, or the Anointed) was made his Roman name. Accordingly Tacitus, speaking of some insurgents in Judea, says that "they mutinied under the instigation of Christ, their original ringleader (*impulsore Chresto*)."[1] And no doubt

[1] *Christ*—whereas naturally Tacitus should have used the *name* of the chief insurgent—*impulsore Jesu*; but he does not, because the assumption of royalty by anointing had caused the name to merge in the offence.

it had become a scoffing name, until the Christians disarmed the scoff of its sting by assuming it themselves; as was done in the case of "The Beggars" in the Netherlands, of "The Methodists" in England, of "The Blacksmith" in Persia, &c.

Meantime what name did the Christians bear in their birthplace? Were they called "The Brethren" there? No. And why not? Simply because it had become too dangerous a name. To be bold, to affront all reasonable danger, was their instinct and their duty, but not to tempt utter extinction or utter reduction to imbecility. We read amiss if we imagine that the fiery persecution which raged against Christ had burnt itself out in the act of the crucifixion. It slept, indeed, for a brief interval: but that was from necessity; for the small flock of scattered sheep easily secreted themselves. No sooner did they multiply a little, no sooner did their meetings again proclaim their "whereabouts," than the snake found them out, again raised its spiry crest amongst them, and again crushed them for a time. The martyrdom of St. Stephen showed that no jesting was intended. It was determined that examples should be made. It was resolved that this revolt against the Temple (the Law and the Prophets) must be put down. The next event quickened this agency sevenfold. A great servant of the Persecution, in the very agony of the storm which he was himself guiding and pointing, working the very artillery of Jerusalem upon some scent which his bloodhounds had found in Syria, suddenly, in one hour, passed over to the enemy. What of that? Did that startle the Persecution? Probably it did: failure from within was what they had not looked for. But the fear which it bred was sister to the wrath of hell. The snake turned round; but not for flight. It turned to fasten upon the revolter. St. Paul's authority as a leader in the Jewish councils availed him nothing after this. Orders were undoubtedly expedited from Jerusalem to Damascus, as soon as messengers could be interchanged, for his assassination. And assassinated he would have been, had he been twenty St. Pauls, but for his secret evasion, and his flight to Arabia. Idumea, probably a sort of Ireland to Judea, was the country to which he fled; where again he might have been found out, but his capture would have cost a negotiation; and in

all likelihood he lay unknown amongst crowds. Nor did he venture to show his face again in Jerusalem for some years; and then again not till a term of fourteen years, half a generation, during which many of the burning zealots, and of those who could have challenged him personally as the great apostate, must have gone to their last sleep.

During the whole of this novitiate for Christianity, and in fact throughout the whole Epichristian era, there was a brooding danger over the name and prospects of Christianity. To hold up a hand, to put forth a head, in the blinding storm, was to perish. It was to solicit and tempt destruction. That could not be right. Those who were answerable for the great interest confided to them, if in their own persons they might have braved the anger of the times, were not at liberty to do so on this account,—that it would have stopped effectually the expansion of the Church. Martyrdom and persecution formed the atmosphere in which it throve, but not the frost of death. What, then, did the fathers of the Church do? You read that, during a part of this Epichristian age, "the churches had peace." True, they had so. *But how?*

It was thus:—They said to each other, "If we are to stand such consuming fires as we have seen, one year will finish us all. And then what will become of the succession that we are to leave behind us? We must hide ourselves effectually. And this can be done only by symbolizing; *i.e.* conducting our inter-communications through conventional signs. Any lesser disguise our persecutors will penetrate. But this, whilst effectually baffling them for the present, will also provide for the future nursing of an infant Church." They proceeded, therefore, thus:—"Let there be darkness," was the first word of command; "let us muffle ourselves in thick clouds which no human eye can penetrate. And towards this purpose let us immediately take a symbolic name. And, because any name that expresses or implies a secret fraternity—a fraternity bound together by any hidden tie or purpose—will instantly be challenged for the Christian Brotherhood under a new mask, instantly the bloody Sanhedrim will get to their old practices, torturing our weaker members [as afterwards the cruel Pliny selected for torture

the poor frail women-servants of the brethren], and the wolf will be raging amongst our folds in three months: therefore two things are requisite: one, that this name which we assume shall be such as to disarm suspicion [in this they acted upon the instinct of those birds which artfully construct signs and appearances to tempt away the fowler from their young ones]; the other, that, in case, after all, some suspicion should arise, and the enemy again break in, there must be three or four barriers to storm before he can reach, or even suspect, the stronghold in the centre."

Upon this principle all was arranged. First, for the name that was to disarm suspicion: what name could do that? Why, what *was* the suspicion? A suspicion that Christian embers were sleeping under the ashes. True: but why was that suspicious? Why had it ever been suspicious? For two reasons: because the Christian faith was supposed to carry a secret hostility to the Temple and its whole ritual economy; secondly, for an earnest political reason, because it was believed to tend, by mere necessity, to such tumults, intrigues, and fermenting cabals on revolutionary principles of movement, as would furnish the Roman, on tiptoe for this excuse, with a plea for taking away the Jewish name and nation,—that is, for taking away their Jewish *autonomy* (or administration by their Mosaic code), which they still had, though otherwise in a state of dependency. Now, then, to meet this mode of suspicion no name could be so admirably fitted as one drawn from the very ritual service of that very Temple which was supposed to be in danger. That Temple *was* in danger: the rocks on which it stood were already quaking beneath it. All was accomplished. Its doom had gone forth. Shadows of the coming fate were spreading fast before it. Its defenders had a dim misgiving of the storm that was gathering. But they mistook utterly the quarter from which it was to come. And they closed the great gates against an enemy that entered by the postern. However, in any case, they could not apprehend a foe in a society that professed a special interest in Israel. The name chosen, therefore, was derived from the very costume of the Jewish High Priest, the pontifical ruler of the Temple. This great officer wore upon his breast a splendid piece of

jewellery; twelve precious stones were inserted in the breastplate, representing the twelve sons of Jacob, or twelve tribes of Israel[1]: *and this was called The Essen.* Consequently, to announce themselves as *the Society of the Essen* was to express a peculiar solicitude for the Children of Israel. Under this mask nobody could suspect any hostility to Jerusalem or its Temple; nobody, therefore, under the existing misconception of Christian objects and the Christian character, could suspect a Christian Society.

But was not this hypocritical disguise? Not at all. A profession was thus made of paramount regard to Judea and her children. Why not? Christians everywhere turned with love, and yearning, and thankfulness the profoundest, to that "Holy City" (so called by Christ himself) which had kept alive for a thousand years the sole vestiges of pure faith, and which, for a far longer term, mystically represented that people which had known the true God "when all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones." Christians, or they would have been no Christians, everywhere prayed for her peace. And, if the downfall of Jerusalem was connected with the rise of Christianity, that was not through any enmity borne to Jerusalem by Christians (as the Jews falsely imagine), but because it was not suitable for the majesty of God, as the Father of Truth, to keep up a separation amongst the nations when the fulness of time in his counsels required that all separation should be at an end. At his bidding the Temple had been raised. At his bidding the Temple must be destroyed. Nothing could have saved it but becoming Christian. The end was accomplished for which it had existed: a great river had been kept pure, that was now in the very act and process of disemboguing itself into main ocean.

But, as to any hypocrisy in the fathers of this indispensable scheme for keeping alive the fire that burned on the altar of Christianity, that was impossible. So far from need-

[1] "*The Twelve Tribes*":—It is a beautiful circumstance in the symbology of the Jewish ritual, where all is symbolic and all significant, where all in Milton's language "was meant mysteriously," that the Ten Tribes were not blotted out from the breastplate after their revolt; no, nor after their idolatrous lapse, nor after their captivity, nor after their supposed utter dispersion. Their names still burned in the breastplate, though their earthly place knew them no more.

ing to assume more love for Judaism than they really had, we know that their very infirmity was to have by much too sectarian and exclusive a regard for those who were represented by the Temple. The Bible, which conceals nothing of any men's errors, does not conceal that. And we know that all the weight of the great intellectual apostle was necessary to overrule the errors, in this point, of St. Peter, backed no doubt by a party. The fervid apostle erred ; and St. Paul "withstood him to his face." But his very error proves the more certainly his sincerity and singleness of heart in setting up a society that should profess in its name the service of Jerusalem and her children as its primary function. The name *Essen* and *Essenes* was sent before to disarm suspicion, and as a pledge of loyal fidelity to a patriotic interest.

Next, however, this society was to be a secret society ; an Eleusinian society, a Freemason society. For, if it were not, how was it to provide for the culture of Christianity ? Now, if the reader pauses a moment to review the condition of Palestine and the neighbouring countries at that time, he will begin to see the opening there was for such a Society. The condition of the times was agitated and tumultuous beyond anything witnessed amongst men, except at the Reformation, and at the French Revolution from 1789 to 1794. The flame on the pagan altars was growing pale, the oracles over the earth were muttering their alarm, panic terrors were falling upon nations, whispers circulating from nobody knew whence that out of the East about this time should arise some great and mysterious deliverer. This whisper had spread to Rome,—was current everywhere. It was one of those awful whispers that have no author. Nobody could ever trace it. Nobody could ever guess by what path it had travelled. Like pestilence, it moved in darkness. But observe : in that generation, at Rome and all parts of the Mediterranean to the west of Palestine, the word "Oriens" had a technical and limited meaning ; it was restricted to Syria, of which Palestine formed a section. This use of the word will explain itself to anybody who looks at a map of the Mediterranean as seen from Italy. But, some years after the Epichristian generation, the word began to extend ; and very naturally, as the Roman armies

began to make permanent conquests near to the Euphrates. Under these remarkable circumstances, and agitated beyond measure between the oppression of the Roman armies on the one hand, and the belief of an immediate Divine relation on the other, all thoughtful Jews were disturbed in mind. The more conscientious, the more they were agitated. Was it their duty to resist the Romans? God could deliver them, doubtless; but God worked oftentimes by human means. Was it his pleasure that they should resist by arms? Others again replied, "If you do, then you prepare an excuse for the Romans to extirpate your nation." Many, again, turned more to religious hopes: these were they who, in scriptural language, "waited for the consolation of Israel,"—that is, they trusted in that Messiah who had been promised, and they yearned for his manifestation. They mourned over Judea; they believed that in a spiritual sense she had rebelled; but she had been afflicted, and perhaps her transgressions might now be blotted out. Of this class was he who took Christ in his arms when an infant in the Temple. Of this class were the two rich men, Joseph and Nicodemus, who united to bury him. But even of this class many there were who took different views of the functions properly belonging to the Messiah; and many that, either through this difference of original views, or from imperfect acquaintance with the life of Jesus, doubted whether he were indeed the promised Messiah. Even John the Baptist doubted this; and his question upon that point, addressed to Christ himself, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" has been generally fancied singularly at war with his own earlier testimony, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world." But perhaps it is not. The offices of inspired intercourse with the coming changes for Israel were prophetically announced as revolving through a succession of characters—Elias, "that prophet," and the Messiah. The series might even be more complex. And the Baptist, who did not know himself to be Elias, might reasonably be in doubt (and *at a time when his career was only beginning*) whether Jesus were the Messiah.

Now, out of these mixed elements—men in every stage and gradation of belief or spiritual knowledge, but all musing,

pondering, fermenting in their minds; all tempest-shaken, sorrow-haunted, perplexed, hoping, seeking, doubting, trusting —the Apostles would see abundant means for peopling the lower or initiatory ranks of their new Society. Such a craving for light from above probably never existed. The land was on the brink of convulsions, and all men felt it. Even amongst the rulers in Jerusalem had been some who saw the truth of Christ's mission, though selfish terrors had kept back their testimony. From every rank and order of men the meditative would crowd into a society where they would all receive sympathy whatever might be their views, and many would receive light.

This Society, how was it constituted? In the innermost or central class (which, remember, is the masked and secret class) were placed, no doubt, all those, and those only, who were thoroughly Christians. The danger was from Christianity. And this danger was made operative only by associating with the mature and perfect Christian any false brother, any half-Christian, any hypocritical Christian, any wavering Christian. To meet this danger there must be a winnowing and a sifting of all candidates. And, because the danger was awful, involving not one but many, not a human interest but a heavenly interest, therefore these winnowings and siftings must be many, must be repeated, must be soul-searching. Nay, even that will not suffice. Oaths, pledges to God as well as to man, must be exacted. All this suppose done: serpents by experience, in the midst of their dove-like faith, the Apostles acted as wise stewards for God. They surrounded their own central consistory with lines impassable to treachery. Josephus, the blind Jew (blind in heart, we mean, and understanding), reporting a matter of which he had no comprehension, nor could have: even this man, in his utter darkness, telegraphs to us by many signals,—rockets thrown up, which come round, and are visible to us, but unseen by *him*,—what it is that the Apostles were about. He tells us expressly that a preparatory or trial period of two years was exacted of every candidate before his admission to *any* order; that, after this probationary attendance is finished, "they are parted into four classes"; and these classes, he tells us, are so severely separated from all intercommunion that merely to

have touched each other was a pollution requiring a solemn purification. Finally, as if all this were nothing, though otherwise disallowing of oaths, yet, in this as in a service of God, oaths which Josephus styles "tremendous" are exacted of each member that he will reveal nothing of what he learns.

Who can fail to see, in these multiplied precautions for guarding what according to Josephus is no secret at all, nor anything approaching to a secret, that here we have a central Christian Society, secret from necessity, cautious to excess from the extremity of the danger, and surrounding themselves in their outer rings by merely *Jew* pupils, but Jews whose state of mind promised a hopeful soil for the solemn and affecting discoveries which awaited them in the higher stages of their progress. Here is the true solution of this mysterious society, The Essenes, never mentioned in any one record of the Christian generation, and that because it first took its rise in the necessities and subtle dangers of the Epichristian generation. There is more by a good deal to say of these Essenes; but this is enough for explaining their position. And, if any man asks how they came to be traced to so fabulous an antiquity, the account now given easily explains that. Three authors only mention them—Pliny, Philo-Judæus, and Josephus. Pliny builds upon these two last and other Jewish romancers. The two last may be considered as contemporaries. And all that they allege as to the antiquity of the sect flows naturally from the condition and circumstances of the *outermost (or purely Jew) circle* in the series of the classes. These were occupied exclusively with Judaism. And Judaism had in fact, as we all know, that real antiquity in its people, and its rites, and its symbols, which these *uninitiated* authors understand and fancy to have been meant of the *Essenes* as a total sect.

PART II.—OF JOSEPHUS GENERALLY

We have sketched rapidly, in the first part of our essay, some outline of a theory with regard to the Essenes, confining ourselves to such hints as are suggested by the accounts

of this sect in Josephus. And we presume that most readers will go along with us so far as to acknowledge some shock, some pause, given to that blind acquiescence in the Bible statement which had hitherto satisfied them. By the Bible statement we mean, of course, nothing which any inspired part of the Bible tells us—on the contrary, one capital reason for rejecting the old notions is, the total silence of the Bible; but we mean that little explanatory note on the Essenes which our Bible translators under James I. have thought fit to adopt, and in reality to adopt from Josephus, with reliance on his authority which closer study would have shown to be unwarranted.[1]

We do not wonder that Josephus has been misappreciated by Christian readers. It is painful to read any author in a spirit of suspicion; most of all, that author to whom we must often look as our only guide. Upon Josephus we are compelled to rely for the most affecting section of ancient history. Merely as a scene of human passion, the main portion of his *Wars* transcends, in its theme, all other histories. But, considered also as the agony of a mother church out of whose ashes arose, like a phœnix, that filial faith "which passeth all understanding," the last conflict of Jerusalem and her glorious temple exacts from the devotional conscience as much interest as would otherwise be yielded by our human sympathies. For the circumstances of this struggle we must look to Josephus: him or none we must accept for witness. And in such a case how painful to suppose a hostile heart in every word of his deposition! Who could bear to take the account of a dear friend's last hours and farewell words from one who confessedly hated him?—one word melting us to tears, and the next rousing us to the duty of jealousy and distrust! Hence we do not wonder at the pious fraud which interpolated the well-known passage about our Saviour.[2] Let us read any author in those circumstances of time, place, or immediate succession to the

[1] For a more precise explanation of this reference, see some subsequent sentences at pp. 236-7.—M.

[2] The famous passage in Josephus making honourable mention of Christ occurs in Chap. 3, Book XVIII, of the *Antiquities*. Its genuineness is still maintained by some.—M.

cardinal events of our own religion, and we shall find it a mere postulate of the heart, a mere necessity of human feeling, that we should think of him as a Christian; or, if not absolutely that, as every way disposed to be a Christian, and falling short of that perfect light only by such clouds as his hurried life or his personal conflicts might interpose. We do not blame, far from it—we admire those who find it necessary (even at the cost of a little self-delusion) to place themselves in a state of charity with an author treating such subjects, and in whose company they were to travel through some thousands of pages. We also find it painful to read an author and to loathe him. We, too, would be glad to suppose, as a possibility about Josephus, what many adopt as a certainty. But we know too much. Unfortunately, we have read Josephus with too scrutinizing (and, what is more, with too combining) an eye. We know him to be an unprincipled man, and an ignoble man; one whose adhesion to Christianity would have done no honour to our faith—one who most assuredly was not a Christian—one who was not even in any tolerable sense a Jew—one who was an enemy to *our* faith, a traitor to his own: as an enemy, vicious and ignorant; as a traitor, steeped to the lips in superfluous baseness.

The vigilance with which we have read Josephus has (amongst many other hints) suggested some with regard to the Essenes: and to these we shall now make our own readers a party,—after stopping to say that thus far, so far as we have gone already, we count on their assent to our theory, were it only from those considerations:—First, the exceeding improbability that a known philosophic sect amongst the Jews, chiefly distinguished from the other two by its *moral* aspects, could have lurked unknown to the Evangelists; secondly, the exceeding improbability that such a sect, laying the chief burden of its scrupulosity in the matter of oaths, should have bound its members by "tremendous" oaths of secrecy in a case where there was nothing to conceal; thirdly, the staring contradictoriness between such an avowal on the part of Josephus and his deliberate revelation of what he fancied to be their creed. The objection is too inevitable: either you have taken the oaths or you have not. You *have?* Then by your own showing you are a perjured

traitor. You have *not*? Then you confess yourself to speak from no personal knowledge. How can you know anything of their *secret* doctrines? The seal is wanting to the record.

However, it is possible that some people will evade this last dilemma by suggesting that Josephus wrote for Roman readers—for strangers—and for strangers after any of his countrymen who might be interested in the secret had perished: if not personally perished, at least as a body politic. The last vestiges of the theoretical government had foundered with Jerusalem; and it might be thought by a better man than Josephus that all obligations of secrecy had perished in the general wreck.

We need not dispute that point. There is enough in what remains. The positive points of contact between the supposed Essenes and the Christians are too many to be got over. But upon these we will not at present insist. In this place we confine ourselves to the two points: 1. Of the universal silence amongst Christian writers, who, of all parties, would have felt it more essential to notice the Essenes, had there existed such a sect antecedently to Christ: and, 2. Of the absurdity involved in exacting an inexorable concealment from those who had nothing to reveal.

But then recollect, reader, precisely the Christian truths which stood behind the *exoteric* doctrines of the Essenes were the truths hidden from Josephus. Reason enough there was for concealment, IF the Essenes were Christians; and reason more than was ever known to Josephus. But then this reason for concealment in the Essenes could be known only to him who was aware that they had something to conceal. He who saw only the masque, supposing it to be the true face, ought to have regarded the mystifying arrangements as perfect mummery. He that saw the countenance behind the masque,—a countenance sweet as Paradise, but fearful as the grave at that particular time in Jerusalem,—would never ask again for the motives to this concealment. Those he would apprehend in a moment. But, as to Josephus, who never *had* looked behind the masque, the order for concealment, the adjurations to concealment, the vows of concealment, the adamantine walls of separation between the

different orders of the fraternity in order to ensure concealment, ought to have been, must have been regarded by him, as the very hyperbole of childishness.

Partly because Josephus was in this state of darkness, partly from personal causes, has he failed to clear up the secret history of Judea in her final, that is her Epichristian, generation. The evidences of his having failed are two: 1st, the absolute fact, as existing in his works; which present us with a mere anarchy of incidents, as regards the politics of his own times, under no law of cohesion whatsoever, or of intelligible derivation; 2dly, the *a priori* necessity that he *should* fail; a necessity laid in the very situation of Josephus—as a man of servile temper placed amongst elements that required a Maccabee, and as a man without principle, who could not act so that his actions would bear to be reported without disguise, and as one in whom no confidence was likely to be lodged by the managers of great interests, or the depositaries of great secrets.

This view of things summons us to pause, and to turn aside from our general inquiry into a special one as to Josephus. Hitherto we have derived our arguments on the Essenes from Josephus as a *willing* witness—a volunteer even. But now we are going to extort our arguments; to torture him, to put him on the rack, to force him into confession, and upon points which he has done his best to darken by throwing dust in the eyes of us all. Why?—because hand-in-hand with the truth must go the exposure of himself. Josephus stands right in the very doorway of the light, purposely obscuring it. A glare comes round by side snatches,—oblique rays, stray gleams, from the truth which he so anxiously screens. But, before the real state of things can be guessed at, it is necessary to destroy this man's character.[1]

[1] The following is a summary of those facts in the life of Josephus which De Quincey assumes in this chapter as known to his readers in a general way:—In A.D. 67, when Josephus was about thirty years of age, and had distinguished himself on the patriotic side in the final revolt of the Jews against the tyranny of the Roman procurators,—for he had acted for some time as Jewish Governor of the revolted Galilee, and had at last obstinately maintained the defence of the Galilean city of Jotapata against the Roman General Vespasian,

Now, let us try to appreciate the exact position and reasonable credibility of Josephus, as he stands at present, midway between us, a distant posterity, and his own countrymen of his own times, sole interpreter, sole surviving reporter, having all things his own way, nobody to contradict him, nobody to taint his evidence with suspicion. His case is most remarkable, and yet, though remarkable, is not so rare but that many times it must have occurred in private (some-

who had been sent by the Emperor Nero to crush the revolt,—it became his settled conviction that further resistance to the Romans was hopeless. Hence, having come into the custody of Vespasian, and his life having been spared by Vespasian on the intercession of his son Titus, he had comported himself as one reconciled to the inevitable and entitled to do his best for his own future interests. It was a great stroke in this direction when, by a confidential communication to Vespasian to the effect that he knew from the sacred books of the Hebrews that the Empire was to pass to Vespasian and his son Titus, and that he had been commissioned by God to reveal the fact, he won the supreme place among all his vanquished countrymen in the favour of these two Roman conquerors. Vespasian, to complete the subjugation of Judæa, had begun the siege of Jerusalem, when, A.D. 70, the soldiery of the East did proclaim him Emperor, and thus fulfil in part the prophecy of Josephus. The consequence for Josephus was his immediate release from the nominal captivity in which he had been held for three years, and his closer intimacy than ever with Titus, whom Vespasian's departure for Italy to assume the purple had left in charge of the siege of Jerusalem and the other incidents in the winding up of the Jewish War. As far as Josephus is concerned, this summary of the sequel of his life, quoted from Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*, may suffice :—"He was present with Titus at the siege of Jerusalem, and " was suspected as a traitor both by the Jews and Romans. From " the anger of the latter he was saved by Titus ; through whose " favour also he was able to preserve the lives of his brother and of many " others after the capture of the city. Having been presented with a " grant of land in Judæa, he accompanied Titus to Rome, and received " the freedom of the city from Vespasian, who assigned him, as a " residence, a house formerly occupied by himself, and treated him " honourably to the end of his reign. The same favour was extended " to him by Titus and Domitian as well [A.D. 79-96], the latter " of whom made his lands in Judæa free from tribute. He mentions " also that he received much kindness from Domitia, the wife of " Domitian. The name of *Flavius* he assumed as a dependant of the " Flavian family [the family to which Vespasian, Titus, and " Domitian belonged]. His time at Rome appears to have been " employed mainly in literary pursuits and in the composition of his " works."—M.

times in public) life. It is the case of a solitary individual surviving out of a multitude embarked in a desperate enterprise—some playing one part (a part, suppose, sublime and heroic), some playing another (base, treacherous, fiendish). Suddenly a great convulsion involves all in one common ruin, this man only excepted. He now finds himself with a *carte blanche* before him, on which he may inscribe whatever romance in behalf of himself he thinks proper. The whole field of action is open to him,—the whole field of motives. He may take what side he will. And be assured that, whatever part in the play he assumes, he will give himself the best of characters. For courage you will find him a Maccabee. His too tender heart interfered, or he could have signalized his valour even more emphatically. And, descending to such base things as treasures of money, jewels, land, &c., the chief part of what had been captured was of course (strictly speaking) his own property. What impudent falsehood, indeed, may such a man *not* bring forward, when there is nobody to confront him?

But *was* there nobody? Reader, absolutely nobody. Prisoners captured with himself at Jotapata there were none —not a man. That fact, indeed, the inexorable fact, that he only endured to surrender—that one fact, taken with the commentary which we could furnish as to the circumstances of the case and the Jewish casuistry under those circumstances, is one of the many damning features of his tale. But was there nobody, amongst the ninety thousand prisoners taken at Jerusalem, who could have spoken to parts of this man's public life? Doubtless there were; but to what purpose for people in their situation to come forward? One and all, positively without a solitary exception, they were themselves captives, slaves condemned, despairing. Ten thousand being selected for the butcheries of the Syrian amphitheatres, the rest were liable to some punishment equally terrific; multitudes were perishing of hunger; under the mildest award, they were sure of being sentenced to the stone quarries of Egypt. Wherefore, in this extremity of personal misery and of desperate prospects, should any man find himself at leisure for a vengeance on one happier countryman which could bring no profit to the rest? Still, in a case so question-

able as that of Josephus, it is possible enough that Titus would have sought some further light amongst the prisoners under any ordinary circumstances. In his heart, the noble Roman must have distrusted Josephus and his vainglorious account of himself. There were circumstances outstanding, many and strong, that must have pointed his suspicions in that direction ; and the very conversation of a villain is sure to entangle him in contradictions. But it was now too late to move upon that inquest. Josephus himself acknowledges that Vespasian was shrewd enough from the first to suspect him for the sycophantish knave that he was. But that time had gone by. And, in the interval, Josephus had used his opportunities skilfully ; he had performed that particular service for the Flavian family which was the one *desideratum* they sought for and yearned for. By his pretended dreams, Josephus had put that seal of heavenly ratification to the ambitious projects of Vespasian which only was wanting for the satisfaction of his soldiers. The service was critical. What Titus said to his father is known :—This man, be he what he may, has done a service to *us*. It is not for men of rank like us to haggle and chaffer about rewards. Having received a favour, we must make the reward princely,—not what he deserves to receive, but what is becoming for us to grant. On this consideration these great men acted. Sensible that, not having hanged Josephus at first, it was now become their duty to reward him, they did not do the thing by halves. Not content with releasing him from his chains, they sent an officer to cut his chains to pieces—that being a symbolic act by which the Romans abolished the very memory and legal record that ever a man had been in confinement. The fact is that amongst the Roman public virtues in that age was an intense fidelity to engagements ; and, where they had even tacitly permitted a man to form hopes, they fulfilled them beyond the letter. But what Titus said to his staff, though naturally not put on record by Josephus, was very probably this :—" Gentlemen, I see you look upon this Jew as a poltroon, and perhaps worse. Well, possibly we don't much differ upon that point. But it has become necessary to the public service that this man should be reinstated in credit. He will now, perhaps, turn over a new leaf. If he

does not, kick him to Hades. But, meantime, give the man a trial."

Such, there can be little doubt, was the opinion of Cæsar about this man. But now it remains to give our own, with the reasons on which it rests.

I.—First of all—which we bring merely as a proof of his habitual mendacity—in one of those tongue-doughty orations which he represents himself as having addressed to the men of Jerusalem, they standing on the walls patiently, with paving-stones in their hands, to hear a renegade abuse them by the hour (such is his lying legend), Josephus roundly asserts that Abraham, the patriarch of their nation, had an army of three hundred and sixty thousand troops, that is, somewhere about seventy-five legions: an establishment beyond what the first Cæsars had found requisite for mastering the Mediterranean Sea with all the nations that belted it—that is, a ring-fence of five thousand miles by seven hundred on an average. Now, this is in the style of the Baron Munchausen. But it is worthy of a special notice for two illustrations which it offers of this renegade's propensities. One is the abject homage with which he courted the Roman notice. Of this lie, as of all his lies, the primary purpose is to fix the gaze and to court the admiration of the Romans. Judea, Jerusalem—these were objects never in his thoughts; it was Rome, the haven of his apostasy, on which his anxieties settled. Now, it is a judgment upon the man who carried these purposes in his heart—it is a judicial retribution—that precisely this very lie, shaped and pointed to conciliate the Roman taste for martial splendour, was probably the very ground of that disgust which seems to have alienated Tacitus from his works. Apparently Josephus should have been the foremost authority with this historian for Jewish affairs. But enough remains to show that he was not; and it is clear that the confidence of so sceptical a writer must have been shaken from the very first by so extravagant a tale. Abraham, a mere stranger and colonist in Syria, whose descendants in the third generation mustered only seventy persons in emigrating to Egypt, is here placed at the head of a force greater than great empires had commanded or had needed. And from

what resources raised? From a little section of Syria, which (supposing it even the personal domain of Abraham) could not be equal to Wales. And for what objects? To face what enemies? A handful of robbers that might congregate in the desert. Such insufferable fairy tales must have vitiated the credit even of his rational statements; and it is thus pleasant to see the apostate missing one reward which he courted, purely through his own eagerness to buy it at the price of truth. But a second feature which this story betrays in the mind of Josephus is the thorough defect of Hebrew sublimity and scriptural simplicity which marks his entire writing. How much more impressive is the picture of Abraham, as the father of the faithful, the selected servant and feudatory of God, sitting in the wilderness, majestically reposing at the door of his tent, surrounded by a little camp of servants and kinsmen, a few score of camels and a few herds of cattle, than in the melodramatic attitude of a general, belted and plumed, with a glittering staff of officers at his orders? But the mind of Josephus, always irreligious, was now violently warped into a poor imitation of Roman models. He absolutely talks of "*liberty*" and "*glory*" as the moving impulses of Hebrew saints, and does his best to translate the Maccabees, and many an elder soldier of the Jewish faith, into poor theatrical mimics of Spartans and Thebans. This depravity of taste, and abjuration of his national characteristics, must not be overlooked in estimating the value whether of his opinions or his statements. We have evidence superabundant to these two features in the character of Josephus: that he would distort everything in order to meet the Roman taste, and that he had originally no sympathy whatsoever with the peculiar grandeur of his own country.

II.—It is a remarkable fact that Josephus never speaks of Jerusalem and those who conducted its resistance but in words of abhorrence, and of loathing that amounts to frenzy. Now in what point did they differ from himself? Change the name Judea to Galilee, and the name Jerusalem to Jotapata, and their case was his; and the single difference was that the men whom he reviles as often as he mentions them

had persevered to martyrdom, whilst he—he only—had snatched at life under any condition of ignominy. But precisely in that difference lay the ground of his hatred. He could not forgive those whose glorious resistance (glorious, were it even in a mistaken cause) emblazoned and threw into relief his own apostasy. This we cannot dwell on; but we revert to the question—What had the people of Jerusalem done which Josephus had not attempted to do?

III.—Whiston, another Caliban worshipping another Trinculo, finds out a divinity in Josephus, because, on being brought prisoner to Vespasian, he pretended to have seen in a dream that the Roman general would be raised to the purple. Now,

1. When we see Cyrus lurking in the prophecies of Isaiah, and Alexander in those of Daniel, we apprehend a reasonableness in thus causing the spirit of prophecy to settle upon those who were destined to move in the great cardinal revolutions of this earth. But why, amongst all the Cæsars, must Vespasian, in particular, be the subject of a prophecy, and a prophecy the most thrilling, from the mysterious circumstances which surrounded it, and from the silence with which it stole into the mouths of all nations? The reigns of all the three Flavian Cæsars,—Vespasian, with his sons Titus and Domitian,—were memorable for nothing: with the sole exception of the great revolution in Judea, none of them were marked by any great event; and all the three reigns combined filled no important space of time.

2. If Vespasian, for any incomprehensible reason, were thought worthy of being heralded by a prophecy, what logic was there in connecting him with Syria? That which raised him to the purple, that which suggested him to men's minds, was his military eminence, and this was obtained in Britain.

3. If the mere local situations from which any uninteresting emperor happened to step on to the throne merited this special glorification from prophecy, why was not many another region, town, or village, illustrated in the same way? That Thracian hamlet from which the Emperor Maximin arose had been pointed out to notice *before the event* as a place likely to be distinguished by some great event.

And yet, because this prediction had merely a personal reference, and no relation at all to any great human interest, it was treated with little respect, and never crept into a general circulation. So of this prophecy with respect to one who should rise out of the East, and should ultimately stretch his sceptre over the whole world (*rerum potiretur*): if Josephus is allowed to ruin it by his sycophancy, instantly, from the rank of a Hebrew prophecy—a vision seen by "the man whose eyes God had opened"—it sinks to the level of a vagrant gipsy's gossip. What! shall Rome combine with Jerusalem?—for we find this same mysterious prediction almost verbally the same in Suetonius and in Tacitus, no less than in the Jewish prophets. Shall it stretch not only from the east to the west in point of space, but through the best part of a thousand years in point of time, all for the sake of preparing one day's adulatory *nuzzur*, by which a trembling Jew may make his propitiation to an intriguing lieutenant of Cæsar? And how came it that Whiston (who, to do him justice, was too pious to have abetted an infidel trick, had his silliness suffered him to have seen through it) failed to perceive this consequence? If the prophecy before us belong to Vespasian, then does it *not* belong to Christ. And in that case the worst error of the Herodian Jews, who made the Messiah prophecies terminate in Herod, is ratified by Christians; for between Herod and Vespasian the difference is none at all, as regards any interest of religion. Can human patience endure the spectacle of a religious man, for perfect folly, combining in their very worst efforts with those whom it was the object of his life to oppose?

4. But, finally, once for all, to cut sharp off by the roots this corruption of a sublime prophecy, and to re-enthrone it in its ancient sanctity, it was not in the "*Orient*" (which both technically meant Syria in that particular age, and is acknowledged to mean it here by all parties) that Vespasian obtained the purple. The oracle, if it is to be translated from a Christian to a Pagan oracle, ought at least to speak the truth. Now, it happens not to have been Syria in which Vespasian was saluted Emperor by the legions, but Alexandria: a city which in that age was in no sense either in Syria or in Egypt. So that the great prophecy, if it is once

suffered to be desecrated by Josephus, fails even of a *literal* fulfilment.

IV.—Meantime, all this is a matter of personal falsehood in a case of trying personal interest. Even under such a temptation, it is true that a man of generosity, to say nothing of principle, would not have been capable of founding his own defence upon the defamation of his nobler compatriots. But in fact it is ever thus: he who has sunk deepest in treason is generally possessed by a double measure of rancour against the loyal and the faithful. What follows, however, has respect, not to truth personal, truth of fact, truth momentary, but to truth absolute, truth doctrinal, truth eternal. Let us preface what we are going to say by directing the reader's attention to this fact: how easy it is to observe any positive feature in a man's writings or conversation, how rare to observe the negative features. The *presence* of this or that characteristic is noticed in an hour, the absence shall often escape notice for years. That a friend, for instance, talks habitually on this or that literature, we know as familiarly as our own constitutional tastes; that he does *not* talk of any given literature (the Greek, suppose) may fail to strike us through a whole life, until somebody happens to point our attention in that direction, and then perhaps we notice it in every hour of our intercourse. This only can excuse the various editors, commentators, and translators of Josephus, for having overlooked one capital omission in this author: it is this—*Never in one instance does Josephus allude to the great prophetic doctrine of a Messiah.* To suppose him ignorant of this doctrine is impossible; it was so mixed up with the typical part of the Jewish religion, so involved in the ceremonies of Judaism, even waiving all the Jewish writers, that no Jew whatever, much less a master in Israel, a Pharisee, a doctor of the law, a priest, all which Josephus proclaims himself, could fail to know of such a doctrine, even if he failed to understand it, or failed to appreciate its importance.

Why, then, has Josephus suppressed it? For this reason: the doctrine offers a dilemma—a choice between two interpretations, one being purely spiritual, one purely political.

The first was offensive and unintelligible (as was everything else in his native religion beyond the merely ceremonial) to his own worldly heart; *the other would have been offensive to the Romans.* The mysterious idea of a Redeemer, of a Deliverer, if it were taken in a vast spiritual sense, was a music like the fabled Arabian voices in the desert—utterly inaudible when the heart is deaf, and the sympathies untuned. The fleshly mind of Josephus everywhere shows its incapacity for any truths but those of sense. On the other hand, the idea of a political deliverer—*that* was comprehensible enough; but, unfortunately, it was too comprehensible. It was the very watchword for national conspiracies; and the Romans would state the alternative thus: The idea of a great deliverer is but another name for insurrection against us; of a petty deliverer, is incompatible with the grandeur implied by a vast prophetic machinery. Without knowing much, or caring anything, about the Jewish prophecies, the Romans were sagacious enough to perceive two things—1st, that most nations, and the Jews above all others, were combined by no force so strongly as by one which had the reputation of a heavenly descent; 2dly, that a series of prophecies stretching from the century before Cyrus to the age of Pericles (confining ourselves to the prophets from Isaiah to Haggai) was most unlikely to find its adequate result and consummation in any petty change—any change short of a great national convulsion or revolution.

Hence it happened that no mode in which a Roman writer *could* present the Jewish doctrine of a Messiah was free from one or other of the objections indicated by the great Apostle: either it was too spiritual and mysterious, in which case it was "foolishness" to himself; or it was too palpably the symbol of a political interest, too real in a worldly sense, in which case it was a "stone of offence" to his Roman patrons —generally to the Roman people, specially to the Roman leaders. Josephus found himself between Scylla and Charybdis if he approached that subject. And therefore it was that he did *not* approach it.

V.—Yet, in this evasion of a theme which interested every Jew, many readers will see only an evidence of that

timidity and servile spirit which must, of course, be presumed in one who had sold the cause of his country. His evasion, they will say, does not argue any peculiar carelessness for truth; it is simply one instance amongst hundreds of his mercenary cowardice. The doctrine of a Messiah was the subject of dispute even to the Jews—the most religious and the most learned. Some restrained it to an earthly sense; some expanded it into a glorified hope. And, though a double sense will not justify a man in slighting both senses, still the very existence of a dispute about the proper acceptation of a doctrine may be pleaded as some palliation for a timid man in seeking to pass it *sub silentio*. But what shall we say to this coming count in the indictment? Hitherto Josephus is only an apostate, only a traitor, only a libeller, only a false witness, only a liar, and, as to his Jewish faith, only perhaps a coward, only perhaps a heretic. But now he will reveal himself (in the literal sense of that word) as a *miscreant*; one who does not merely go astray in his faith, as all of us may do at times, but pollutes his faith by foul adulterations, or undermines it by knocking away its props —a *mis*believer, not in the sense of a heterodox believer, who errs as to some point in the superstruction, but as one who unsettles the foundations, the external substructions. In one short sentence Josephus is not ashamed to wrench out the keystone from the great arch of Judaism: so far as a feeble apostate's force will go, he unlocks the whole cohesion and security of that monumental faith upon which, as its basis and plinth, is the "star-ypointing" column of our Christianity. He delivers it to the Romans, as sound Pharisaic doctrine, that God had enjoined upon the Jews the duty of respectful homage to all epichorial or national deities—to all idols, that is to say, provided their rank were attested by a suitable number of worshippers. The Romans applied this test to the subdivisions amongst princes: if a prince ruled over a small number of subjects, they called him (without reference to the original sense of the word) a tetrarch; if a certain larger number, an ethnarch; if a still larger number, a king. So, again, the number of throats cut determined the question between a triumph and an ovation. And upon the same principle, if we will believe Josephus, was regulated

the public honour due to the Pagan deities. Count his worshippers; call the roll over.

Does the audacity of man present us with such another instance of perfidious *miscreancy*? God the Jehovah anxious for the honour of Jupiter and Mercury! God, the Father of light and truth, zealous on behalf of those lying deities, whose service is everywhere described as "whoredom and adultery"! He who steadfastly reveals himself as "a jealous God," jealous also (if we will believe this apostate Jew) on behalf of that impure Pantheon who had counterfeited his name and usurped His glory! Reader, it would be mere mockery and insult to adduce on this occasion the solemn denunciations against idolatrous compliances uttered through the great lawgiver of the Jews—the unconditional words of the two first commandments—the magnificent thunderings and lightnings upon the primal question—in the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy (which is the most awful peroration to a long series of prophetic comminations that exists even in the Hebrew literature), or to adduce the endless testimonies to the same effect, so unvarying, so profound, from all the Hebrew saints, beginning with Abraham and ending with the prophets, through a period of fifteen hundred years.

This is not wanted: this would be superfluous. But there is an evasion open to an apologist of Josephus, which might place the question upon a more casuistical footing. And there is also a colourable vindication of the doctrine in its very worst shape, viz. in one solitary text of the English Bible, according to our received translation.[1] To this latter argument, the answer is: *first*, that the word *gods* is there a mistranslation of an Oriental expression for *princes*; *secondly*, that an argument from an *English* version of the Scriptures can be none for a Jew writing A.D. 70; *thirdly*, that, if a word, a phrase, an idiom, *could* be alleged from any ancient and contemporary Jewish Scripture, what is one word against a thousand—against the whole current (letter and spirit) of the Hebrew oracles; what, any possible verbal argument against that which is involved in the acts, the monuments,

[1] Perhaps Exodus xxii. 28,—"Thou shalt not revile the gods, nor curse the ruler of thy people."—M.

the sacred records of the Jewish people? But this mode of defence for Josephus will scarcely be adopted. It is the amended form of his doctrine which will be thought open to apology. Many will think that it is not the worship of false gods which the Jew palliates, but simply a decent exterior of respect to their ceremonies, their ministers, their altars: and this view of his meaning might raise a new and large question.

This question, however, in its modern shape, is nothing at all to us, when applying ourselves to Josephus. The precedents from Hebrew antiquity show us that not merely no respect, no lip honour, was conceded to false forms of religion, but no toleration—not the shadow of toleration: "Thine eye shall not spare them." And we must all be sure that toleration is a very different thing indeed when applied to varieties of a creed essentially the same—toleration as existing amongst us people of Christendom, or even when applied to African and Polynesian idolatries, so long as we all know that the citadel of truth is safe—from the toleration applied in an age when the pure faith formed a little island of light in a world of darkness. Intolerance the most ferocious may have been among the sublimest of duties when the truth was so intensely concentrated, and so intensely militant; all advantages barely sufficing to pass down the lamp of religion from one generation to the next. The contest was for an interest then riding at single anchor. This is a very possible case to the understanding. And that it was in fact the real case, so that no compromise with idolatry could be suffered for a moment,—that the Jews were called upon to scoff at idolatry and spit upon it, to trample it under their feet as the spreading pestilence which would taint the whole race of man irretrievably unless defeated and strangled by *them*,—seems probable in the highest degree from the examples of greatest sanctity amongst the Jewish inspired writers. Who can forget the blasting mockery with which Elijah overwhelms the prophets of Baal —the greatest of the false deities, Syrian or Assyrian—whose worship had spread even to the Druids of the Western Islands? Or the withering scorn with which Isaiah pursues the whole economy of idolatrous worship?—how he repre-

sents a man as summoning the carpenter and the blacksmith; as cutting down a tree of his own planting and rearing: part he applies as fuel, part to culinary purposes; and then—having satisfied the meanest of his animal necessities—what will he do with the refuse, with the offal? Behold—"of the residue he maketh himself a god"! Or, again, who can forget the fierce stream of ridicule, like a flame driven through a blowpipe, which Jeremiah forces with his whole afflatus upon the process of idol-manufacturing? The workman's part is described as unexceptionable: he plates it with silver and with gold: he rivets it with nails; it is delivered to order, true and in workmanlike style, so that as a figure, as a counterfeit, if counterfeits might avail, it is perfect. But then, on examination, the prophet detects oversights: it cannot speak; the breath of life has been overlooked; reason is omitted; pulsation has been left out; motion has been forgotten,—it must be carried, "for it cannot go." Here, suddenly, as if a semichorus stepped in, with a moment's recoil of feeling, a movement of pity speaks,—"Be not afraid of them, for they cannot do evil; neither also is it in them to do any good." But in an instant the recoil is compensated: an overwhelming reaction of scorn comes back, as with the reflux of a tide; and a full chorus seems to exclaim, with the prophet's voice,—"They (viz. the heathen deities) are altogether brutish and foolish; the stock is a doctrine of vanities."

What need, after such passages, to quote the express injunction from Isaiah (chap. xxx. 21, 22), "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way; walk ye in it: *Ye shall defile* the covering of the graven images, &c.; ye shall cast them away as a polluted cloth"? Or this (chap. xlii. 8): "I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another; neither my praise to graven images"? Once for all, if a man would satisfy himself upon this question of possible compromises with idolatry, let him run over the eleven chapters of Jeremiah from the tenth to the twentieth inclusively. The whole sad train of Jewish sufferings, all the vast equipage of woes and captivities that were to pursue them through so many a weary century, are there charged upon that one rebellion of

idolatry which Josephus would have us believe not only to be privileged, but (and *that* is the reason that we call him a miscreant) would have us believe to have been promoted by a collusion emanating from God. In fact, if once it had been said authentically, "Pay an outward homage to the Pagan Pantheon, but keep your hearts from going along with it," then in that countenance to idolatry as a sufferable thing, and in that commendation of it to the forbearance and indulgence of men, would have lurked every advantage that Polytheism could have desired for breaking down the total barriers of truth.

Josephus, therefore, will be given up to reprobation; apologist he will find none; he will be abandoned as a profligate renegade, who, having sold his country out of fear and avarice, having sold himself, sold also his religion, and his religion not simply in the sense of selling his individual share in its hopes, but who sold his religion in the sense of giving it up to be polluted in its doctrine for the accommodation of its Pagan enemies.

VI.—But, even after all this is said, there are other aggravations of this Jew's crimes. One of these, though hurrying, we will pause to state. The founder of the Jewish faith foresaw a special seduction certain to beset its professors in every age. But how and through what avenues? Was it chiefly through the base and mercenary propensities of human nature that the peril lay? No; but through its gentleness, its goodness, its gracious spirit of courtesy. And in that direction it was that the lawgiver applied his warnings and his resistance. What more natural than that an idolatrous wife should honour the religious rites which she had seen honoured by her parents? What more essential to the dignity of marriage than that a husband should show a leaning to the opinions and the wishes of his wife? It was seen that this condition of things would lead to a collision of feelings not salutary for man. The condition was too full of strife, if you suppose the man strong—of temptation, if you suppose him weak. How, therefore, was the casuistry of such a situation practically met? By a prohibition of marriages between Jews and Pagans; after which, if a man

were to have pleaded his conjugal affection in palliation of idolatrous compliances, it would have been answered—"It *is* a palliation; but for an error committed in consequence of such a connexion. Your error was different; it commenced from a higher point; it commenced in seeking for a connexion which had been prohibited as a snare." Thus it was that the "wisest heart" of Solomon was led astray. And thus it was in every idolatrous lapse of the Jews;—they fell by these prohibited connexions. Through that channel it was, through the goodness and courtesy of the human heart, that the Jewish law looked for its dangers, and provided for them. But the treason of Josephus came through no such generous cause. It had its origin in servile fear, self-interest the most mercenary, cunning the most wily. Josephus argued with himself that the peculiar rancour of the Roman mind towards the Jews had taken its rise in religion. The bigotry of the Jews,—for so it was construed by those who could not comprehend any possible ground of distinction in the Jewish God,—produced a reaction of Roman bigotry. Once, by a sudden movement of condescension, the Senate and People of Rome had been willing to make room for Jehovah as an assessor to their own Capitoline Jove. This being declined, it was supposed at first that the overture was too overwhelming to the conscious humility of Judea. The truth neither was comprehended, nor could be comprehended, that this miserable Palestine, a dark speck in the blazing orb of the Roman Empire, had declined the union upon any principle of superiority. But all things become known in time. This also became known; and the delirious passion of scorn retorting scorn was certainly never, before or since, exemplified on the same scale. Josephus, therefore, profoundly aware of the Roman feeling, sets himself, in this audacious falsehood, to propitiate the jealousy so wide awake, and the pride which had been so much irritated. "You have been misinformed," he tells the Romans; "we have none of that gloomy unsociality which is imputed to us. It is not true that we despise alien gods. We do not worship, but we venerate, Jupiter. Our lawgiver commanded us to do so." Josephus hoped in this way to soothe the angry wounds of the Roman spirit. But it is certain that, even for

a moment, he could not have succeeded. His countrymen of Jerusalem could not expose him; they had perished. But there were many myriads of his countrymen spread over the face of the world, who would contradict every word that any equivocating Jew might write. And this treachery of Josephus, therefore, to the very primal injunction of his native law must have been as useless in the event as it was base in the purpose.

VII.—Now, therefore, we may ask, was there ever a more abject perfidy committed than this which we have exposed: this deliberate surrender, for a selfish object, of the supremacy and unity in the Jehovah of the Jews—this solemn renunciation of that law and its integrity, in maintenance of which seventy generations of Jews, including weak women and children, have endured the penalties of a dispersion and a humiliation more bitter by many degrees than death? Weighing the grounds of comparison, was a viler treason ever perpetrated? We take upon ourselves to say—No. And yet, even in treason there is sometimes a dignity. It is by possibility a bold act, a perilous act. Even in this case, though it will hardly be thought such, the treason of Josephus might have been dangerous: it was certainly committed under terror of the Roman sword, but it might have been avenged by the Jewish dagger. Had a written book in those days been as much a *publication* of a man's words as it is now, Josephus would not long have survived that sentence of his *Antiquities*. This danger gives a shadow of respectability to that act of Josephus. And therefore, when it is asked—Can a viler act be cited from History? we now answer—yes: there is one even viler. And by whom committed? By Josephus. Listen, reader.

The overthrow of his country was made the subject of a Roman triumph—of a triumph in which his patrons, Vespasian and his two sons, figured as the centres of the public honour. Judea, with her banners trailing in the dust, was on this day to be carried captive. The Jew attended with an obsequious face, dressed in courtly smiles. The prisoners, who are to die by the executioner when the pomp shall have reached the summit of the hill, pass by in chains. What is

their crime? They have fought like brave men for that dear country which the base spectator has sold for a bribe. Josephus, the prosperous renegade, laughs as he sees them, and hugs himself on his cunning. Suddenly a tumult is seen in the advancing crowds—what is it that stirs them? It is the sword of the Maccabees: it is the image of Judas Maccabæus, the warrior Jew, and of his unconquerable brothers. Josephus grins with admiration of the jewelled trophies. Next—but what shout is that which tore the very heavens? The abomination of desolation is passing by—the Law and the Prophets surmounted by Capitoline Jove vibrating his pagan thunderbolts. Judea, in the form of a lady, sitting beneath her palms,—Judea, with her head muffled in her robe, speechless, sightless,—is carried past. And what does the Jew? He sits, like a modern reporter for a newspaper, taking notes of the circumstantial features in this unparalleled scene, delighted as a child at a puppet-show, and finally weaves the whole into a picturesque narrative. The apologist must not think to evade the effect upon all honourable minds by supposing the case that the Jew's presence at this scene of triumph over his ruined country, and his subsequent record of its circumstances, might be a movement of frantic passion, bent on knowing the worst, bent on drinking up the cup of degradation to the very last drop. No, no; this escape is not open. The description itself remains to this hour in attestation of the astounding fact that this accursed Jew surveyed the closing scene in the great agonies of Jerusalem—not with any thought for its frenzy, for its anguish, for its despair, but absorbed in the luxury of its beauty, and with a single eye for its purple and gold. "Off, off, sir!"—would be the cry to such a wretch in any age of the world: to "spit upon his Jewish gaberdine" would be the wish of every honest man. Nor is there any thoughtful person who will allege that such another case exists. Traitors there have been many: and perhaps traitors who, trusting to the extinction of all their comrades, might have had courage to record their treasons. But certainly there is no other person known to history who did, and who proclaimed that he did, sit as a volunteer spectator of his buried country carried past in effigy, confounded with a vast

carnival of rejoicing mobs and armies, echoing their jubilant outcries, and pampering his eyes with ivory and gold, with spoils, and with captives, torn from the funeral pangs of his country. That case is unique, without a copy, without a precedent.

So much for Josephus. We have thought it necessary to destroy that man's character, on the principle of a king's ship in levelling bulkheads and partitions when clearing for action. Such a course is requisite for a perfect freedom of motion. Were Josephus trustworthy, he would sometimes prove an impediment in the way of our views: and it is because he has been too carelessly received as trustworthy that more accurate glimpses have not been obtained of Jewish affairs in more instances than one. Let the reader understand also that, as regards the Essenes, Josephus is not trustworthy on a double reason: first, on account of his perfidy, as now sufficiently exposed, which too often interfered to make secondary perfidies requisite, by way of calling off the field of hunters from his own traces in the first; secondly, because his peculiar situation as a Pharisaic doctor of the law, combined with his character (which surely could not entirely have concealed itself in any stage of his public life), must have made it necessary for the Essenes to trust him very cautiously, and never to any extent that might have been irretrievable in the event of his turning informer. The Essenes, at all events, had *some* secret to guard; in any case, therefore, they were responsible for the lives of all their members, so far as they could be affected by confidences reposed; and, if that secret happened to be Christianity, then were they trebly bound to care and jealousy, for that secret involved not only many lives, but a mighty interest of human nature, so that a single instance of carelessness might be the most awful of crimes. Hence we understand at once why it is that Josephus never advanced beyond the lowest rank in the Secret Society of the Essenes. His worldly character, his duplicity, his weakness, were easily discerned by the eagle-eyed fathers of Christianity. Consequently, he must be viewed as under a perpetual *surveillance* from what may be called the *police* of History: liable to suspicion as one

who had a frequent interest in falsehood, in order to screen himself; secondly, as one liable to unintentional falsehood, from the indisposition to trust him.

Having now extracted the poison-fangs from the Jewish Historian, we will take a further notice of his History in relation to the Essenes in our next number.

Part III—The Essenes Historically

The secret history of Judæa through the two generations preceding the destruction of Jerusalem might yet be illuminated a little better than it has been by Josephus. It would, however, require a separate paper. At present we shall take but a glance or two at that subject, and merely in reference to the Essenes. Nothing shows the crooked conduct of Josephus so much as the utter perplexity, the mere labyrinth of doubts, in which he has involved the capital features of the last Jewish War. Two points only we notice, for their connexion with the Essenes.

First, What was the cause, the outstanding pretext, on either side, for the Jewish insurrectionary war? We know well what were the real impulses to that war; but what was the capital and overt act on either side which forced the Jewish irritation into a hopeless contest? What was the ostensible ground alleged for the war?

Josephus durst not have told, had he known. He must have given a Roman, an *ex parte*, statement at any rate; and let that consideration never be lost sight of in taking his evidence. He might blame a particular Roman, such as Gessius Florus,[1] because he found that Romans themselves blamed *him*. He might vaunt his veracity and his παρρησία in a little corner of the general story; but durst he speak plainly on the broad field of Judæan politics? Not for his life. Or, suppose the Roman magnanimity to have taken off his shackles, what became of his court favour and prefer-

[1] Gessius Florus, Roman procurator of Judæa, A.D. 64-65.—M.

ment, in case he spoke freely of Roman policy as a system?

Hence it is that Josephus shuffles so miserably when attempting to assign the cause or causes of the war. Four different causes he assigns in different places, not one of which is other than itself an effect from higher causes, and a mere symptom of the convulsions working below. For instance, the obstinate withdrawal of the daily sacrifice offered for Cæsar, which is one of the causes alleged, could not have occurred until the real and deep-seated causes of that war had operated on the general temper for some time. It was a public insult to Rome: would have occasioned a demand for explanation; would have been revoked; the immediate author punished; and all would have subsided into a personal affair, had it not been supported by extensive combinations below the surface, which could no longer be suppressed. Into *them* we are not going to enter. We wish only to fix attention upon the ignorance of Josephus, whether unaffected in this instance, or assumed for the sake of disguising truths unacceptable to Roman ears.

This question of itself has much to do with the origin of the Essenes.

Secondly, Who were those *Sicarii* or swordsmen of whom Josephus talks so much during the latter years of Jerusalem? Can any man believe so monstrous a fable as this: viz. that not one, but thousands of men were confederated for purposes of murder; 2*dly*, of murder not interested in its own success, murder not directed against any known determinate objects, but murder indiscriminate, secret, objectless, what a lawyer might call *homicidium vagum*; 3*dly*, that this confederacy should subsist for years, should levy war, should entrench itself in fortresses; 4*thly* (which is more incomprehensible than all the rest), should talk and harangue in the spirit of sublime martyrdom to some holy interest; 5*thly*, should breathe the same spirit into women and little children; and, *finally*, that all, with one accord, rather than submit to foreign conquest, should choose to die in one hour, from the oldest to the youngest? Such a tale, in its outset, in the preliminary confederation, is a tale of ogres and ogresses, not of human creatures trained under a Divine law to a

profound sense of accountability. Such a tale, in its latter sections, is a tale of martyrs more than human. Such a tale, as a whole, is self-contradictory. A vile purpose makes vile all those that pursue it. Even the East Indian Thugs are not congregated by families. It is much if ten thousand families furnish one Thug. And, as to the results of such a league, is it possible that a zealous purpose of murder, of murder for the sake of murder, should end in nobility of spirit so eminent that nothing in Christian martyrdoms goes beyond the extremity of self-sacrifice which even their enemies have granted to the Sicarii? "Whose courage," we are quoting from the bitterest of enemies, "whose courage, " or shall we call it madness? everybody was amazed at; for, " when all sorts of torments that could be imagined were " applied to their bodies, not one of them would comply so " far as to confess, or seem to confess, that Cæsar was their " lord; as if they received those torments, and the very fury " of the furnace which burned them to ashes, with bodies that " were insensible, and with souls that exceedingly rejoiced. " But what most of all astonished the beholders was the " courage of the children; for not one of all these children was " so far subdued by the torments it endured as to confess " Cæsar for its lord. Such a marvellous thing for endurance " is the tender and delicate body of man, when supported by " an unconquerable soul!"

No, no, reader; there is villainy at work in this whole story about the Sicarii. We are duped, we are cheated, we are mocked. Felony, conscious murder, never in this world led to such results as these. Conscience it was that must have acted here. No power short of that ever sustained frail women and children in such fiery trials. A conscience, it may have been, erring in its principles; but those principles must have been Divine. Resting on any confidence less than *that*, the resolution of women and children so tried must have given way. Here, too evidently, we have the genuine temper of the Maccabees, struggling and suffering in the same spirit and with the same ultimate hopes.

After what has been exposed with regard to Josephus, we presume that *his* testimony against the Sicarii will go for little. That man may readily be supposed to have borne

false witness against his brethren who is proved to have borne false witness against God. Him, therefore, or any thing that he can say, we set aside. But, as all is still dark about the Sicarii, we shall endeavour to trace their real position in the Jewish War. For merely to prove that they have been calumniated does not remove the cloud that rests upon their history. That, indeed, cannot be removed *now* in a manner quite satisfactory; but we see enough to indicate the purity of their intentions. And, with respect to their enemy Josephus, let us remember one fact, which merely the want of a personal interest in the question has permitted to lie so long in the shade: viz. that three distinct causes made it really impossible for that man to speak the truth. First, his own partisanship: having adopted one faction, he was bound to regard all others as wrong and hostile: secondly, his captivity and interest: in what regarded the *merits* of the cause a Roman prisoner *durst* not have spoken the truth. These causes of distortion or falsehood in giving that history would apply even to honest men, unless with their honesty they combined a spirit of martyrdom. But there was a third cause peculiar to the position of Josephus, viz. conscious guilt and shame. He could not admit others to have been right but in words that would have confounded himself. If they were not mad, he was a poltroon; if they had done their duty as patriots, then was he a traitor; if they were not frantic, then was Josephus an apostate. This was a logic which required no subtle dialectician to point and enforce; simply the narrative, if kept steady to the fact and faithful, must silently suggest that conclusion to everybody. And for that reason, had there been no other, it was *not* steady; for that reason it was *not* faithful. Now, let us turn to the Sicarii. Who were they?

Thirdly, It is a step towards the answer if we may ask previously, *Who were the Galileans?* Many people read Josephus under the impression that, of course, this term designates merely the inhabitants of the two Galilees. We, by diligent collation of passages, have convinced ourselves that it does not; it means a particular faction in Jewish politics. And, which is a fact already noticed by Eusebius, it often includes many of the new Christian sect. But this requires an explanation.

Strange it seems to us that men should overlook so obvious a truth as that in every age Christianity must have counted amongst its nominal adherents the erring believer, the partial believer, the wavering believer, equally with the true, the spiritual, the entire, and the steadfast believer. What sort of believers were those who would have taken Christ and forcibly made him a king? Erroneous believers, it must be admitted; but still in some points, partially and obscurely, they must have been powerfully impressed by the truth which they had heard from Christ. Many of these might fall away when that personal impression was withdrawn; but many must have survived all causes of depression. *Semi-Christians* there must always have been in great numbers. Those who were such in a merely religious view we believe to have been called Nazarenes; those in whom the political aspects at first universally ascribed to Christianity happened to predominate were known by the more general name of Galileans. This name expressed in its foremost element opposition to the Romans; in its secondary element, Christianity. And its rise may be traced thus:—

Whoever would thoroughly investigate the very complex condition of Palestine in our Saviour's days must go back to Herod the Great.[1] This man, by his peculiar policy and his power, stood between the Jews and the Romans as a sort of Janus or indifferent mediator. Any measure which Roman ignorance would have inflicted, unmodified, on the rawest condition of Jewish bigotry, he contrived to have tempered and qualified. For his own interest, and not with any more generous purpose, he screened from the Romans various ebullitions of Jewish refractoriness; and from the Jews he screened all accurate knowledge of the probable Roman intentions. But, after his death, and precisely during the course of our Saviour's life, these intentions transpired: reciprocal knowledge and menaces were exchanged; and the elements of insurrection began to mould themselves silently, but not steadily; for the agitation was great and increasing as the crisis seemed to approach. Herod the Great, as a vigorous prince, and very rich, might possibly have main-

[1] Herod the Great was king of the Jews from B.C. 40 to B.C. 4. —M.

tained the equilibrium, had he lived. But this is doubtful. In his old age various events had combined to shake his authority: viz. the tragedies in his own family, and especially the death of Mariamne[1]; by which, like Ferdinand of Arragon, or our Henry VII, under the same circumstances, he seemed in equity to lose his claim upon the throne. But, above all, his compliance with idolatry (according to the Jewish interpretation), in setting up the golden eagle by way of homage to Rome, gave a shock to his authority that never could have been healed. Out of the affair of the golden eagle grew, as we are persuaded, the sect of the Herodians —those who justified a compromising spirit of dealing with the Romans. This threw off, as its antipole, a sect furiously opposed to the Romans. That sect, under the management of Judas (otherwise called Theudas), expanded greatly: he was a Galilean, and the sect was therefore naturally called Galileans.[2] Into this main sea of Jewish nationality emptied themselves all other less powerful sects that, under any modification, avowed an anti-Roman spirit. The religious sect of the Christians was from the first caught and hurried away into this overmastering vortex. No matter that Christ lost no opportunity of teaching that his kingdom was not of this world. Did he not preach a new salvation to the House of

[1] "*Especially the death of Mariamne*":—There is a remarkable proof extant of the veneration attached in Jewish imagination to the memory of this lady as a Maccabee. Long after her death, a pretender (or alleged pretender) to the name and rights of Alexander, one of her two murdered sons, appeared at Rome, and instantly drew to himself the enthusiastic support of all the Jews throughout Italy.

[2] Judas the Galilean was the leader of a popular revolt against a Roman taxation, A.D. 6. There is a summary of his history in the speech of Gamaliel recommending a tolerant policy with the Christians in Jerusalem on the ground that the sect, if not divinely inspired, would fade away of itself (Acts v. 34-39); but in that speech Judas the Galilean and Theudas are different persons. The words are:— "Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves, as touching these men, what ye are about to do. For before these days rose up Theudas, giving himself out to be somebody; to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves: who was slain; and all, as many as obeyed him, were dispersed and came to nought. After this man rose up Judas of Galilee in the days of the enrolment, and drew away some of the people after him: he also perished; and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered abroad." So in the Revised Version.—M.

Israel? Where could that lie but through resistance to Rome? His followers resolved to place him at their head as a king; and his crucifixion in those stormy times was certainly much influenced by the belief that, as the object of political attachment, he had become dangerous, whether sanctioning that attachment or not.

Out of this sect of Galileans, comprehending all who avowed a Jewish nationality (and therefore many semi-Christians: that is, men who, in a popular sense, and under whatever view, had professed to follow Christ), arose the sect of Sicarii; that is, out of a vast multitude professing good-will to the service, these men separated themselves as the men of action, the executive ministers, the self-devoting soldiers. This is no conjecture. It happens that Josephus, who had kept us in the dark about these Sicarii in that part of his narrative which most required some clue to their purposes, afterwards forgets himself, and incidentally betrays [1] that the Sicarii had originally been an offset from the sect founded by Judas the Galilean; that their general purpose was the same; so that, no doubt, it was a new feature of the time giving a new momentary direction to the efforts of the patriotic which had constituted the distinction and which authorized the denomination. From the Galileans it is probable that the Sicarii differed only as the brave doer differs from the clamorous invoker. But the Sicarii, you say, used unhallowed means. Possibly not. We do not know what means they used, except most indistinctly from their base and rancorous enemy. The truth, so far as it can be descried through the mist of ages and the fury of partisanship, appears to be that, at a moment when law slumbered and police was inefficient, they assumed the duties of resistance to a tyranny which even the Roman apologist admits to have been insufferable. They are not heard of as actors until the time when Gessius Florus, by opening the floodgates to military insolence, had himself given a licence to an armed reaction. Where justice was sought in vain, probably the Sicarii showed themselves as ministers of a sudden retribution. When the vilest outrages were offered by foreigners to their women, probably they "visited" for such atrocities. That state of

[1] *Wars*, b. vii. chap. 8, sect. 1.

things, which caused the tribunal to slumber, privileged the individual to wake. And in a land (by which word we mean Syria as a whole, not Palestine exclusively) whose inspired monuments recorded for everlasting praise the acts of Judith, of Samson, of Judas Maccabæus, these summary avengers, the Sicarii, might reasonably conceive that they held the same heavenly commission under the same earthly oppression.

Reviewing the whole of that calamitous period, combining the scattered notices of the men and their acts, and the reflections of both thrown back from the mirrors offered to us by the measures of counteraction adopted at the time, we have little doubt that the Sicarii and the Zealots were both products from the same great sect of the Galileans, and that, in an imperfect sense or by tendency, all were Christians.

But also we believe that this very political leaven it was, as dispersed through the body of the Galileans, which favoured the projection of a new order, called the Essenes, from the main body,—this political taint, we mean to say, combined with the danger of a *proselytizing* Christianity. In that anarchy which through the latter years of Nero covered Judæa as with the atmosphere of hell the Christian fathers saw the necessity of separating themselves from these children of violence. They might be right politically—and certainly they began in patriotism—but too often the apprehensive consciences of Christians recoiled from the vengeance in which they ended. By tolerating the belief that they countenanced the Galileans or Sicarii the Primitive Church felt that she would be making herself a party to their actions, often bloody and vindictive, and sometimes questionable on any principles, since private enmities would too easily mingle with public motives, and, if right, would be right in an earthly sense. But the persecution which arose at Jerusalem would strengthen these conscientious scruples by others of urgent prudence. A sect that proselytized was at any rate a hazardous sect in Judæa; and a sect that had drawn upon itself persecution must have felt a triple summons to the instant assumption of a disguise.

Upon this warning, we may suppose, arose the Secret

Society of the Essenes; and its organisation was most artful. In fact, the relations of Judaism to Christianity furnished a means of concealment such as could not have otherwise existed without positive deceit. By arranging four concentric circles about one mysterious centre,—by suffering no advances from the outside to the innermost ring unless through years of probation, through multiplied trials of temper, multiplied obligations upon the conscience to secrecy,—the Christian fathers were enabled to lead men onwards insensibly from intense Judaic bigotry to the purest form of Christianity. The outermost circle received those candidates only whose zeal for rigorous Judaism argued a hatred of pagan corruptions, and therefore gave some pledge for religious fervour. In this rank of novices no ray of light broke out from the centre—no suspicion of any alien doctrine dawned upon *them*: all was Judaic, and the whole Mosaic theology was cultivated alike. This we will call the ultimate rank. Next, in the penultimate rank, the eye was familiarized with the prophecies respecting the Messiah, and somewhat exclusively pointed to that doctrine, and such other doctrines in the Mosaic scheme as express an imperfection, a tendency, a call for an integration. In the third, or ante-penultimate rank, the attention was trained to the general characters of the Messiah, as likely to be realized in some personal manifestation; and a question was probably raised, as if for investigation, in what degree these characters met and were exemplified in the mysterious person who had so lately engaged the earnest attention of all Palestine. He had assumed the office of Messiah: he had suffered for that assumption at Jerusalem. By what evidences was it ascertained, in a way satisfactory to just men, that he was *not* the Messiah? Many points, it would be urged as by way of unwilling concession, did certainly correspond between the mysterious person and the prophetic delineation of the idea. Thus far no suspicion has been suffered to reach the disciple that he is now rapidly approaching to a torrent that will suck him into a new faith. Nothing has transpired which can have shocked the most angry Jewish fanaticism. And yet all is ready for the great transition. But at this point comes the last crisis for the aspirant. Under colour of dis-

puting the claims of Christ, the disciple has been brought acquainted with the whole mystery of the Christian theory. If his heart is good and true, he has manifested by this time such a sense of the radiant beauty which has been gradually unveiled that he reveals his own trustworthiness. If he retains his scowling Jewish bigotry, the consistory at the centre are warned, and trust him no farther. He is excluded from the inner ranks, and is reconciled to this exclusion (or, if not, is turned aside from suspicion) by the impression conveyed to him that these central ranks are merely the governing ranks,—highest in power, but not otherwise distinguished in point of doctrine.

Thus, though all is true from first to last, from centre to circumference,—though nothing is ever taught but the truth,—yet, by the simple precaution of graduation, and of not teaching everywhere the whole truth, but, above all, by teaching any part of the truth in the character of hostile acceptors, and as an unwelcome concession extorted from unwilling hearers, it happened that in the very midst of truth divine were attained all the benefits of deceit the most earthly. The case was as though the colour of blue were prohibited and a dangerous colour. But, upon a suggestion that yellow is a most popular colour, and green tolerated, whilst the two extremes of blue and yellow are both blended and confounded in green, this last is selected for the middle rank; and then, breaking it up by insensible degradations into the blue tints towards the secret interior, and the yellow towards the outer rings, the case is so managed as to present the full popular yellow at the outside, and the celestial blue at the hidden centre.

Such we offer as the constitution of the Essenes; in which, however, the reader must not overlook one fact,—that, because the danger of Christianity as a religious profession was confined during the Epichristian age to Judæa, therefore the order of the Essenes was confined to that region, and that in the extra-Syrian churches the Christians of Palestine were known simply as the Brethren of Jerusalem, of Sepphoris, &c., without further designation or disguise. Let us now see, having stated the particular circumstances in which this disguise of a secret society

called Essenes arose, what further arguments can be traced for identifying these Essenes with the Christians of Palestine.

We have already pursued the Essenes and the Christians through ten features of agreement. Now let us pursue them through a few others. And let the logic of the parallel be kept steadily in view: above, we show some characteristic reputed to be true of the Essenes; below, we show that this same characteristic is known from other sources to be true of the Christians.

No. I.—*The Essenes*, according to Josephus, *were in the habit of prophesying.* The only prophets known in the days of the Apostles, and recognised as such by the Christian writers,—Agabus, for instance, and Anna,[1]—were Christians of the Christian brotherhood in Judæa.

"*And it is but seldom,*" says Josephus, "*they miss in their predictions.*" Josephus could not but have been acquainted with this prophecy of Agabus, too practical, too urgent, too local not to have rung throughout Judæa; before the event, as a warning; after it, as a great providential miracle. He must therefore have considered Agabus as one of those people whom he means by the term Essenes. Now *we* know him for a Christian. *Ergo*, here is a case of identity made out between a Christian, owned for such by the Apostles, and one of the Essenes, owned for such by Josephus.

No. II.—*The Essenes particularly applied themselves to the study of medicine.*—This is very remarkable in a sect like the Essenes, who, from their rigorous habits of abstinence, must of all men have had the least personal call for medicine: but not at all remarkable if the Essenes are identified with the Christians. For,

1. Out of so small a number as four Evangelists, one was a physician; which shows at least the *fact* that medicine was cultivated amongst the Christians. But,

2. The *reason* of this will appear immediately in the example (E) left by Christ, and in the motives (M) to that example.

As to (E) the example, at least nine in ten of Christ's miracles were *medical* or *therapeutic* miracles, miracles applied to derangements of the human system.

[1] Agabus, *Acts* xi. 28, and xxi. 10; Anna, *Luke* ii. 36-38.—M.

As to the motives (M) which governed our Saviour in this particular choice, it would be truly ridiculous and worthy of a modern utilitarian to suppose that Christ would have suffered his time to be occupied, and the great vision of his contemplations to be interrupted, by an employment so trifling (trifling surely by comparison with his *transcendent* purposes) as the healing of a few hundreds, more or less, in one small district through one brief triennium. This healing office was adopted, not chiefly for its own sake, but partly as a symbolic annunciation of a superior healing, already expressed in the name *Iesus*, from the Greek verb for *healing*; chiefly, however, as the best means, in an eastern land, of *advertising his approach far and wide, and thus convoking the people to his instructions.* From Barbary to Hindustan — from the setting to the rising sun — it is notorious that no travelling character is so certainly a safe one as that of *hakim* or physician. As he advances on his route, the news flies before him; disease is evoked as by the rod of Amram's son; the beds of sick people, in every rank, are ranged along the road-sides; and the beneficent dispenser of health or of relief moves through the prayers of hope on the one side and of gratitude on the other. Well may this character be a protection; for not only is every invalid in the land his friend from the first, but every one who loves or pities an invalid. In fact, the character is *too* favourable, because it soon becomes burdensome; so that of late, in Affghanistan, Bokhara, &c., Englishmen have declined its aid: for inevitably it impedes a man's progress; and it exposes him to two classes of applications, one embarrassing from the extravagance of its expectations (as that a man should understand doubtful or elaborate symptoms at a glance), the other degrading to an Englishman's feelings, by calling upon him for aphrodisiacs or other modes of collusion with Oriental sensuality. This medical character, this all-persuasive title of *hakim*, the Apostles and their delegates adopted, using it both as the trumpet of summons to some central rendezvous, and also as the very best means of opening the heart to religious influences — the heart softened already by suffering, turned inwards by solitary musing, or melted, perhaps, by relief from anguish, into fervent grati-

tude. This, upon consideration, we believe to have been the secret key to the Apostolic meaning in sending abroad the report,—which report accordingly re-emerges naturally in the Josephan report of the Essenes (or masquerading Christians),—that they cultivated medicine. They became what so many of us Englishmen have become in Oriental countries, *hakims*; and, as with us, that character was assumed as a disguise for ulterior purposes that could not have been otherwise obtained[1]: our purposes were liberal, theirs divine. Therefore we conclude our argument No. II. by saying that this medical feature in the Essenes is not only found in the Christians, but is found radicated in the very constitution of that body as a *proselytizing* order who could not dispense with some excuse or other for assembling the people in crowds.

No. III.—*The Essenes think that oil is a defilement.*—So says Josephus, as one who stood in the outermost rank of the order, admitted to a knowledge of some distinctions, but never to the secret meaning upon which those distinctions turned. Now, with respect to this new characteristic, what is our logical duty? It is our duty to show that the Essenes, supposing them to be the latent Christians, had a special motive for rejecting oil; whereas on any other assumption they had no such motive. And, next, we will show that this special motive has sustained itself in the traditionary usages of a remote posterity.

First of all, then, how came the Jews ever to use oil at all for the purpose of anointing their persons? It was adopted (Who says so? *We* say so), as a Grecian luxury, from their Grecian fellow-townsmen in cities without number, under the Syro-Macedonian kings. Not only in Syria proper, but in many other territories adjacent to Judæa, there were cities, like the two Cæsareas, the maritime and the

[1] "*That could not have been otherwise obtained*":—One most important fact has been entirely overlooked. Neither in Syria, nor any part of Asia Minor, of Achaia, &c., could the Apostles have called a general meeting of the people without instant liability to arrest as public disturbers. But the character of HAKIM furnished a privileged case, which operated as a summons, instant, certain, safe, uniformly intelligible to others, and for the hakim himself as potent in the result as it was rapid and fluent in its mode of publication.

inland, which were divided between Greeks and Jews; from which equality of rights came feuds and dreadful calamities in the end, but previously a strong contagion of Grecian habits. Hence, in part, it arose that the Jews in our Saviour's time were far from being that simple people which they *had* been whilst insulated in gloomy seclusion, or whilst associated only with monotonous oriental neighbours. Amongst other luxuries which they had caught from their Grecian neighbours were those of the bath and the palæstra. But in Jerusalem, as the heart of Judæa,[1] and the citadel of Jewish principle, some front of resistance was still opposed to these exotic habits. The language was one aid to this resistance; for elsewhere the Greek was gaining ground, whilst here the Chaldee prevailed. But a stronger repulsion to foreigners was the eternal gloom of the public usages. No games in Jerusalem, no theatre, no hippodrome; for all these you must go down to the seaside, where Cæsarea, though built by a Jew, and half-peopled by Jews, was the Roman metropolis of Palestine, and with every sort of Roman luxury. To this stern Jerusalem standard all Jews conformed in the proportion of their patriotism; to Græcize or not to Græcize had become a test of patriotic feeling; and thus far the Essenes had the same general reasons as the Christians (supposing them for the moment two distinct orders of men) for setting their faces against the luxurious manners of the age. But, if the Essenes were Christians, then we infer that they had a much stronger and a special motive to all kinds of abstinence, from the memorable charge of Christ to his evangelizing disciples; for which charge there was a double motive: 1*st*, To raise an ideal of abstinence; 2*d*, to release the disciple from all worldly cares, and concentrate his thoughts upon his mission. Now, the Essenes, if Christians, stood precisely in that situation of evangelizers.

[1] "*As the heart of Judæa*":—It was an old belief amongst the Jews, upon their droll ideas of cosmography, that Judæa was the central region of the earth, and that Jerusalem was the *omphalos* or navel of Judæa—an idea which the Greeks applied to Delphi. And thus we see that the Chinese man (or monkey), although he is *par excellence* the beast of the earth, nevertheless has a high sanction to plead for his conceit about China as a central region, round which (on its outer margin) are crawling all the barbarians of our planet.

Even thus far, therefore, the Essenes, as Christians, would have higher motives to abstinence than simply as a sect of Jews; yet still against oil, merely as a mode of luxury, their reasons were no stronger than against any luxury in any other shape. But a Christian of that day had a far more special restraint with regard to the familiar use of oil: not as a luxury, but as a consecrated symbol, he regarded it with awe: oil was to him under a perpetual interdict. The very name *Christos*, the Anointed, gave in one instant an inaugurating solemnity, a baptismal value, to the act of anointing. Christians bearing in their very name (though then, by the supposition, a "secret name") a record and everlasting memorial of that *chrism* by which their Founder was made the Anointed of God, thought it little consistent with reverential feelings to use that consecrated rite of anointing in the economy of daily life. They abstained from this Grecian practice, therefore, not, as the ignorant Josephus imagines, from despising it, but from too much revering it. The symbolic meaning overpowered and eclipsed its natural meaning; and they abstained from the unction of the palæstra just as any man amongst ourselves, the least liable to superstition, would (if he had any reverential principles) recoil from the use of sacramental vessels in a service of common household life. Would a good man, with reverential feelings developed in his nature, be capable of taking his breakfast from a sacramental vessel? Quite as little could the Christians or Essenes use oil for a purpose of luxury. And, beside the consecration of oil in the very name of *Christ* and *Christian*, oil was carried in those early ages of Christianity to the beds of dying persons.

After this explanation of *our* view, we shall hardly need to go forward in proof that this sanctity of the oil and of the anointing act has sustained itself in traditionary usages, and propagated its symbolic meaning to a posterity far distant from the Essenes. The most solemn of the ceremonies in the coronation of Christian kings is a memorial of this usage so reverentially treated by the Essenes. The affecting rite by which a new-born stranger upon earth is introduced within the fold of the Christian Church is but the prolongation of that ancient chrism. And so essential in earlier ages

was the presence of the holy Judæan oil used by the first Christians, were it only to the amount of one solitary drop, that volumes might be collected on the exertions made for tending the trees which produced it, and if possible for multiplying or transplanting them. Many eastern travellers in our own day have given the history of those consecrated trees, and their slow declension to the present moment; and to this hour, in our London bills of mortality, there is one subdivision headed, "*Chrysom* Children,"[1] which echoes from a distance of almost two thousand years the very act and ceremony which was surrounded with so much reverence by the Essenes.

No. IV.—*The Essenes think it a thing of good omen to be dressed in white robes.*—Yes; here again we find the external fact reported by Josephus, but with his usual ignorance of its symbolic value, and the secret record which it involved. He does not pretend to have been more than a novice; that is, at most he had been admitted into the lowest or outermost class, where no hint would be given of the Christian mysteries that would open nearer to the centre. The white robes were, of course, either the baptismal robes, the *albatæ vestes* noticed in the foot-note, or some other of the typical dresses assumed in different ranks and situations by the primitive Christians.

No. V.—*In the judgments they pass, the Essenes are most*

[1] "*Chrysom children*":—Tell a child of three years old to pronounce the word *helm*; nine times out of ten it will say *helom*, from the imperfection of its organs. By this mode of corruption came the word *chrysom*, from the baptismal *chrism* of the early Christians. In England, if a child dies within the first month of its life, it is called a *chrysom child*; whence the title in the London bills of mortality. In such a case, it was the beautiful custom amongst our ancestors, perhaps still is so amongst those who have the good feeling to appreciate these time-honoured usages, to bury the innocent creature in its baptismal robe; to which the northern Spaniards (at least in Biscay) add, as another symbol of purity, on the lid of the little coffin,

"A happy garland of the pure white rose."

How profoundly this mysterious chrism influenced the imaginations of our forefathers is shown by the multiplied *ricochets* through which it impressed itself upon the vocabulary of the case: the oil, the act of anointing, the little infant anointed, the white robe in which it was dressed, all and each severally bore the name of the *chrysom*.

accurate and just; nor do they pass sentence by the votes of a court that is lower than a hundred.—Here we find Josephus unconsciously alluding to the secret arrangements of the early Christian Church, the machinery established for conducting affairs so vast by their tendency in a condition so critical by its political relations. The *Apostolical Constitutions* show that many of the forms in General Councils long after that age had been traditionally derived from this infancy of the Christian Church—a result which is natural in any case, but almost inevitable where the original organizers are invested with that sort of honour and authority attached to inspiration. Here are positive traces of the Christian institutions, as viewed by one who knew of their existence under the name of Essenes, and witnessed some of their decisions in the result, but was never admitted to any confidential glimpse of their deliberations, or their system of proceeding, or their principles. Here is the truth, but traced by its shadow. On the other hand, if the pretended Essenes (considered as distinct from Christians) were the people concerned, what need should *they* have of courts — numerous or not numerous? Had the Sadducees courts? Had the Pharisees courts? Doubtless they had in their general character of Jews, but certainly not in their separate characters as philosophic sects. Here again, therefore, in this very mention of courts, had there been no word dropped of their form, we see an insuperable evidence to the fact of the Christians being the true parties concerned.

No. VI.—The Essenes are divided by Philo-Judæus into the *Therapeutici* and the *Practici*. A division into four orders has already been noticed, in explaining the general constitution of the society. These orders would very probably have characteristic names as well as barely distinguishing numbers. And, if so, the name of *Therapeutæ* would exactly correspond to the *medical* evangelists (the *hakims*) noticed under No. II. We see therefore at once two leading divisions of the new-born Christian sect: 1*st*, the *Therapeutici*, who were intrusted with the propagation of the faith as having special gifts for authorizing crowds and for winning confidence; 2*d*, the *Practici*, who were intrusted with the private affairs of the brethren. The external interests were confided to the first; the domestic to the second.

No. VII.—*Moreover, the Essenes are stricter than any other of the Jews in resting from their labours on the seventh day; for they even get their food ready on the day before, that they may not be obliged to kindle a fire on that day.*—Now, then, it will be said, these Essenes, if Christians, ought *not* to have kept the Jewish Sabbath. This seems a serious objection. But pause, reader. One consideration is most important in this whole discussion. The Jews are *now* ranged in hostility to the Christians; because now the very name of Jew makes open proclamation that he has rejected Christianity; but in the earliest stage of Christianity the Jew's relation to that new creed was in suspense and undetermined: he might be, 1, in a state of hostility; 2, in a state of transition; 3, in a state of deliberation. So far, therefore, from shocking his prejudices by violent alterations of *form* and of outward symbol not essential to the truth symbolized, the error of the early Christians would lie the other way; as in fact we know that it did in Judea,—that is, in the land of the Essenes,—where they retained too much rather than too little of Mosaic rites. Judaism is the radix of Christianity: Christianity the integration of Judaism. And, so long as this integration was only *not accepted*, it was reasonable to presume it the subject of examination, and to regard the Jew as a Christian *in transitu*, and by tendency (if not violently disturbed or shocked) as a Christian elect. For one generation the Jews must have been regarded as novices in a lower class advancing gradually to the higher grades; not as enemies at all, but as imperfect allies. During this pacific interim (which is not to be thought hostile because individual Jews were hostile) the Christians most entangled with Jews, viz. the Christians of Palestine, would not seek to widen the chasm which divided them. On the contrary, they would concede too much to the prejudices of their Jewish brethren; they would adopt too many of the Jewish rites,—as at first even circumcision, *a fortiori* the Jewish Sabbath. Thus it would be during the period of suspense. Hostility would first commence when the two orders of men could no longer be viewed as the inviting and invited—as teaching and learning; but as affirming and denying—as worshippers and blasphemers. Then began the perfect schism of the two orders. Then began

amongst the Syrian Christians the observance of a Christian Sunday; then began the general disuse of circumcision.

Here we are called upon to close this investigation, and for the following reason:—Most subjects offer themselves under two aspects at the least, often under more. This question, accordingly, upon the true relations of the Essenes, may be contemplated either as a religious question or as a question of Christian antiquities. Under this latter aspect, it is not improperly entertained by a work whose primary functions are literary. But to pursue it further might entangle us more intricately in speculations of Christian doctrine than could be suitable to any writer not professedly theological. We pause, therefore; though not for want of abundant matter to continue the discussion.

The Christian Religion offers two things: a body of truth, of things to be believed, in the first place; in the second place, a spiritual agency, a mediatorial agency, for carrying these truths into operative life. Otherwise expressed, the Christian Religion offers—1st, a knowledge, 2d, a power: that is, 1st, a rudder to guide, 2d, sails to propel. Now mark:—The Essenes, as reported to us by Josephus, by Philo-Judæus, or two centuries afterwards by Eusebius, do not appear to have claimed No. 2, and for this reason: because, as a secret society, and for the very cause which made it prudent for them to be a secret society, that part of their pretensions could not have been stated safely; not without avowing the very thing which it was their purpose to conceal, viz. their allegiance to Christ. But, as to No. 1—as to the total *truths* taught by Christianity, taken in contradistinction to its spiritual *powers*—these the Essenes *did* claim; these they *did* appropriate. And therefore take notice of this: if the Essenes were not the early Christians in disguise, then was Christianity, *as a knowledge*, taught independently of Christ,—nay, in opposition to Christ; or, if we were to accept the hyperbolical fairy-tale of Pliny, positively two thousand years before the era of Christ. On the affirmative assumption all is clear and coherent. Take the negative alternative: suppose the Essenes a distinct body from the primitive Christians of Palestine (*i.e.* those particular Christians who stood under the ban of Jerusalem), and you

have a deadlier wound inflicted on Christian faith than the whole army of infidels ever attempted. A *parhelion*—a secondary sun, a mock sun that should shine for centuries with equal arguments for its own authenticity as existed for the original and authentic sun—would not be more shocking to the sense and to the auguries of man than a secondary Christianity, not less spiritual, not less heavenly, not less divine, than the primary, pretending to a separate and even hostile origin. Much more is to be said in behalf of our thesis. But, say more or say less, say it well or say it ill, the main argument, that the Essenes were the early Christians, locally in danger, and therefore locally putting themselves, with the wisdom of the serpent, under a cloud of disguise, impenetrable to fierce Jewish enemies and to timid or treacherous brethren: that argument is essential to the dignity of Christian truth. That theory is involved in the almighty principle that, as there is but one God, but one hope, but one anchorage, for man, so also there can be but one authentic faith, but one derivation of truth, but one perfect revelation.

POSTSCRIPT [1]

THE ESSENES.—The paper on *The Essenes*, I will frankly acknowledge to my critical reader, has not had the good fortune to conciliate the sanction of the most learned amongst my friends. *Good fortune* I say, as insinuating that its failure may be due to momentary accidents of hurry or dyspepsy in the critic. For, undeniably, *habent sua fata libelli*; by which proposition, I presume, is meant that books, and intellectual speculations of every class, are liable to good and bad luck, so little corresponding to their true proportions of merit that sometimes for a season the momentary false reputation and the ultimate just reputation continue moving in opposite directions.

Some indulgence is due to any attempt at reading into coherent meaning what, from the very beginning, was a SECRET society *upon any hypothesis*; what was wilfully and elaborately darkened in order to evade an urgent danger; what was reported only by a traitor who could not be suffered to understand much that he actually saw; and what must now be read after a lapse of two thousand years by the glimmerings of a lamp muffled from the very first to defeat the purposes of perfidious hostility. Some indulgence, I repeat, may be claimed under such complex circumstances of difficulty. Better, meantime, by a thousandfold, is absolute sincerity in a critic than treacherous indulgence. Honourable, therefore, I hold it to the critic, and flattering to my-

[1] What is here printed as a "Postscript" was part of De Quincey's "Preface" in 1859 to the volume of his Collected Writings containing his paper on the Essenes.—M.

self, that the answer to my *Essenes* should have been sternly, and *sans phrase*, "It won't do." Perhaps no; perhaps yes: we shall see. But, in the meantime, let me observe that, if my affirmative will not do, neither will a blank negative. Before an opponent can place himself in a position for rejecting my theory, he must have taken these following steps in advance towards a counter-theory of his own.

First: He must explain why it is that no writer in the New Testament mentions the Essenes, or even throws out a momentary hint of their existence.[1] On the assumption that the Essenes were not a Christian but a Judaic society there could be no motive at all for ignoring them.

Second: He must account for the mysterious approximation to each other between the two codes of practical doctrine—Christian and Essenic. The one is but the travesty of the other. The Essenic reads like such a parody of

[1] Some persons, not fully masters of the case, will perhaps object that surely this difficulty presses even on myself. *No*, I reply; not at all. Any notice of the Essenes would not occur in the New Testament, because any motive to such a society would not arise until that point in the *Acts of the Apostles* at which occurs the protomartyrdom of St. Stephen; consequently not until near the close of the Apostolic history. Whatever motive therefore impelled the Apostles to discontinue their narrative at the particular crisis which now forms its close would at any rate by its natural operation have excluded the secret narrative of the Essenes. But over and above that motive, whatsoever it might be, there was another. Until the Roman triumph over Jerusalem and the ecclesiastical polity of the Temple, the danger subsisted unabated which the Essenic scheme had been devised to meet. This danger would always have menaced the Christians in Palestine, so long as the Temple service continued to flourish. And the original danger, which first prompted the Essenic resource, would—so long as it lasted—exact the same original caution as to the publication of its details, all or any. As respected the particular case of the Essenes, there was therefore a separate and special ground of silence; and too obviously it was a matter of life and death. As to the more general motive which determined the Apostles in drawing their narrative to a close, I presume that it arose from the simple fact that the primary object was at length realized. That object had been to trace the Christian Church from its earliest beginnings. This had now been sufficiently accomplished. It was no purpose of the Evangelists or the Apostles to write narratives of mere gratification to curiosity. And any arrear of explanations which still remained due was simply a fuller development of *doctrinal* truth, which accordingly presented itself henceforward in direct Epistles from the Apostles.

Christian ethics as would naturally emerge from the coarse hands of a Jew intensely unspiritual and worldly, such as Josephus. But, if there were any truth in the high pre-Christian antiquity which Josephus ascribes to Essenism, in that case there must have been a Christianity before Christ. This insurmountable difficulty any opponent of my theory draws upon himself.

Third: If there were eight thousand of the Josephan, *i.e.* the pretended non-Christian, Essenes, and as their sectarian opinions were so widely published, how happened it that Christ, who talked freely with every order of men and women in Judæa, never by accident fell in with one of this fraternity? Or, if we could suppose it possible that in so limited a territory this failure of *personal* rencontre should occur naturally, how happened it that Christ did not invite one of their body to his presence, or did not expressly visit some one of their pretended stations, so as to force their errors, or their truths, before the public eye?

Fourth: Supposing that, upon any inexplicable motive, such a casual meeting or such a deliberate visit did not occur from the Christian side, then why did not crowds of the Essenes spontaneously resort to Christ, as a teacher who, by repeating *their* doctrines without any recognition of their community as the original well-head of such truths, was in effect ignoring themselves, and publishing in all quarters his disbelief of their existence?

Finally: If all *personal* interviews on overtures from either side were unaccountably intercepted, how happened it that the doctrines and usages at least of the Essenes were not brought before Christ either by friend or by foe, or, this failing, were not subsequently noticed and discussed by the Apostles?

It has been said repeatedly that the creed of the Papal Church, or at least her theory, so far travels on the same route with the speculation here traced out that no countenance is given to the pretensions of the Essenes as a Jewish philosophic sect. The plagiarisms from Christianity have apparently been felt as insufferable. But there the Romish Church halts: she denies, but she finds no satisfactory affirmative creed to substitute. We differ, therefore (*Who* differ?

Why, *Ego et rex meus*—I and the Pope), in this important point; and entirely to my advantage. His Holiness denies; and I am bound to think him right; for *I* deny. But on *his* part this denial is a pure *machtspruch*, as the Germans term it—a dogmatic assertion not resting on any pleadings whatever of fact or argument. Whereas *my* denial explains its own why and wherefore; substituting besides for the frail and fluttering tent which it boasts to have demolished a substantial house. So learned a Church as the Roman Catholic would naturally have long since anticipated this substitution, had it depended much or chiefly on erudition; it is not, however, erudition that is primarily required in such suggestions, but conjectural felicity.

This is a qualification depending so much upon luck, and in so small a proportion upon any meritorious endowment, that I should not scruple to claim it for myself, and yet acknowledge any vanity in claiming it, were I absolutely satisfied with all the timbers and joists of my new Essenic structure, or were it "sure as death" that no horrid iconoclast, even whilst I am yet speaking, may not be prowling round my new creation, and pointing his fatal finger to symptoms of dry-rot creeping this way or that, like cancer in unsuspected corners. Owning to this uneasiness myself (yet after all, not more in degree than the underwriters upon the Great Eastern will be likely to feel when she is out upon her trial trip), I cannot reasonably quarrel with the reader if he should utter even treasonable opinions upon my self-ascribed conjectural felicity. My own doubts are a licence for *his*.

SECRET SOCIETIES[1]

At a very early age commenced my own interest in the mystery that surrounds Secret Societies: the mystery being often double—1, *what* they do; and 2, what they do it *for*. Except for the prematurity of this interest, in itself it was not surprising. Generally speaking, a child may *not*—but every adult *will*, and *must*, if at all by nature meditative—regard with a feeling higher than vulgar curiosity small fraternities of men forming themselves as separate and inner vortices within the great vortex of society; communicating silently in broad daylight by signals not even seen, or, *if* seen, not understood except among themselves; and connected by the link either of purposes not safe to be avowed, or by the grander link of awful truths which, merely to shelter themselves from the hostility of an age unprepared for their reception, are forced to retire, possibly for generations, behind thick curtains of secrecy. To be hidden amidst crowds is sublime; to come down hidden amongst crowds from distant generations is doubly sublime.

The first incident in my own childish experience that threw my attention upon the possibility of such dark associations was the Abbé Barruel's book,[2] soon followed by a similar book of Professor Robison's, in demonstration of a

[1] From *Tait's Magazine* for August and October 1847: reprinted by De Quincey in 1858, with some omissions and considerable additions, in the seventh volume of his Collected Writings.—M.

[2] *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire du Jacobinisme,* London, 4 vols., 1797-8; with an English translation in 1798. In De Quincey's text the spelling of the name is "Baruel": it is corrected here throughout.—M.

regular conspiracy throughout Europe for exterminating Christianity.[1] This I did not read, but I heard it read and frequently discussed. I had already Latin enough to know that *cancer* meant a crab; and that the disease so appalling to a child's imagination, which in English we call a cancer, as soon as it has passed beyond the state of an indolent scirrhous tumour, drew its name from the horrid claws, or spurs, or roots, by which it connected itself with distant points, running underground, as it were, baffling detection, and defying radical extirpation. What I heard read aloud from the Abbé gave that dreadful cancerous character to the plot against Christianity. This plot, by the Abbé's account, stretched its horrid fangs, and threw out its forerunning feelers and *tentacles*, into many nations, and more than one century. *That* perplexed me, though also fascinating me by its grandeur. How men, living in distant periods and distant places—men that did not know each other, nay, often had not even heard of each other, nor spoke the same languages—could yet be parties to the same treason against a mighty religion towering to the highest heavens, puzzled my understanding. Then, also, when wickedness was so easy, *why* did people take all this trouble to be wicked? The *how* and the *why* were alike incomprehensible to me. Yet the Abbé, everybody said, was a good man, incapable of telling falsehoods, or of countenancing falsehoods; and, indeed, to say *that* was superfluous as regarded myself, for every man that wrote a book was in my eyes an essentially good man, being a revealer of hidden truth. Things in MS. might be doubtful, but things printed were unavoidably and profoundly true. So that, if I questioned and demurred as hotly as an infidel would have done, it never was that by the slightest shade I had become tainted with the infirmity of scepticism. On the contrary, I believed everybody as well as every*thing*. And, indeed, the very starting-point of my too importunate questions was exactly that incapacity of scepticism—not any lurking jealousy that even part might

[1] *Proofs of a Conspiracy against all the Religions and Governments of Europe:* Edinburgh, 1797: By John Robison, LL.D., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh (1774-1805).—M.

be false, but confidence too absolute that the whole must be true; since, the more undeniably a thing was certain, the more clamorously I called upon people to make it intelligible. Other people, when they could not comprehend a thing, had often a resource in saying, "But, after all, perhaps it's a lie." *I* had no such resource. A lie was impossible in a man that descended upon earth in the awful shape of four volumes octavo. Such a great man as *that* was an oracle for me, far beyond Dodona or Delphi. The same thing occurs in another form to everybody. Often (you know)—alas! *too* often—one's dear friend talks something which one scruples to call "rigmarole," but which, for the life of one (it becomes necessary to whisper) cannot be comprehended. Well, after puzzling over it for two hours, you say, "Come, that's enough; two hours is as much time as I can spare in one life for one unintelligibility." And then you proceed, in the most tranquil frame of mind, to take coffee as if nothing had happened. The thing does not haunt your sleep: for you say, "My dear friend, after all, was perhaps unintentionally talking nonsense." But how if the thing that puzzles you happens to be a phenomenon in the sky or the clouds—something said by nature? Nature never talks nonsense. There's no getting rid of the thing in that way. You can't call *that* "rigmarole." As to your dear friend, you were sceptical; and the consequence was that you were able to be tranquil. There was a valve in reserve, by which your perplexity could escape. But as to nature you have no scepticism at all; you believe in *her* to a most bigoted extent; you believe every word she says. And that very belief is the cause that you are disturbed daily by something which you cannot understand. Being true, the thing ought to be intelligible. And, exactly because it is *not*—exactly because this horrid unintelligibility is denied the comfort of doubt—therefore it is that you are so unhappy. If you could once make up your mind to doubt and to say, "Oh, as to nature, I don't believe one word in ten that she utters," then and there you would become as tranquil as when your dearest friend talks nonsense. My purpose, as regarded Barruel, was not tentative, as if presumptuously trying whether I should like to swallow a thing with an

arrière-pensée that, if not palatable, I might reject it, but simply the preparatory process of a boa-constrictor lubricating the substance offered, whatever it might be, towards its readier deglutition, under the absolute certainty that, come what would, I *must* swallow it,—that result, whether easy or not easy, being one that finally followed at any rate.

The person who chiefly introduced me to Barruel was a lady, a stern lady, and austere, not only in her manners, which made most people dislike her, but also in the character of her understanding and morals—an advantage which made some people afraid of her. Me, however, she treated with unusual indulgence, chiefly, I believe, because I kept her intellectuals in a state of exercise, nearly amounting to persecution. She was just five times my age when our warfare of disputation commenced, I being seven, she thirty-five; and she was not quite four times my age when our warfare terminated by sudden separation, I being then ten, and she thirty-eight. This change, by the way, in the multiple that expressed her chronological relations to myself used greatly to puzzle me; because, as the interval between us had diminished, within the memory of man, so rapidly that from being five times younger I found myself less than four times younger, the natural inference seemed to be that, in a few years, I should not be younger at all, but might come to be the older of the two; in which case, I should certainly have "taken my change" out of the airs she continually gave herself on the score of closer logic, but especially of longer "experience." That decisive word "experience" was, indeed, always a sure sign to me that I had the better of the argument, and that it had become necessary, therefore, suddenly to pull me up in the career of victory by a violent exertion of authority; as a knight of old, at the very moment when he would else have unhorsed his opponent, was often frozen into unjust inactivity by the king's arbitrary signal for parting the tilters. It was, however, only when very hard pressed that my fair (or, rather, brown) antagonist took this *not* fair advantage in our daily tournaments. Generally, and if I showed any moderation in the assault, she was rather pleased with the sharp rattle of my rolling musketry. Objections she rather liked, and questions as many as one pleased

upon the *pourquoi*, if one did not go on to *le pourquoi du pourquoi*. *That*, she said, was carrying things too far: excess in everything she disapproved. Now, *there* I differed from her: excess was the thing I doated on. The fun seemed to me only beginning when she asserted that it had already "overstepped the limits of propriety." Ha! those limits, I thought, were soon reached.

But, however much or often I might vault over the limits of propriety, or might seem to challenge both *her* and the Abbé—all this was but anxiety to reconcile my own secret belief in the Abbé with the strong arguments for not believing; it was but the form assumed by my earnest desire to see *how* the learned gentleman could be right whom my intense faith certified beyond all doubt to *be* so, and whom, equally, my perverse logical recusancy whispered to be continually in the wrong. I wished to see my own rebellious arguments, which I really sorrowed over and bemoaned, knocked down like ninepins; shown to be softer than cotton, frailer than glass, and utterly worthless in the eye of reason. All this, indeed, the stern lady assured me that she *had* shown over and over again. Well, it might be so; and to this, at any rate, as a decree of court, I saw a worldly prudence in submitting. But, probably, I must have looked rather grim, and have wished devoutly for one fair turn-up, on Salisbury Plain, with herself and the Abbé; in which case my heart told me how earnestly I should pray that they might for ever floor *me*, but how melancholy a conviction oppressed my spirits that my destiny was to floor *them*. Victorious, I should find my belief and my understanding in painful schism, since my arguments, which I so much wished to see refuted, would on that assumption be triumphant: on the other hand, beaten and demolished, I should find my whole nature in harmony with itself.

The mysteriousness to me of men becoming partners (and by no means sleeping partners) in a society of which they had never heard,—or, again, of one fellow standing at the beginning of a century, and stretching out his hand as an accomplice towards another fellow standing at the end of it, without either having known of the other's existence,—all *that* did but sharpen the interest of wonder that gathered

about the general economy of Secret Societies. Tertullian's profession of believing things, not *in spite* of being impossible, but simply *because* they were impossible, is not the extravagance that most people suppose it. There is a deep truth in it. Many are the things which, in proportion as they attract the *highest* modes of belief, discover a tendency to repel belief on that part of the scale which is governed by the lower understanding. And here, as so often elsewhere, the axiom with respect to extremes meeting manifests its subtle presence. The highest form of the incredible is sometimes the initial form of the credible. But the point on which our irreconcilability was greatest respected the *cui bono* (the ultimate purpose) of this alleged conspiracy. What were the conspirators to gain by success? and nobody pretended that they could gain anything by failure. The lady replied—that, by obliterating the light of Christianity, they prepared the readiest opening for the unlimited gratification of their odious appetites and passions. But to this the retort was too obvious to escape anybody, and for me it threw itself into the form of that pleasant story, reported from the life of Pyrrhus the Epirot—viz. that one day, upon a friend requesting to know what ulterior purpose the king might mask under his expedition to Sicily, "Why, after *that* is finished," replied the king, "I mean to administer a little correction (very much wanted) to certain parts of Italy, and particularly to that nest of rascals in Latium."—"And then——" said the friend: "And then," said Pyrrhus, "next we go for Macedon; and, after that job's jobbed, next, of course, for Greece."—"Which done——" said the friend: "Which done," interrupted the king, "as done it shall be, then we're off to tickle the Egyptians."—"Whom having tickled," pursued the friend, "then we——": "tickle the Persians," said the king.—"But after that is done," urged the obstinate friend, "whither next?"—"Why, really, man, it's hard to say; you give one no time to breathe; but we'll consider the case as soon as we come to Persia; and, until we've settled it, we can crown ourselves with roses, and pass the time pleasantly enough over the best wine to be found in Ecbatana."—"That's a very just idea," replied the friend; "but, with submission, it strikes me that we might do *that*

just now, and at the beginning of all these tedious wars, instead of waiting for their end." — "Bless me!" said Pyrrhus, "if ever I thought of *that* before. Why, man, you're a conjurer; you've discovered a mine of happiness. So, here, boy, bring us roses and plenty of Cretan wine."— Surely, on the same principle, these French Encyclopédistes, and Bavarian Illuminati, did not need to postpone any jubilees of licentiousness which they promised themselves to so very indefinite a period as their ovation over the ruins of Christianity. True, the *impulse* of hatred, even though irrational, may be a stronger force for action than any *motive* of hatred, however rational or grounded in self-interest. But, the particular motive relied upon by the stern lady, as the central spring of the antichristian movement, being obviously insufficient for the weight which it had to sustain, naturally the lady, growing sensible of this herself, became still sterner; very angry with me; and not quite satisfied, in this instance, with the Abbé. Yet, after all, it was not any embittered remembrance of our eternal feuds in dusting the jacket of the Abbé Barruel that lost me, ultimately, the favour of this austere lady. All *that* she forgave; and especially because she came to think the Abbé as bad as myself, for leaving such openings to my inroads. It was on a question of politics that our deadliest difference arose, and that my deadliest sarcasm was launched; not against herself, but against the opinion and party which she adopted. I was right, as usually I am, but on this occasion must have been, because I stood up as a patriot intolerant to frenzy of all insult directed against dear England, and she, though otherwise patriotic enough, in this instance ranged herself in alliance with a false anti-national sentiment. My sarcasm was not too strong for the case. But certainly I ought to have thought it too strong for the presence of a lady; whom, or any of her sex, on a matter of politics in these days, so much am I changed, I would allow to chase me, like a football, all round the tropics, rather than offer the least show of resistance. But my excuse was childhood; and, though it may be true, as the reader will be sure to remind me, that she was rapidly growing down to my level in that respect, still she had not quite reached it; so that there was more excuse

for me, after all, than for *her*. She was no longer five times as old, or even four; but when she would come down to be two times as old, and one time as old, it was hard to say.

Thus I had good reason for remembering my first introduction to the knowledge of Secret Societies, since this knowledge introduced me to the more gloomy knowledge of the strife which gathers in clouds over the fields of human life, and to the knowledge of this strife in two shapes: one of which none of us fail to learn—the personal strife which is awakened so eternally by difference of opinion, or difference of interest; the other, which is felt, perhaps, obscurely by all, but distinctly noticed only by the profoundly reflective —viz. the schism (so mysterious to those even who have examined it most) between the human intellect and many undeniable realities of human experience. As to the first mode of strife, I could not possibly forget it; for the stern lady died before we had an opportunity to exchange forgiveness, and *that* left a sting behind. She, I am sure, was a good forgiving creature at heart; and especially she would have forgiven *me*, because it was *my* place (if one only got one's right place on earth) to forgive *her*. Had she even hauled me out of bed with a tackling of ropes in the dead of night, for the mere purpose of reconciliation, I should have said, "Why, you see I can't forgive you entirely to-night, because I'm angry when people waken me without notice; but to-morrow morning I certainly will; or, if that won't do, you shall forgive *me*. No great matter *which*, as the conclusion must be the same in either case—viz. to kiss and be friends."

But the other strife, which perhaps sounds metaphysical in the reader's ears, then first wakened up to my perceptions, and never again went to sleep amongst my perplexities. O Cicero! my poor, thoughtless Cicero! in all your shallow metaphysics not once did you give utterance to such a bounce as when you asserted that never yet did human reason say one thing and nature say another. On the contrary, every part of nature—mechanics, dynamics, morals, metaphysics, and even pure mathematics—are continually giving the lie flatly by their facts and conclusions to the very necessities and laws of the human understanding. Did the reader ever

study the "Antinomies" of Kant? If not, he *shall*; and I am the man that will introduce him to that study. *There* he will have the pleasure of seeing a set of quadrilles or reels in which old Mother Reason amuses herself by dancing to the right and left two variations of blank contradiction to old Mother Truth, both variations being irrefragable, each variation contradicting the other, each contradicting the equatorial reality, and each alike (though past all denial) being a lie. But he need not go to Kant for this. Let him look as one having eyes for looking, and everywhere the same perplexing phenomenon occurs. And this first dawned upon myself in the Barruel case. As nature is to the human intellect, so was Barruel to mine. We all believe in nature without limit, yet hardly understand a page amongst her innumerable pages. I believed in Barruel by necessity, and yet everywhere my understanding mutinied against *his*. Superstitiously I believed the aggregate of what he said: rebelliously I contradicted each separate sentence.

But in Barruel I had heard only of Secret Societies that were consciously formed for mischievous ends; or, if not always for a distinct purpose of evil, yet always in a spirit of malignant contradiction and hatred. Soon I read of other societies, even more secret, that watched over *truth* dangerous to publish or even to whisper, like the sleepless dragons that oriental fable associated with the subterraneous guardianship of regal treasures. The secrecy, and the reasons for the secrecy, were alike sublime. The very image, unveiling itself by unsteady glimpses, of men linked by brotherly love and perfect confidence, meeting in secret chambers, at the noontide of night, to shelter, by muffling with their own persons interposed, and at their own risk, some solitary lamp of truth —sheltering it from the carelessness of the world and its stormy ignorance; *that* would soon have blown it out—sheltering it from the hatred of the world; *that* would soon have made war upon its life: all this was superhumanly sublime. The fear of those men was sublime; the courage was sublime; the stealthy, thief-like means were sublime; the audacious end—viz. to change the kingdoms of earth—was sublime. If they acted and moved like cowards, those men were sublime; if they planned with the audacity of martyrs, those men were

sublime: not less as cowards, not more as martyrs; for the cowardice that appeared above, and the courage that lurked below, were parts of the same machinery.

But another feature of sublimity, which it surprises me to see so many irreflective men unaware of, lies in the self-perpetuation and phœnix-like defiance to mortality of such societies. This feature it is that throws a grandeur even on a humbug; of which there have been many examples, and two in particular, which I am soon going to memorialise. Often and often have men of finer minds felt this secret spell of grandeur, and laboured to embody it in external forms. There was a Phœnix Club once in Oxford (up and down Europe there have been several), that by its constitution grasped not only at the sort of immortality aspired after by Phœnix insurance offices—viz. a legal or notional perpetuation, liable merely to no *practical* interruptions as regarded paying, and *a fortiori* as regarded receiving money, but otherwise fast asleep every night like other dull people: far more faithful, literal, intense, was the realisation in this Oxford case of an undying life. Such a condition as a "*sede vacante*," which is a condition expressed in the constitutions of all other societies, was impossible in this for any office whatever. That great case was realised which has since been described by Chateaubriand as governing the throne of France and its successions. "*His Majesty is dead!*" shouts a voice; and this seems to argue at least a moment's interregnum. Not at all—not a moment's: the thing is impossible. Simultaneous (and not successive) is the breath that ejaculates "*May the King live for ever!*" The birth and the death, the rising and the setting, synchronise by a metaphysical nicety of neck-and-neck, inconceivable to the book-keepers of earth. These wretched men imagine that the second rider's foot cannot possibly be in the stirrup until the first rider's foot is out. If the one event occurs in moment M, the other they think must occur in moment N. That may be as regards stirrups: but not as regards metaphysical successions. I admit that the guard of a mail-coach cannot possibly leave the post-office *before* the coachman, but, upon the whole, a little after him. Such base rules, however, find themselves compelled to give way in presence of great metaphysicians—

in whose science, as I stoop to inform book-keepers, the effect, if anything, goes rather ahead of the cause. Now this Oxford club arose on these sublime principles: no disease like intermitting pulse was known *there*. No fire but vestal fire was used for boiling the tea-kettle. The rule was that, if once entered upon the *matricula* of this amaranthine [1] club, thenceforwards, come from what zone of the earth you would,—come without a minute's notice—send up your card—Mr. O. P., from the Anthropophagi—Mr. P. O., from the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,—instantly you are shown in to the sublime presence. You were not limited to any particular century. Nay, by the rigour of the theory, you had your own choice of millennium. Whatever might be convenient to you was convenient to the club. The constitution of the club assumed that, in every successive generation, as a matter of course, some president duly elected (or his authorised delegate) would be found in the chair; scornfully throwing the *onus* of proof to the contrary upon the presumptuous reptile that doubted it. Public or private calamity signified not. The president reverberated himself through a long sinking fund of vice-presidents. There, night and day, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, sat the august man, looking as grim as the *Princeps Senatûs* amongst the Conscript Fathers of Rome when the Gauls entered on the well-known little errand of cutting their throats. If *you* entered on the very same errand, the president was backed to a large amount to keep his seat until his successor had been summoned. Suppose the greatest of revolutions to have passed over the island during your absence abroad; England, let us say, has even been conquered by a polished race of Hottentots. Very good: an accomplished Hottentot will then be found seated in the chair; you will be allowed to kiss Mr. President's black paw, and will understand that, although *farewells* might be common enough as regarded individual members, yet, by the eternal laws of this eternal club, the word *adjournment* for the whole concern was a

[1] "*Amaranthine*":—This word, familiar even to non-Grecian readers through the flower *amaranth*, and its use amongst poets, is derived from *a*, not (equivalent to our *un*), and *maraino*, to wither or decay.

word so treasonable as not to be uttered without risk of massacre.

The same principle in man's nature, the everlasting instinct for glorifying the everlasting, the impulse for petrifying the fugitive and arresting the transitory, which shows itself in ten thousand forms, has also, in this field of secret confederations, assumed many grander forms. To strive after a conquest over Time the conqueror, to confound the grim confounder, is already great, in whatsoever direction. But it is still greater when it applies itself to objects that are *per se* immortal, and mortal only as respects their alliance with man. Glorification of heaven—litanies chanted day and night by adoring hearts—these will doubtless ascend for ever from this planet. That result is placed out of hazard, and needs not the guarantee of princes. Somewhere, from some climate, from some lips, such a worship will not cease to rise. But, let a man's local attachments be what they may, he must sigh to think that no assignable spot of ground on earth, that no nation, that no family, enjoys any absolute privilege in that respect. No land, whether continent or island—nor race, whether freemen or slaves—can claim any fixed inheritance, or indefeasible heirlooms of truth. Yet, for that very reason, men of deep piety have but the more earnestly striven to bind down and chain their own conceptions of truth within the models of some unchanging establishments, even as the Greek Pagans of old chained down their gods from deserting them[1]; have striven to train the vagrant water-brooks of Wisdom, lest she might desert the region altogether, into the channels of some local homestead; to connect with a fixed succession of descendants the

[1] "*Chained down their gods*":—Many of the Greek states, though it has not been sufficiently inquired *which* states, and in what age, had a notion that in war-time the tutelary deities of the *place*, the local or epichorial gods, were liable to bribery, by secret offers of temples more splendid, altars better served, &c., from the enemy; so that a standing danger existed lest these gods should desert to the hostile camp; and especially because, not knowing the rate of the hostile biddings, the indigenous worshippers had no guide to regulate their own counter-biddings. In this embarrassment, the prudent course, as most people believed, was to chain the divine idols by the leg with golden fetters; or perhaps silver-gilt would suffice.

conservation of religion ; to root, as one would root a forest that is to flourish through ages, a heritage of ancient truth in the territorial heritage of an ancient household. That sounds to some ears like the policy that founded monastic institutions. Whether so or not, it is not necessarily Roman Catholic. The same policy—the same principle—the sighing after peace and the image of perpetuity, have many times moulded the plans of *Protestant* families. Such families, with monastic imaginations linked to Protestant hearts, existed numerously in England through the reigns of the First James and Charles—families amongst the gentry, or what on the Continent would be called the lower nobility, that remembered with love the gorgeous ritual and services of the Romish Church, but having *this* love combined with the love of Protestant doctrines.

Amongst these families, and distinguished amongst these families, was that of the Farrers.[1] The name of their patrimonial estate was Little Gidding, and, I think, in the County of Huntingdon. They were, by native turn of mind, and by varied accomplishments, a most interesting family. In some royal houses of Europe it was once a custom that every son, if not every daughter, should learn a trade. This custom subsisted down to the days of the unhappy Louis XVI, who was a locksmith,—and, I was once assured by a Frenchman, who knew him well, and knew his workmanship, not so bad a one, considering (you know) that one cannot be as rough as might be wished in scolding a locksmith that one is obliged to address as "Your Majesty." A majestic locksmith has a sort of right to be a bad one. The Farrers adopted this

[1] "*The Farrers*" :—There is, but by whom written I really forget, a separate memoir of this family, and published as a separate volume. In the county histories will also be found sketches of their history. But the most popular form in which their memorials have been retraced is a biography of Nicholas Farrer, introduced into one of the six volumes, I cannot say which, of the "Ecclesiastical Biography"—an interesting compilation, drawn up by the late Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, a brother of the great poet, and for many years examining chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Manners Sutton.—[The usual spelling of the name is "Ferrar" ; but, as "Farrer" may be an old alternative form, De Quincey's spelling is kept. The most complete account of Nicholas Ferrar, I believe, is in a volume published in 1855 by Mr. J. E. B. Mayor of Cambridge.—M.]

custom, and most of them chose the trade of a book-binder.

Why this was a good trade to choose I will explain in a brief digression. It is a reason which applies only to three other trades: viz. to coining, to printing books, and to making gold or silver plate. And the reason is this: all the four arts stand on an isthmus, connecting them, on one side, with the vast continent of merely mechanic crafts, on the other side with the far smaller continent of Fine Arts. This was the marking distinction between the coinages of ancient classical days and our own. Our European and East Indian [1] coins are the basest of all base products from rude barbaresque handicraft. Originally they must have been conceived by that man, some horrid Cyclops, who revealed the great idea of a horseshoe, of a poker, and of a tenpenny nail. Now, the ancient coins were modelled by the same immortal artists that conceived their exquisite *gems*, the cameos and the intaglios which you may buy, in Tassie's Sulphurs, at a few shillings each, or for much less in the engraved "Glyptothecæ."[2] But, as to coining, our dear lady the Queen (God bless her!) is so avaricious that she will have it all to herself. She won't let you or me into the smallest share of the business; and she lags us if we poach. That is what *I* call monopoly. And I do wish Her Majesty would be persuaded to read a ship-load of political economists (generally in octavo) that I could point out on the ruinous consequences of that vice, which, otherwise, it may be feared nobody ever

[1] For proof, look only at two coins of our British Empire—first, at our current *rupee* throughout Hindostan. When a child, I was presented by Bengal relatives with a rouleau of rupees by way of playthings: anything so rude in workmanship, so truly Hunnish, and worthy of Attila, I have not seen on this earth of ours. And yet, secondly, our own English *florin*, though less brutally inartificial, is even more offensive to good taste, because less unpretending as a work of display. Oh, that dreadful woman, with that dreadful bust!—the big woman, and the big bust!—whom and which to encircle in "a chaste salute" would require a man with arms fourteen feet long!

[2] James Tassie, modeller and engraver, 1735-1799. His "Descriptive Catalogue of a General Collection of Ancient and Modern Engraved Gems, Cameos as well as Intaglios, from the most celebrated Cabinets in Europe, cast in coloured Pastes, White Enamel, and Sulphur," was published in 1791.—M.

will read. After coining, the next best trade is printing. This, also, might approach to a fine art. When entering the twilight of dotage, reader, I mean to have a printing-press in my own study. I shall print some immaculate editions, as farewell keepsakes, for distribution amongst people that I love ; but rich and rare must be the gems on which *I* bestow this labour. I mean, also, to print a spelling-book for the reader's use. As it seems that he reads (else how can he be the reader?), he surely ought to spell. I hope he will not be offended. If he *is*,—and dreadfully, viewing it as the most awful insult that man could offer to his brother man,—in that case he might bequeath the spelling-book by will to his possible grandson. Two generations might dilute the affront, while it left the spelling-book undamaged. As to plate-making, it seems to rank with the most mechanic of handi-works : you think not of the sculptor, the chaser, and their exquisite tools, but of Sheffield, Birmingham, Glasgow, sledge-hammers, and pincers. It seems to require no art. I think I could make a dessert-spoon myself. Yet the openings which it offers are vast, wherever wealth exists, for the loveliest conceptions of higher art. Benvenuto Cellini—what an artist was *he !* There are some few of his most exquisite works in this country, which may be seen by applying in the right quarters. Judge of him by these, and not by his autobiography. There he appears as a vain, ostentatious man.[1] One would suppose, to hear *him* talk, that nobody ever executed a murder but himself. His own, I grant, are tolerable ; that's all you can say ; but not one of them is first-rate, or to be named on the same day with the Pope's attempt at murdering Cellini himself, which must command the unqualified approbation of the connoisseur. True, the papal attempt did not succeed, and most of

[1] When a murderer is thoroughly diseased by vanity, one loses all confidence in him. Cellini [1500-1570] went upon the plan of claiming all eminent murders, suitable in point of time and place, that nobody else claimed ; just as many a short poem in the Greek Anthologies marked *adespoton* (or *without an owner*) was sported by one pretender after another as his own. Even simple homicides he would not think it below him to challenge as his own. Two princes, at the very least, a Bourbon and a Nassau, he pretended to have shot ; it might be so, but nobody ever came forward to corroborate his statement.

Cellini's *did*. What of *that*? Who but idiots judge by the event? Much, therefore, as I condemn the man's vanity, and the more so because he claims some murders that too probably were none of *his* (not content with exaggerating his own, he absolutely pirated other men's murders !), yet, when you turn from this walk of art, in which he practised only as an *amateur*, to his *orfévrerie*, then you feel the interval that divides the charlatan from the man of exquisite genius. As a murderer, he was a poor creature ; as an artist in gold, he was inimitable. Finally, there remains *bookbinding*,[1] of which also one may affirm that, being often the vilest of handicrafts, it is susceptible of much higher effects in the enrichments, tooling, architecture (for an architecture there is), heraldic emblazonries, &c.

This art Mr. Farrer selected for his trade, by which I mean his daily mechanic occupation ; but he pursued it with the enthusiasm and the inventive skill which belong to a fine art. He had travelled on foot through Spain ; and I should think it not impossible that he had *there* seen some magnificent specimens of bookbinding. For I was once told, though I have not seen it mentioned in any book, that, a century before the date of Farrer's travels—which travels, I should say conjecturally, must be dated about ten to fifteen years after Shakspere's death — Cardinal Ximenes, about 1520, when printing his great Complutensian Bible, gave a special encouragement to a new style of binding, fitted for harmonising with the grandeur of royal *furniture*, and the carved enrichments of Gothic libraries.[2] This, and the other accomplishments which the Farrers had, they had in perfection. But the most remarkable trait in the family

[1] In youth I saw frequently *chefs d'œuvre* of bookbinding from the studios of some London artists (Hering, Lewis, &c.), and of several Germans—especially Kaltoeber, Staggemeier, and others (names forgotten by reason of prickliness and thorniness). But read the account of Mr. Farrer's Bible, and you see how far *he*, in 1635, must have outshone them.

[2] This was the earliest attempt at a Polyglot Bible, and had its name from the town of *Complutum*, which is, I think, the Latin name of *Alcala de Henarez*. The Henarez is a little river. Some readers will thank me for mentioning that the accent is on the *first* syllable of Complutum, the *u* in the penultimate being short ; not Complūtum, but Complŭtum, the adjective from which is *Complutensis*.

character was the exaltation of their devotional feelings. Had it not been for their benignity and humility, they might have been thought gloomy and ascetic. Something there was, as in thoughtful minds left to a deep sylvan solitude there is likely to be, of La Trappism and of Madame Guyon Quietism. A nun-like aspiration there was in the females after purity and oblivion of earth: in Mr. Farrer, the head of the family, a devotional energy, put forth in continual combat with the earthly energies that tempted him away to the world, and with all that offered itself under the specious name of public usefulness. In this combination of qualities arose the plan which the family organised for a system of perpetual worship. They had a family chapel regularly consecrated, as so many families of their rank still had in England. They had an organ: they had means of forming a choir. Gradually the establishment was mounted: the appointments were completed: the machinery was got into motion. How long the plan was effectually carried on would be hard to say. The increasing ferment of the times until the meeting of the Long Parliament in November 1640, and, in less than two years after that meeting, the opening of the great Civil War, must have made it absolutely impossible to adhere systematically to any scheme of that nature which required perfect seclusion from worldly cares *within* the mansion, and public tranquillity *without*,—not to mention that the Farrers had an extra source of molestation at that period, when Puritanism was advancing rapidly to a domineering station of power, in the public suspicions which unjustly (but not altogether unplausibly) taxed them with popish leanings. A hundred years later, Bishop Butler drew upon himself at Durham the very same suspicion, and in some degree justified by the very same thoughtless act—viz. by an adoption of pious symbols, open undeniably to the whole Catholic family of Christian Churches, and yet equivocal in their meaning, because specially in the popular mind appropriated to the use of popish churches.[1] Abstracting, however, from the violent disturbances of those stormy times in the

[1] Was it not Bishop Halifax who apologised for Butler in this instance? If Butler were in deep sincerity a Protestant, no apology was sufficient.

way of all religious schemes, we may collect that the scheme of the Farrers was that the chapel services should be going on, by means of successive "reliefs" as in camps, or of "watches" as at sea, through every hour of the day and the night, from year to year, from childhood to old age. Come when you might, come in the dawning, come in the twilight, come at noonday, come through silent roads in the dead of night—always you could rely upon hearing, through the woods of Little Gidding, the blare of the organ, the penitential wail of the solitary choristers, or the glad triumphant burst of the full choir in jubilation. There was some affinity in Mr. Farrer's mind to the Spanish peculiarities, and the Spanish modes of grandeur; awful prostration, like Pascal's, before the divine idea; gloom that sought to strengthen itself by tenfold involution in the night of solitary woods; exaggerated impressions (if such impressions *could* be exaggerated) of human wretchedness; and a brooding sense of some unknown illimitable grandeur,

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns"—

a sense that could sustain itself at its natural level only by eternal contemplation of objects that had no end.

Mr. Farrer's plan for realising a vestal fire, or something beyond it,—viz. a *secrecy* of truth, burning brightly in darkness, and, secondly, a *perpetuity* of truth,—did not succeed; as many a noble scheme that men never heard of has been swept away in its infancy, amongst the ruins of flood, fire, earthquake, which also are forgotten not less completely than what they ruined. Thank Heaven for that! If the noble is often crushed suddenly by the ignoble, one forgetfulness travels after both. The wicked earthquake which ruins is forgotten not less than the glorious temples which it ruined. Yet the Farrer plan has repeatedly succeeded and prospered through a course of centuries, and for purposes of the same nature.

But the strange thing is (which already I have noticed) that the general principle of such a plan has succeeded most memorably when applied to purposes of humbug. The two

best known of all secret societies that ever *have* been are the two most extensive monuments of elaborate humbug on the one side, and credulity on the other. They divide themselves between the ancient world and the modern. The great and illustrious humbug of Ancient History was THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES. The great and illustrious humbug of Modern History—of the History which boasts a present and a future, as well as a past—is FREEMASONRY. Let me take a few liberties with both.

The Eleusinian humbug was for centuries the opprobrium of scholars. Even in contemporary times it *was* such. The greatest philosopher and polyhistor of Athens, or of Rome, could no more tell you the secret, the *to aporreton* (unless he had been initiated, in which case he *durst* not tell it), than I can. In fact, if you come to *that*, perhaps I myself *can* tell it. The ancient philosopher would retort that we of these days are in the same predicament as to our own humbug—the Freemasons. No, no, my friend; you're wrong *there*. We know all about that humbug, as I mean to show you. But for what we know of Eleusis and its mummeries, which is quite enough for all practical purposes, we are indebted to none of you ancients, but entirely to modern sagacity. Is not *that* shocking,—that a hoax should first be unmasked when it has been defunct for fifteen hundred years, and after it has done business as a swindle through thirty generations? Dreadful—an't it? The interest which attaches to the Eleusinian shows is not properly an interest in *them*, but an alien interest in accidents indirectly connected with them. Secret there was virtually none; but a mystery at length begins to arise: how it was that this distressing secret—viz. of there being no secret at all—could, through so many generations, pass down in religious conservation of itself from all profane curiosity of outside barbarians. There was an endless file of heroes, philosophers, statesmen, all hoaxed, all of course incensed at being hoaxed; and yet not one of them is known to have revenged himself by blabbing. A great modern poet, musing philosophically on the results amongst the mob "in Leicester's busy Square" from looking through a showman's telescope at the moon, is surprised at

the crowd of spectators going off with an air of disappointment:

> "One after one, they move apart; nor have I one espied
> That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied."[1]

Yes; but I can tell him the reason of that. The fact is, a more pitiful sight for sight-seers than our own moon does not exist. The first man that showed *me* the moon through a glass of any power was a distinguished professor of astronomy. I was so incensed with the hoax (as it seemed) put upon me—such a weak, watery, wicked old harridan, substituted for the pretty creature I had been used to see—that I marched up to him with the angry design of demanding my half-crown back again, until a disgusting remembrance came over me that, being a learned professor, the showman could not possibly have taken any half-crown; which fact also destroyed all ground of action against him as obtaining money under false pretences. I contented myself, therefore, with saying that, until he showed me the man in the moon, with his dog, lantern, and bundle of thorns, I must decline corroborating his fancy of being able to exhibit the old original moon and no mistake. Endymion never could have had such a sweetheart as *that*. Let the reader take my advice, not to seek familiarity with the moon. Familiarity breeds contempt; and in this more eminently than in any other instance that I know.

It is certain that, like the travellers through "Leicester's busy Square," all the visitors of Eleusis must have abominated the hoax put upon them:

> "nor have I *one* espied
> That did not slackly walk away, as if dissatisfied."

See, now, the different luck of hoaxers in this world. Joseph Ady[2] is smoked pretty nearly by the whole race of

[1] Wordsworth's *Star-Gazers*.—M.

[2] "*Joseph Ady*":—Joseph Ady was a useful public servant, although in some degree a disreputable servant; and through half a generation (say sixteen or seventeen years in these days) a purveyor of fun and hilarity to the great nation of newspaper-readers. His line of business was this:—Naturally, in the case of a funded debt so vast as ours in Great Britain, it must happen that very numerous lodg-

man ; though, by the way, not until after a prosperity of some twenty years. The Continent is, by this time, wide awake ; Belgium has refused to take in his letters ; and the cruel Lord Mayor of London has threatened to indict Joe for a fraud, value twopence, by reason of the said Joe having seduced his lordship into opening an unpaid letter, which was found to contain nothing but an invitation from " yours respectfully "—not to a dinner, good or bad, but to an early

ments of sums not large enough to attract attention are dropping into the list of dividends with no apparent claimant every fortnight. Death is always at work in removing the barriers between ourselves—whoever this *ourselves* may happen to be—and claims upon the national debt that have lost (perhaps long ago) their original owners. The reader, for instance, or myself, at this very moment, may unconsciously have succeeded to some lapsed claim, between which and us five years ago there may have stood thirty or forty claimants with a nearer title. In a nation so adventurous and given to travelling as ours, deaths abroad by fire and water, by contagious disease, and by the dagger or the secret poison of the assassin (to which of all nations ours is most exposed, from inveterate habits of generous unsuspecting confidence), annually clear off a large body of obscure claimants, whose claims (as being not conspicuous from their small amount) are silently as snowflakes gathering into a vast fund (if I recollect, forty millions sterling) of similar noiseless accumulations. When you read the periodical list published by authority of the countless articles (often valuable) left by the owners in public carriages, out of pure forgetfulness, to the mercy of chance, or of needy public servants, it is not possible that you should be surprised if some enterprising countryman, ten thousand miles from home, should forget in his last moments some deposit of one, two, or three hundred pounds in the British Funds. In such a case, it would be a desirable thing for the reader and myself that some person practised in such researches should take charge of our interests, watch the future fortunes of the unadvertised claim, and note the steps by which sometimes it comes nearer and nearer to our own door. Now, such a vicarious watchman was Joseph Ady. In discharge of his self-assumed duties, he addressed letters to all the world. He communicated the outline of the case ; but naturally stipulated for a retaining fee (not much, usually twenty shillings) as the *honorarium* for services past and coming. Out of five thousand addressees, if nine-tenths declined to take any notice of his letters, the remaining tenth secured to him £500 annually. Gradually he extended his correspondence to the Continent. And general merriment attended his continual skirmishes with police-offices. But this lucrative trade was at last ungenerously stifled by a new section in the Post-Office Bill, which made the *writer* of letters that were refused liable for the postage. That legislative blow extinguished simultaneously *Adyism* and *Ady*.

remittance of one pound, for reasons subsequently to be disclosed. I should think — but there's no knowing — that there might be a chance still for Joe (whom, really, one begins to pity, as a persecuted man, cruising, like the Flying Dutchman, through seas that have all closed their ports) in Astrakan, and perhaps in Mecca. Some business might be done, for a few years, in Timbuctoo ; and an opening would undoubtedly be found for a connexion with Abd-el-Kader, if only any opening could be found to Abd-el-Kader through the French lines. Now, on the other hand, the goddess and her establishment of hoaxers at Eleusis did a vast "stroke of business" for more than six centuries, without any "unpleasantries"[1] occurring : no cudgels shaken in the streets, little incidents that custom (by making familiar) has made contemptible to the philosophy of Joe ; no round-robins, signed by the whole main-deck of the Platonic Academy or the Stoic Porch ; no prætors or lord mayors threatening actions *repetundarum*, and mourning over twopences that had gone astray. "Misfortune acquaints a man with strange bedfellows" ; and the common misfortune of having been hoaxed lowers the proudest and the humblest into a strange unanimity, for once, of pocketing their wrongs in silence. Eleusis, with her fine bronzed face, might say proudly and laughingly, "Expose *me*, indeed ! Why, I hoaxed this man's great-grandfather, and I trust to hoax his great-grandson. All generations of his house *have* been or *shall* be hoaxed ; and, having been hoaxed inevitably, they must afterwards be grateful to *me* for not exposing that fact of the hoax at their private expense."

There is a singularity in this case, of the same kind as that stratagem (but how prodigiously exceeded in its scale), imperfectly executed on the Greek leaders by the Persian satrap Tissaphernes, but perfectly, in one or two cases, amongst the savage islands of the South Seas, upon European crews, when one victim, having first been caught, has been used as the means of trepanning all his comrades in

[1] "*Unpleasantries*" :—This is a new and ludicrous word, launched, a very few years back, in some commercial towns. It is generally used, not in any sense that the reader would collect from its antipole *pleasantry*, but in a sense that he may abstract from the context in the sentence above.

succession. Each successive novice has been tamed, by terror, into an instrument for decoying other novices, from A to Z. Next, after this feature of interest in the Eleusinian mysteries, is another which modern times have quickened and developed —viz. the gift of enormous nonsense, the inspiration of nonsense, which the standing riddle of these mysteries has been the fortunate means of blowing into the brains of various able men. It requires such men, in fact, to succeed as speculators in nonsense. None but a man of extraordinary talents can write firstrate nonsense. Perhaps the prince of all men ever formed by nature and education for writing superior nonsense was Warburton. The natural vegetation of his intellect tended to that kind of fungus which is called "crotchet"; so much so that, if he had a just and powerful thought (as sometimes in germ he had), or a wise and beautiful thought, yet, by the mere perversity of his tortuous brain, it was soon digested into a crotchet. This native tendency of his was cultured and watered for years by his original profession as an attorney. Making him a bishop was, perhaps, a mistake; it certainly stunted the growth of special pleading, perhaps ruined the science; on the other hand, it saved the twelve judges of that day from being driven mad, as they would have been by this Hermes Trismegistus in the realms of *La Chicane*. Some fractions of the *virus* descended through the Warburtonian commentaries upon Pope, &c., corroding the flesh to the very bones wherever it alighted. But the centaur's shirt of Warburton's malignity was destined for the Hebrew lawgiver, and all that could be made to fall within that field. Did my reader ever read the "Divine Legation of Moses"? Is he aware of the mighty syllogism — that single block of granite, such as you can see nowhere but at St. Petersburg[1]

[1] "*That single block of granite, . . . St. Petersburg*":—This block is, I believe, a *monolith*. Even to obtain in an accessible situation, and still more to remove into its present site, such a granite mass insusceptible of partition, was a triumph of mechanic art, and consequently superadds to the attraction of the statue,—an equestrian statue of Peter the Great, founder at once of the city and the possibility of the city in that situation,—a scenical record of engineering power. So far, and considered as a conquest over difficulties, the entire mass must be very striking. But two objections must interfere with the spectator's pleasure. If, as I have been told, the monolith is itself the

—on which that elaborate work reposes? There is a Welsh bridge near Llanroost, the birth-place of Inigo Jones, built by that architect with such perfect skill that the people astonished me (but then "the people" were two milkmaids) by protesting that invariably a little breeze-footed Camilla, of three years old, in running across, caused the bridge to tremble like a guilty thing: so exquisite was the equilibrium that an infant's foot disturbed it. Unhappily, Camilla had sprained her ankle at that time, so that the experiment could not be tried; and the guilty bridge to me seemed not guilty at all (to judge by its trembling), but as innocent as Camilla herself. Now, Warburton must have sought to rival the Welsh *pontifex* in this particular test of architectural skill; for his syllogism is so divinely poised that, if you shake this key-stone of his great arch (as you certainly may), then you will become aware of a vibration, of a nervous tremor, running

basis of the statue, in that case what is ordinarily viewed as a *hors-d'œuvre*, no more belonging to the statue than the terrace, street, square, or public hall in which it may happen to be placed, suddenly enters into the artist's work as an essential and irremovable member, or integrant feature of his workmanship. Secondly, this granite monolith, being chiselled into the mimic semblance of an ascending precipice, or section of a precipice, unavoidably throws the horse into an unnatural action; not perhaps into an unnatural or false attitude; for the attitude may be true to the purpose: but that purpose is itself both false and ungraceful, unless for an ibex or an Alpine chamois. A horse is easily trained to ascend a flight of stairs; and, with no training at all, at the request of Mr. Pitt, a little horse of the Shetland breed was trotted upstairs into the front drawing-room at the London mansion of the penultimate Duke of Gordon. That was more than fifty years ago: for Pitt has been dead *now* (viz. November 1857) for nearly fifty-two years. But, within the recent knowledge of us all, a full-sized horse carried his rider in a flying leap over a splendid dinner table—glass, china, tureens, decanters, and blazing wax-lights—ambling gently downstairs on taking his leave, and winning a heavy wager. Such feats are accounted noble and brilliant amongst the princes and sirdars round the throne of Persia. But with us of the western world they are reputed more becoming to a Franconi or an Astley than to a Czar of all the Russias, who speaks as God's vicegerent to three hundred nations and languages. But even a flying leap is better than a *scrambling*: and up-hill over the asperities of a granite rock neither horse nor man is able to do more than scramble: and this is undignified for the Czar; is perilous and more unnatural than running upstairs for the horse; and to the poor spectator (unless paid for spectating) is sympathetically painful.

through the entire dome of his Divine Legation: you are absolutely afraid of the dome coming down with yourself in the centre; just as the Llanroost bridge used to be near going into hysterics when the light-footed Camilla bounded across it. This syllogism, on account of its connexion with the Eleusinian hoax, I will rehearse: it is the very perfection of a crotchet. Suppose the *major* proposition to be this: That no religion, unless through the advantage of divine inspiration, could dispense with the doctrine of future rewards and punishments. Suppose, secondly, the *minor* proposition this: That the Mosaic religion *did* dispense with that doctrine. Then the conclusion will be—*ergo*, the Mosaic religion was divinely inspired, else confessedly it could *not* have dispensed with it. The monstrous tenor of this argument made it necessary to argue most elaborately that all the systems of false and cruel religions were affectionately anxious for maintaining the doctrine of a future state; but, secondly, that the only true faith and the only pure worship were systematically careless of that doctrine. Of course it became necessary to show, *inter alia*, that the Grecian lawgivers, being Pagans, offered officially, for consecrated parts of the public religion, the doctrine of immortality as valid for man's expectations and fears; whilst at Jerusalem, at Hebron, on Mount Sinai, this doctrine was slighted. Generally speaking, a lie is a hard thing to establish. The Bishop of Gloucester was forced to tax his resources as an artist in building palaces of air, not less than ever Inigo Jones before him in building Whitehall or St. Vitus's bridge at Llanroost. Unless he could prove that Paganism fought hard for this true doctrine, then, by his own argument, Paganism would be found true. Just as, inversely, if he failed to prove that Judaism countenanced the false doctrine, Judaism would itself be found false. Whichever favoured the false was true; whichever favoured the true was false. There's a crotchet for you, reader, round and full as any prize-turnip ever yet crowned with laurels by great agricultural societies! I suspect that, in Homeric language, twice nine of such degenerate men as the reader and myself, though manuring with unlimited doses of guano, could not grow such a crotchet as that.

The Bishop had therefore to prove—it was an obligation

self-created by his own syllogism—that the Pagan Religion of Greece, in some great authorised institution of the land, taught and insisted on the doctrine of a future state as the basis on which all legal ethics rested. This great doctrine he had to suspend as a chandelier in his halls of Pagan mythology. A pretty chandelier for a Christian bishop to be chaining to the roof and lighting up for the glory of heathenism! Involuntarily one thinks of Aladdin's impious order for a roc's egg, the egg of the very deity whom the slave of the lamp served, to hang up in his principal saloon. The Bishop found his chandelier, or fancied he had found it, in the old lumber garrets of Eleusis. He knew, he could circumstantially reveal, what was taught in the Eleusinian shows. Was the Bishop ever there? No; but what of that? He could read through a milestone. And Virgil, in his 6th Æneid, had given the world a poetic account of the *Teletai*, which the Bishop kindly translated and expanded into the truth of absolute prose. The doctrine of immortality, he insisted, was the chief secret revealed in the mysteries. And thus he proved decisively that, because it taught a capital truth, Paganism must be a capital falsehood. It is impossible, within a few pages, to go into the innumerable details. Sufficient it would be for any casual reader to ask, if this were the very hinge of all legislative ethics in Greece, how it happened that it was a matter of pure caprice or accident whether any Greeks were initiated or not; secondly, how the Bishop would escape the following dilemma:—If the supposed doctrine were advanced merely as an opinion, one amongst others, then what authority did it draw from Eleusis? If, on the other hand, Eleusis pretended to some special argument for immortality, how came it that many Greek and some Roman philosophers, who had been introduced at Eleusis, or had even ascended to the highest degree of μυησις, did not, in discussing this question, refer to that secret proof which, though not privileged to publish it *as* the Eleusinian secret, they were quite at liberty to use as a postulate amongst initiated brothers? An opinion ungrounded was entitled to no weight even in the mobs of Eleusis; an argument upon good grounds must have been often alluded to in philosophic schools. Neither could a nation of holy cowards, trembling

like the bridge at Llanroost, have had it in their power to intercept the propagation of such a truth. The 47th of Euclid I. *might* have been kept a secret by fear of assassination, because no man could communicate *that* in a moment of intoxication: if his wife, for instance, should insist on his betraying the secret of that proposition, he might safely tell her—not a word would she understand or remember; and the worst result would be that she would box his ears for imposing upon her. I once heard of a poor fellow, who complained that, being a Freemason, he had been led the life of a dog by his wife, as if *he* were Samson and *she* were Delilah, on the motive of forcing him to betray the Masonic secret and sign; and these he solemnly protested that he *had* betrayed most regularly and faithfully whenever he happened to be drunk. But what did he get for his goodness? All the return he ever had for the kindness of this invariable treachery was a word, too common, I regret to say, on female lips—viz. *fiddle-de-dee.* And he declared, with tears in his eyes, that peace for *him* was out of the question, until he could find out some plausible falsehood that might prove more satisfactory to his wife's mind than the truth. Now, the Eleusinian secret, if it related to the immortality of the soul, could not have the protection of obscurity or complex involution; and upon the following dilemma:—If it had, then it could not have been intelligible to mobs; if it had *not*, then it could not have been guarded against the fervour of confidential conversation. A very subtle argument could not have been communicated to the multitudes that visited the shows; a very popular argument would have passed a man's lips, in the ardour of argument, before he would himself be aware of it.

But all this is superfluous. Let the reader study the short essay of Lobeck on this subject, forming one section in three of his "Aglaophamus," and he will treat with derision all the irrelevant skirmishing, and the vast roars of artillery pointed at shadows, which amuse the learned, but disgust the philosophic, in the "Divine Legation." Much remains to be done that Lobeck's rustic seclusion denied him the opportunities for doing; much that can be done effectually only in great libraries. But I return to my assertion: that the most memorable of all Secret Societies was the meanest; that the society which made

more people hold their tongues than ever the Inquisition did, or the mediæval Vehm-gericht, was a hoax ; nay, except Freemasonry, the transcendent and supreme of hoaxes.

Part II

Has the modern world no hoax of its own, answering to the Eleusinian mysteries of Grecian days ? Oh yes, it has. I have a very bad opinion of the ancient world ; and it would grieve me if such a world could be shown to have beaten us even in the quality of our hoaxes. I have also a very bad opinion of the *modern* world. But I daresay that in fifty thousand years it will be considerably improved ; and, in the meantime, if we are not quite so good or so clever as we ought to be, yet still we are a trifle better than our ancestors ; and I hope we are up to a hoax any day. A man must be a poor creature that can't lend a hand to a hoax. For two centuries we have had a first-rate one ; and its name is *Freemasonry.* Do you know the secret, my reader ? Or shall I tell you ? Send me a consideration, and I will. But stay : the weather being so fine, and philosophers, therefore, so good-tempered, I'll tell it you for nothing ; whereas, if you become a mason, you must pay for it. Here is the secret. When the novice is introduced into the conclave of the Freemasons, the grand-master looks very fierce at him, and draws his sword, which makes the novice melancholy, as he is not aware of having had time as yet for any profaneness, and fancies, therefore, that somebody must have been slandering him. Then the grand-master, or his deputy, cites him to the bar, saying, "What's *that* you have in your pocket ?" To which the novice replies, "A guinea."—"Anything more ?"—"Another guinea."—"Then," replies the official person, in a voice of thunder, "fork out." Of course, to a man coming sword-in-hand, few people refuse to do *that.* This forms the first half of the mysteries ; the second half, which is by much the more interesting, consists entirely of brandy. In fact, this latter mystery forms the reason, or final cause, for the elder mystery of the *Forking out.* But how did I learn all this so accurately ? Isn't a man liable to be assassinated if he betrays that ineffable mystery

or απορρητον of masonry, which no wretch but one since King Solomon's day is reputed ever to have blabbed? And perhaps, reader, the wretch didn't blab the whole; he only got as far as the *Forking out*, and, being a churl who grudged his money, ran away before reaching the *Brandy*. So that this fellow, if he seems to you but half as guilty as myself, on the other hand is but half as learned. It's better for you to stick by the guiltier man. And yet, on consideration, I am not so guilty as we have both been thinking. Perhaps it was a mistake. Dreaming on days far back, when I was scheming for an introduction to the honourable society of masons, and of course to their honourable secret, with the single-minded intention of instantly betraying that secret to a dear female friend (and, you see, in honour it was not possible for me to do otherwise, because she had made me promise that I *would*)—all this time I was soothing my remorse with a belief that Woman, as usual, was answerable for my treachery, she having positively compelled me to undertake it. When suddenly I woke into a bright conviction that all was a dream; that I had never been near the Freemasons; that I had treacherously evaded the treachery which I ought to have committed, by perfidiously forging a secret quite as good, very likely better, than the true one, but still not that particular secret which I had pledged my honour to betray; and that, if anybody had ground of complaint against myself, it was not the grand-master, sword-in-hand, but my poor ill-used female friend, so confiding, so amiably credulous in my treachery, but so cruelly deceived, who had swallowed a mendacious account of Freemasonry forged by myself,—the very same which, I fear that, on looking back, I shall find myself to have been palming, in this very page, upon the much-respected reader. As regards my own criminality, however, long ago it was consummated: for the whole bubble of Freemasonry was shattered in a paper which I myself threw into a London journal about the year 1823 or 1824. It was a paper in this sense mine, that from me it had received form and arrangement; but the materials belonged to a learned German—viz. Buhle; the same that edited the "Bipont Aristotle," and wrote a History of Philosophy. No German

has any conception of style. I therefore did him the favour to wash his dirty face, and make him presentable amongst Christians; but the substance was drawn entirely from this German book. It was there established that the whole hoax of masonry had been invented in the year 1629 by one Andreä; and the reason that my exposure *could* have dropped out of remembrance is, probably, that it never reached the public ear: partly because the journal had a limited circulation; but much more because the *title* of the paper was not so constructed as to indicate its object, or to throw out any promises of gratification to malice. But it *was* malicious: though I was foolish enough to dissemble in its title that part of its pretensions. A title which seemed to promise only a discussion of masonic doctrines must have repelled everybody; whereas it ought to have announced (what in fact was accomplished) the utter demolition of the whole masonic edifice. At this moment I have not space for an abstract of that paper; but it was conclusive; and hereafter, when I have strengthened it by facts since noticed in my own reading, it may be right to place it more effectually before the public eye.[1]

Finally, I will call the reader's attention to the most remarkable by far of all secret societies ever heard of, and for this reason, that it suddenly developed the most critical wisdom in a dreadful emergency; secondly, revealed to us that now are, but hid profoundly from its murderous contemporaries, the grandest of purposes; and, lastly, did all this with entire success. The purpose was to protect a jewel by hiding it from all eyes whilst it navigated a sea swarming with enemies. The critical wisdom was the most remarkable evidence ever given by the Primitive Christians of that serpent's subtlety which they had been warned to combine with the innocence of the dove. The success was the victory of the Christian Church over the armies that way-

[1] The reference is to a paper of De Quincey's entitled "Historico-critical Inquiry into the Origin of the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons," which had appeared, in four instalments, in the *London Magazine* for 1824,—not professing to be original, but only to be a translated adaptation or digest of a German work by Professor Buhle of Gottingen (1763-1821).—M.

laid its infancy. Without falsehood, without any shadow of falsehood, all the benefits of falsehood were secured. Without need to abjure anything, all that would have raised a demoniac yell for instant abjuration was suddenly hidden out of sight. In noonday the Christian Church was suddenly withdrawn behind impenetrable veils, even as the infant Christ himself was caught up to the secrecies of Egypt and the Wilderness from the bloody wrath of Herod. And, whilst the enemies of this infant society were roaming round them on every side, seeking for them, walking upon their very traces, absolutely touching them, or divided from their victims only as children in bed have escaped from murderers in thick darkness, sheltered by no screen but a muslin curtain,—all the while the inner principle of the Church lurked as in the cell at the centre of a labyrinth.

Was the honourable reader ever in a real labyrinth, like that described by Herodotus? We have all been in labyrinths of debt, labyrinths of error, labyrinths of metaphysical nonsense. But I speak of literal labyrinths. Now, at Bath, in my labyrinthine childhood, there *was* such a mystery: viz. in what were then called the Sydney Gardens, opening upon Great Pulteney Street. This mystery I used to visit; and I can assert that no type ever flashed upon my mind so pathetically shadowing out the fatal irretrievability of errors in early life. Turn but once wrong at first entering the inextricable jungle, and all was over; you were ruined; no wandering could recover the right path. Or suppose you even took the right turn at first, what of that? You couldn't expect to draw a second prize; yet five turnings offered very soon after: your chance of escaping error was now reduced to one-fifth of unity; and, supposing that again you drew no blank, not very far had you gone before sixteen roads offered. What remained for you to do *now*? Why, if you were a wise man, to cry like a girl. None but a presumptuous fool would count upon drawing for a third time a prize, and such a prize as one amongst fourteen. I mention all this, I recall this image of the poor Sydney Labyrinth,—whose roses, I fear, must long ago have perished, betraying all the secrets of the mysterious and pathless house,—simply to teach the stranger how secure, how im-

pregnable, is the central cell or *heart* of a labyrinth. Gibraltar is nothing to it. You may sit in that deep grave-like recess; you may hear steps of the Avenger approaching, but laugh at them. If you are coining, and have all the implements of coining round about you, never trouble yourself to hide them. Nobody will in this life ever reach you. Why, it is demonstrable, by the arithmetic of combinations, that, if a man should spend the flower of his age as a police-officer in trying to reach your coining-shop, he could not do it; you might rest as in a sanctuary, hidden and inaccessible to those who do not know the secret of the concealment. In that central recess you might keep a private still for a century without fear of the exciseman—that ancient traditional horror — or of Forbes Mackenzie, the new-born revelation of woe.

Light, common daylight, will not show you the stars: on the contrary, it hides them; and, the brighter this light becomes, the *more* it hides them. Even so, from the exquisite machinery of the earliest Christian society, whatever suspicions might walk about in the darkness, all efforts of fanatical enemies at forcing an entrance within the air-woven gates of these entrenchments were (as the reader will see) utterly thrown away. Round and round the furious Jews must have circumambulated the Christian camp, like the poor gold-fish eternally wheeling round his crystal wall, but, after endless circumgyrations, never nearer to any opening. That concealment for the Christian nursery was absolutely required, because else martyrdom would have come too soon. Martyrdom was good for watering the Church, and quickening its harvests; but, at this early stage of advance, it would utterly have extirpated the Church. If a voice had been heard from heaven, saying "Let there be martyrs," soon the great answering return would be heard rolling back from earth, "And there *were* martyrs." But for this there must be time; the fire, beyond all doubt, will never be extinguished, if once thoroughly kindled; but, in this earliest twilight of the Primitive Church, the fire was but a little gathering of scanty fuel fanned by human breath, and barely sufficient to show one golden rallying star in all the mighty wilderness.

There was the motive to the secret society which I am

going to describe!—*there* was its necessity! "Fall flat on your faces," says the Arab to the pilgrims, when he sees the purple haze of the simoom running before the wind. "Lie down, men," says the captain to his fusiliers, "till these hurricanes of the artillery be spent." "Mask all!—man and woman, in the service of God; mask, till this fiery wrath have passed away," was the order of the Christian leaders. Mask they did: not a Christian at this perilous era but hid himself from pursuing wrath. God said, Let my people reserve themselves for happier days; and all with one heart became Essenes.

I once threw together a few thoughts upon this obscure question of the *Essenes*; which thoughts were published at the time in a celebrated journal [1]; and my reason for referring to them here is in connexion with a single inappropriate expression since applied to that paper.

In a short article on myself in his "Gallery of Literary Portraits," Mr. Gilfillan spoke of that little disquisition in terms beyond its merit; and I thank him for his kind opinion. But as to one word, not affecting myself but the subject, I find it a duty of sincerity to dissent from him. He calls the thesis of that paper "*paradoxical.*" Now, paradox is a very charming thing; and, since leaving off opium, I take a great deal too much of it for my health. But, in this case, the paradox lies precisely and outrageously in the opposite direction: that is, when used (as the word *paradox* commonly is) to mean something that startles by its extravagance. Else I have twice or three times explained in print, for the benefit of my female or non-Grecian readers, that *paradox*, being a purely Greek word, ought strictly to be read by a Grecian light, and then it implies nothing, of necessity, that may not be right. Here follows a rigorous definition of *paradox* in a Greek sense. Not *that* only is paradoxical which, being really false, puts on the semblance of truth; but, secondly, *that*, also, which, being really true, puts on the

[1] To wit the preceding paper on "The Essenes," which had appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, April, and May 1840. De Quincey, now (*i.e.* in 1847) writing on "Secret Societies" in *Tait's Magazine*, and having more to say about the Essenes, seizes the opportunity for re-opening that subject.—M.

semblance of falsehood. For, literally speaking, everything is paradoxical which contradicts the public *doxa* (δοξα), that is, contradicts the popular opinion or the public expectation, which may be done by a truth as easily as a falsehood. The very weightiest truths now received amongst men have nearly all of them, in turn, in some one stage of their development, been found strong paradoxes to the popular mind. Hence it is, viz. in the Grecian sense of the word *paradox*, as something extraordinary, but not on that account the less likely to be true, that several great philosophers have published, under the idea and title of *paradoxes*, some first-rate truths on which they desired to fix public attention; meaning, in a shorthand form, to say—"Here, reader, are some extraordinary truths, looking so very like falsehoods that you would never take them for anything else if you were not invited to give them a special examination." Boyle published some elementary principles in hydrostatics as paradoxes. Natural philosophy is overrun with paradoxes. Mathematics, mechanics, dynamics, are all partially infested with them. And in morals the Stoics threw their weightiest doctrines under the rubric of paradoxes,—a fact which survives to this day in a little essay of Cicero's. To be paradoxical, therefore, is not necessarily to be unphilosophic; and, that being so, it might seem as though Mr. Gilfillan had laid me under no obligation to dissent from him. But, used popularly, as naturally Mr. Gilfillan meant to use it in that situation, the word certainly throws a reproach of extravagance upon any thought, argument, or speculation, to which it is imputed.[1]

Now it is important for the reader to understand that the very first thing which ever fixed my sceptical eye upon the whole fable of the Essenes, as commonly received amongst Christian churches, was its intolerable extravagance. This, and nothing else, it was that first extorted from me, on a July day, one long shiver of horror at the credulity, the bottomless credulity, that could have swallowed such a legend

[1] This paragraph of the original in *Tait's Magazine* was omitted by De Quincey in his reprint of the paper in his Collective Edition, but is now restored, as curious in itself, and as making the transit back to the subject of the Essenes less abrupt.—M.

of delirium. Why, Pliny, my excellent sir, you were a gentleman mixing with men of the highest circles—you were yourself a man of fine and brilliant intellect, a jealous inquirer, and, in extent of science, beyond your contemporaries—how came you, then, to lend an ear, so learned as yours, to two such knaves as your Jewish authorities? For, doubtless, it *was* they—viz. Josephus and Philo-Judæus—that poisoned the Plinian ear. Others from Alexandria would join the cabal; but these vagabonds were the ringleaders. Now, there were three reasons for specially distrusting such men: two known equally well to Pliny and me; one separately to myself. Jews had by that time earned the reputation, in Roman literature, of being credulous by preference amongst the children of earth. That was one reason; a second was that all men tainted with intense nationality,—and especially if not the gay, amiable nationality of Frenchmen, but a gloomy, unsocial nationality,—are liable to suspicion as liars. So much was known to Pliny; and a third thing, which was not, I could have told him—viz. that Josephus was the greatest knave in that generation. A learned man in Ireland is at this moment bringing out a new translation of Josephus; which has, indeed, long been wanted; for "wicked Will Whiston,"[1] whose English version is the one current at this

[1] "*Wicked Will Whiston*":—In this age, when Swift is so little read, it may be requisite to explain that Swift it was who fastened this epithet of *wicked* to Will Whiston; and the humour of it lay in the very incongruity of the epithet; for Whiston, thus sketched as a profligate, was worn to the bone by the anxieties of a conscience too scrupulous: he was anything but wicked, being pedantic, crazy, and fantastical in virtue after a fashion of his own,—that *must* have been sincere, as it neither brought nor promised anything but ruin. He ruined his wife and family, he ruined himself and all that trusted him, by crotchets that he never could explain to any rational man, and by one thing that he never explained to himself, which a hundred years after I explained very clearly—viz. that all his heresies in religion, all his crazes in ecclesiastical antiquities, in casuistical morals, and even as to the discovery of the longitude, had their rise, not (as his friends thought) in too much conscientiousness and too much learning, but in too little rhubarb and magnesia. In his Autobiography he has described his own craziness of stomach in a way to move the gravest reader's laughter, and the sternest reader's pity. Everybody, in fact, that knew his case and history stared at him, derided him, pitied him, and in some degree respected him. For he was a man of eternal

day, was a blockhead at starting, by special favour of nature; was a prig of formidable dimensions; and (according to his own confession) a ruined dyspeptic, knocked up (and sometimes knocked down) by a long course of constitutional flatulency. He was also a miserable Grecian, a miserable antiquarian, a coarse writer of English, and, at that time of day, in the absence of the main German and English researches on the many questions (chronological and historical) in Syro-Judaic and Egyptian antiquities, had it not within his physical possibilities to adorn the Sparta[1] which chance had assigned him. From what I hear, the History will benefit by this new labour of editorial culture; the only thing to be feared is that the historian, the bad Josephus, will not be meritoriously scourged. One aspect of Josephus and his character occurs to me as interesting—viz. when placed in collision with the character so different, and the position so similar, of St. Paul. In both these men, when suddenly detained for inspection at an early stage of their career, we have a bigot of the most intractable quality; and in both the bigotry expressed its ferocity exclusively upon

self-sacrifice, and that is always venerable; he was a man of primitive unworldly sincerity, and that is always lovely: yet both the one and the other were associated with so many oddities and absurdities as compelled the most equitable judge at times to join in the general laughter. He and Humphrey Ditton, who both held official stations as mathematicians, and were both honoured with the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, had both been candidates for the parliamentary prize as discoverers of the longitude; and, naturally, both were found wrong; which furnishes the immediate theme for Swift's savage ridicule:—

"The longitude mist on
By wicked Will Whiston;
And not better hit on
By good Master Ditton:
Sing Whiston, sing Ditton."

After which Swift grows too atrociously Swiftian for quotation.

[1] "*To adorn the Sparta*":—This is an old proverbial form of expression amongst the ancients. When any man had assigned to him for culture or for embellishment a barren, a repulsive, or an ungenial field of labour, his friends would often cheer him up by saying, "Spartam, quam nactus es, exorna"; *i.e.* "That Sparta (or homely province) which you have obtained as your allotment, improve and make the best of."

the Christians, as the new-born heretics that troubled the unity of the National Church. Thus far the parties agree; and they agree also in being as learned as the limitations of their native literature would allow. But from that point, up to which the resemblance in position, in education, in temper, is so close, how entirely opposed! Both erring profoundly; yet the one not only in his errors, but *by* his errors, showing himself most single-minded, conscientious, fervent, devout,—a holy bigot, as incapable of anything mercenary then, of anything insidious, or of compromise with modes of self-interest, as after the rectification of his views he was incapable of compromise with profounder shapes of error. The other, a timeserving knave, sold to adulation and servile ministrations; a pimp; a liar; or ready for any worse office, if worse is named on earth. Never on any human stage was so dramatically realised as by Josephus in Rome the delineation of our English poet:—

> "A fingering, meddling slave;
> One that would peep and botanise
> Upon his mother's grave."

Yes, this master in Israel, this leader of Sanhedrims, went as to something that he thought a puppet-show,—sat the long day through to see a sight. What sight? Jugglers, was it? buffoons? tumblers? dancing-dogs? or a reed shaken by the wind? Oh no! Simply to see his ruined country carried captive in effigy through the city of her conqueror—to see the sword of the Maccabees hung up as a Roman trophy—to see the mysteries of the glorious Temple, to see the Holy of Holies (which even the High Priest could enter only once in the year) by its representative memorials, dragged from secrecy before the grooms and gladiators of Rome. Then, when this was finished,—a woe that would once have caused Hebrew corpses to stir in their graves,—he goes home to find his luxury, his palace, and his harem, charged as a perpetual tax upon the groans of his brave unsurrendering countrymen, that had been sold as slaves into marble quarries: *they* worked extra hours that the one sole traitor to Jerusalem might revel in honour.

When first I read the account of the *Essenes* in Josephus, I leaned back in my chair, and apostrophised the writer thus :—"Wicked Joseph, listen to me ; you've been telling us a fairy tale ; and, for my part, I've no objection to a fairy tale in any situation ; because, if one can make no use of it one's-self, always one knows a child that will be thankful for it. But this tale, Mr. Joseph, happens also to be a lie ; secondly, a fraudulent lie ; thirdly, a malicious lie." It was a fiction—not at all of ignorance or error, but of hatred against Christianity. For I shall startle the reader a little when I inform him that, if there were a syllable of truth in the main statement of Josephus, then at one blow goes to wreck the whole edifice of Christianity. Nothing but blindness and insensibility of heart to the *true* internal evidence of Christianity could ever have hidden this from men. Religious sycophants, who affect the profoundest admiration, but in their hearts feel none at all, for what they profess to regard as the beauty of the moral revelations made in the New Testament, are easily cheated, and often *have* been cheated, by the grossest plagiarisms from Christianity offered to them as the pure natural growths of Paganism. I would engage to write a Greek version somewhat varied and garbled of the Sermon on the Mount, were it hidden in Pompeii, unearthed, and published as a fragment from a posthumous work of a Stoic, with the certain result that very few people indeed should detect in it any signs of forgery. There are several cases of that nature, actually unsuspected at this hour, which my deep cynicism and detestation of human hypocrisy yet anticipates a banquet of gratification in one day exposing. Oh, the millions of deaf hearts, deaf to everything really impassioned in music, that pretend to admire Mozart ! Oh, the worlds of hypocrites who cant about the divinity of scriptural morality, and yet would never see any lustre at all in the most resplendent of Christian jewels, provided the pagan thief had a little disguised the setting ! The thing has been tried long before the case of the *Essenes* ; and it takes more than a scholar to detect the imposture. A philosopher who must also be a scholar is wanted. The eye that suspects and watches is needed. Dark seas were those over which the ark of Christ-

ianity tilted for the first four centuries; evil men and enemies were cruising; and an Alexandrian Pharos is required to throw back a light broad enough to search and sweep the guilty secrets of those times. The Church of Rome has always thrown a backward telescopic glance of question, of doubt, and uneasy suspicion, upon these ridiculous *Essenes*, and has repeatedly come to the right practical conclusion—that they were, and must have been, Christians under some mask or other; but the failure of Rome has been in carrying the Ariadne's thread through the whole labyrinth from centre to circumference. Rome has given the ultimate solution rightly, but has not (in geometrical language) raised the construction of the problem with its conditions and steps of evolution. Shall I tell you, reader, in a brief, rememberable form, what was the crime of the hound Josephus through this fable of the *Essenes* in relation to Christ? It was the very same crime as that of the hound Lauder in relation to Milton. Lauder, about the middle of the last century, bearing deadly malice to the memory of Milton, conceived the idea of charging the great poet with plagiarism. He would greatly have preferred denying the value *in toto* of the "Paradise Lost." But, as this was hopeless, the next best course was to say—Well, let it be as grand as you please, it is none of Milton's. And, to prepare the way for this, he proceeded to translate into Latin (but with plausible variations in the expression or arrangement) some of the most memorable passages in the poem. By this means he had, as it were, melted down or broken up the golden sacramental plate, and might now apply it to his own felonious purposes. The false swindling travesty of the Miltonic passage he produced as the undoubted original, professing to have found it in some rare or obscure author, not easily within reach, and then saying—Judge (I beseech you) for yourself whether Milton were indebted to this passage or not. Now, reader, a falsehood *is* a falsehood, though uttered under circumstances of hurry and sudden trepidation; but certainly it becomes, though not more a falsehood, yet more criminally and hatefully a falsehood, when prepared from afar, and elaborately supported by fraud, and dovetailing into fraud, and having no palliation from pressure and haste. A man

is a knave who falsely, but in the panic of turning all suspicion from himself, charges you or me with having appropriated another man's jewel. But how much more odiously is he a knave, if with no such motive of screening himself, if out of pure devilish malice to us, he has contrived in preparation for his own lie to conceal the jewel about our persons! This was what the wretch Lauder tried hard to do for Milton. This was what the wretch Josephus tried hard to do for Christ.

In 1839-40 and 41 it was found by our force in Affghanistan that, in a degree much beyond any of the Hindoo races, the Affghan Sirdars and officers of rank were profoundly struck by the beauty of the Evangelists: especially in five or six passages, amongst which were the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount, with one or two Parables. The reason of this was that the Affghans, though more simple and unpolished than the Hindoos, were also in a far more natural condition of moral feeling: being Mahometans, they were much more advanced in their conceptions of Deity; and they had never been polluted by the fearful distractions of the Hindoo polytheism. Now, I am far from insinuating that the Romans of that first Christian era were no further advanced in culture than the Affghans; yet still I affirm that, in many features, both moral and intellectual, these two martial races resembled each other. Both were slow and tenacious (that is adhesive) in their feelings. Both had a tendency to dulness, but for that very reason to the sublime. Mercurial races are never sublime. There were two channels through whom the Palestine of Christ's day communicated with the world outside—viz. the Romans of the Roman armies, and the Greek colonists. Syria under the Syro-Macedonian dynasty, Palestine under the house of Antipater, and Egypt under the Ptolemies—were all deluged with Greek emigrants and settlers. Of these two races, the subtle, agile Greek, unprincipled, full of change and levity, was comparatively of little use to Christianity as a centre waiting and seeking for means of diffusion. Not only were the deeper conscientious instincts of the Romans more suited to a profound religion, as instruments for the radiation of light; but also it is certain that

the military condition *per se* supplies some advantages towards a meditative apprehension of vast eternal problems beyond what *can* be supplied by the fractionary life of petty brokerage or commerce. This is also certain: that Rome itself — that great idea which predominated in Roman camps — cherished amongst her soldiery, from the very enormities of her state, and from the chaos of her internal life, a tendency to vast fermentations of thought favourable to revolutions in man's internal worlds of feeling and aspirations. Hence it will be found, if once a man's eye is directed into that current, that no classes of people did so much for the propagation of Christianity as the officers of the Roman army[1]:—tribunes (or even officers no higher than centurions), prefects, legates, &c.; or (secondly), as the *aulic* officers, the great ceremonial ministers of the imperial court; or (thirdly), as the *aulic* ladies, the great leading official women that stood on the steps of Cæsar's throne. The utter dying away of the Roman paganism, which had become quite as powerless to all the accomplished men and women of Rome, for any purpose of terror or of momentary consolation, as to us English at present is the mythology of Fairies, left a frightful *vacuum* in the mind of Roman grandees—a horror as of voyagers embarked upon some fragment of a wreck into unknown darkness, without a taper for guid-

[1] "*Officers*":—I take advantage of this accidental notice directed to the class which amongst ourselves bears the designation of *officers*, for the purpose of calling attention to this most singular and inexplicable fact—that the Romans, by whom more than by any other people was developed the whole economy of war, consequently the whole corresponding nomenclature, had no term expressing the distinction of officers. If you were a *captain*, they called you a *centurion*; if a colonel, *tribunus*; and if a *private—i.e.* a common soldier, or soldier in the ranks, which logically stands in contra-position to the term *officer*—they called you *miles gregarius*. But if, in speaking of you or me, they wished to say that either of us was a bad officer, though of what rank they could not say, by Mercury they had no word for conveying their meaning. The *thing* officer was as well known at Rome as coals at Newcastle: but not the *word*, or the *idea* as abstracted from all varieties of rank. Does not this go far to prove that there were blockheads in those days?—as again the continuity of succession in that great race (viz. blockheads) seems implied in the possibility that to my unworthy self should be left the very first indication of this unaccountable *lacuna* in the Roman vocabulary.

ance, or helmsman, or anchorage. In this unhappy agitation of spirit, and permanent posture of clamorous demand for light, a *nidus* was already forming for a deep brooding interest in any great spiritual phenomena of sufficient breadth and power that might anywhere arise amongst men. Athens was too windy, too conceited, too shallow in feeling, to have been much impressed by the deepest revolutionary movements in religion. But in Rome, besides the far different character of the national mind, there were what may be called *spiritual* horrors arising, which (like dreadful nervous diseases) unfolded terrifically spiritual capacities and openings beyond what had been suspected. The great domestic convulsions of Rome, the poisonings and assassinations, that gleam so fearfully from the pictures of Juvenal, were beginning about this period. It was not that by any coarse palpable logic, as dull people understood the case, women or men said—"Accountability there is none; and we will no longer act as if there were." Accountability there never *had* been any; but the obscure scene of an order with which all things sympathised, men not less than the wheels of society—this had blindly produced an instinct of corresponding self-control. At present, when the pagan religion had virtually died out, all secret restraints were breaking up; a general delirium carried, and was felt to carry, a licence into all ranks; it was not a negative merely, but a positive change. A religion had collapsed—*that* was negative; a mockery had been drawn into high relief—*that* was positive. It was not that restraints were resisted; there were none to resist; they had crumbled away spontaneously. What power still acted upon society? Terror from police; and still, as ever, the divine restraints of love and pity, honour, and domestic affections. But the conscience spoke no longer through any spiritual organs. Just at this moment it was, when the confusions of Roman society, the vast expansion of the Empire, the sea-like infinity of the mighty capital, the political tendencies of the whole system, were all moving together towards grandeur and distraction of feeling, that the doctrine of *apotheosis*, applied to a man and often to a monster, towered up to cause still greater Babylonian dis-

traction.[1] The Pagan Pantheon had just sunk away from the support of the Roman mind. It was not only that the pagan gods were individually too base and polluted to sustain the spiritual feelings of an expanding national intellect, but the whole collective idea of Deity was too feebly conceived by paganism. Had the individuals of the Pantheon been purer and nobler, their doom was sealed, nevertheless, by their abstract deficiencies as modes of spiritual life for a race so growing as that of man. How unfortunate, therefore, that at this crisis, when ancient religions were crumbling into ruins, new gods should be arising from the veriest beasts amongst men: utterly repelled and rejected by the spiritual instinct in man, yet suggested by a necessity of political convenience.

But oftentimes the excess of an evil is its cure, or the first impulse in that direction. From the connexion of the

[1] The Romans themselves saw a monstrosity in this practice which did not really exist in the metaphysical theory. It was, and it was *not*, monstrous. In reality it was rational or monstrous, according to theoretic construction. Generally speaking, it was but a variety of that divinity which in Christendom all of us so long ascribed to kings. We English always laughed at the French with their *grand monarque*, although we ourselves, until after Charles I, never presented anything to the sovereign without going down upon our knees. The Americans of the United States have always laughed at us English, and the sanctity with which our constitution invests the sovereign. We English, French, and Americans, have all alike laughed at the Romans upon this matter of *apotheosis*. And, when brought before us under the idea of Seneca's *apocolocuntosis*, this practice has seemed too monstrous for human gravity. And yet, again, we English, French, Americans, and Romans, should all have united in scorn for the deep Phrygian, Persian, or Asiatic servility to kings. We of European blood have all looked to the constitutional idea, not the individual person of the sovereign. The Asiatics, though *they* also feebly were groping after the same deep idea, sought it in such a sensual body of externals that none but a few philosophers could keep their grasp on the original problem. How profound an idea is the sanctity of the English sovereign's constitutional person; which idea first made possible the responsibility of the sovereign's ministers! They could be responsible only if the sovereign were *not*; let *them* be accountable, and the king might then safely be inviolable. Now really in its secret metaphysics the Roman apotheosis meant little more. Only the accountability lay not in Cæsar's ministers, but in the personal and transitory Cæsar, as distinguished from the eternal Imperator.

great Augustan[1] and Claudian houses with the family of Herod, much knowledge of Jewish peculiarities had been diffused in Rome. Agrippa, the grandson of Herod, Berenice, and others of the reigning house in Judæa, had been long resident—had been loved and admired—in the Imperial family. The tragical events in Herod's own household[2] had drawn the attention of the Roman grandees and senate to Jewish affairs. The migrations to Rome of Jewish settlers since the era of Pharsalia had strengthened this interest by keeping the enigma of the Jewish history and character constantly before the Roman eye. The upper and more intellectual circles in Rome of inquiring men and women kept up this interest through their military friends in the legions quartered upon Syria and Lower Egypt, many of whom must have read the Septuagint version of the Law and the Prophets. Some whispers, though dim and scarcely intelligible, would have made their way to Rome as to the scenes of the Crucifixion, able at least to increase the attraction of mystery. But a much broader and steadier interest would have been diffused by the accounts transmitted of the Temple, so mysterious to all nations from the absence of idol, so magnificent to the eye and the ear from its glorious service. By the time when Vespasian and his son commanded in the East, and when the great insurrection of the Jewish race in Jerusalem was commencing, Josephus must have been well aware of this deep attention to his own people gathering in the highest quarters; and he must have been aware that

[1] "*Great Augustan*":—The house of Augustus individually, it will be objected, was *not* great: the Octavian house was petty; but it was elevated by its matrimonial alliance with the Julian house, and otherwise.

[2] "*Herod's own household*":—viz. the murder of his wife Mariamne, to whom (as representing the Asmonéan house) he was indebted for his regal rank; next, the murder of her youthful brother, who stood nearest to the crown upon *her* death; lastly, the murder of the two most distinguished amongst his own sons. All which domestic carnage naturally provoked the cutting remark ascribed to Augustus Cæsar (himself bloody enough as controller of his female household), that it was far better to be numbered amongst Herod's swine than amongst his kinsfolk; seeing that his swine were protected by the Mosaic law against the butcher's knife, whereas his kinsfolk enjoyed no such immunity.

what was now creeping into the subject of profoundest inquiry amongst the Jews themselves—viz. the true pretensions, the history, doctrines, and new morals, of those Nazarene revolutionists—would, by a natural transfer, soon become the capital object of attention to all Romans interested in Judæa. The game was up for the separate glory of Judaism, the honour of the Mosaic legislation was becoming a superannuated thing, if he suffered the grandeur of Christianity, *as* such, and recognised for Christianity, to force its way upon the fermenting intellect of Rome. His discernment told him that the new Christian ethics never *would* be put down. That was impossible; but he fancied that it might be possible to disconnect the system of moral truth from the new, but as yet obscure, Christian sect, and to transfer its glory upon a pretended race of Hebrew recluses or immemorial eremites. As Lauder meant to say, "This may be grand, but it is not Milton's," so did Josephus mean to say, "This system of morals may be very fine and very new; but take notice, it is not Christ's." During his captivity in Roman hands and in Rome, being one of the few cowards who had spiritedly volunteered as a traitor to Jerusalem, and being a good scholar for a Jew as well as a good traitor and the best of cowards, he enjoyed the finest opportunities of insinuating his ridiculous legend about the Essenes into the foremost literary circles of the universal metropolis. Imperial favour, and the increasing curiosity of Rome, secured him access to the most intellectual circles. His legend was adopted by the ruling authority in the literature of the earth; and an impossible lie became signed and countersigned for many centuries to come.

But how did this particular form arise for the lie? Were there no such people as the Essenes? Why, no; not as Josephus described them: if there were, or could be, then there were Christians without Christ; then there was a Christianity invented by man. Under *his* delineation, they existed only as King Arthur existed, or Morgan le Fay, or the sword Excalibur. Considered in their romantic pretensions connected with the Round Table, these worthy blades of flesh and steel were pure dreams; but, as downright sober realities, known to cutlers as regards one of these classes, and

to creditors as regards the other, they certainly have a hold upon History. So of the Essenes: nobody could be more certain than Josephus that there *were* such people; for he knew the very street of Jerusalem in which they met; and in fact he had been matriculated amongst them himself. Only all that moonshine about remote seclusions, and antique derivations, and philosophic monasticism, were fables of the Hesperides, or fit for the future use of Archbishop Turpin. What, then, is my own account of the Essenes?

The earliest great danger to which Christianity was exposed arose, not with that mighty power which subsequently molested or threatened them—*i.e.* Rome and Cæsar—but with the Jews. This was the danger that besieged the very cradle of the religion. From Rome no danger arose until the time of Trajan; and, as to the nature of this danger, the very wildest mistake is made in books innumerable. No Roman anger ever *did*, or ever *could*, point to any doctrine of Christianity; unless, indeed, in times long subsequent, when the Christian doctrines, though otherwise indifferent to the Roman authorities, would become exponents or convertible signs of the firm disloyalty to Cæsar which constituted the one great offence of Christians. Will you burn incense to Cæsar? No. Well, that is your state crime, Christian; *that*, and neither less nor more. With the Jews the case was exactly reversed; they cared nothing about the external ceremonies (or *cultus*) of the Christians, what it was they practised, or what it was they refused to practise. A reasonable distinction would even have been a recommendation in their eyes; and, as to any differences between their own ritual and the Christian, for these (had they been far more or far greater) the ruling Jews would readily have found the same indulgence which they found for other schismatics, or imperfect proselytes, or doubtful brothers, or undoubted Gentiles. All these things were trifles; what *they* cared about was exactly what the Romans did *not* care about—viz. the Christian doctrines in relation to Moses and the Messiah. Was the Messiah come? Were the prophecies accomplished? Was the Mosaic economy of their nation self-dissolved, as having reached its appointed terminus, or natural euthanasy, and having lost itself in a new order of things—viz. Christ-

ianity? This concerned their existence as a separate people. If *that* were the Messiah whom the Christians gave out for such, then all the fabric of their national hopes, their visions of an earthly restoration, were shattered. Into this question, into this final issue, shot itself the whole agony of their hereditary interest and pride as the children of Abraham. The Jewish nature was now roused and stung in good earnest. So much we may see sufficiently in the Acts of the Apostles; and we may be assured by more than one reflection that the Jewish leaders at that time were resolved not again to commit the error of relaxing their efforts until the work of extermination was perfect. They felt, doubtless not without much surprise, but still with some self-reproach, that they had been too negligent in assuming the sect to have been trampled out by the judicial death of its leader. Dispersion, they now became aware, had not prevented the members of the sect from recombining; and even the public death as a malefactor of the leader in that sect was so far from having dimmed the eyes or dejected the hopes of the main body that, in fact, this very death had become the triumphant glory and corner-stone of the rising Christian temple. There was, besides, a reason to dread the construction of the Romans upon this heresy, if it continued longer to defy public suppression. And, lastly, there was yet another uneasiness that must greatly have been increasing—an uneasiness of an affecting nature, and which long afterwards, in ages nearer to our own, constituted the most pathetic feature in Christian martyrdoms. Oftentimes those who resorted to the fiery spectacle in pure hatred of the martyr, or who were purposely brought thither by public authority as suspected criminals needing to be warned by salutary fear, were observed by degrees to grow thoughtful; instead of reaping confirmation in their feelings of horror, they seemed dealing with some internal struggle; musing, pausing, reflecting, and at length enamoured as by some new-born love; languishing in some secret fascination. Those that in Pagan days caught in forests a momentary glimpse of the nymphs and sylvan goddesses were sometimes struck with a hopeless passion: they were nympholepts—men under a delirious *possession* by the heavenly loveliness of air-born nymphs: the affection, as

well known as epilepsy, was called nympholepsy.[1] The parallel affection, in those that caught a momentary celestial glimpse from the countenances of dying martyrs, when standing by the side of their fiery couches, might be called martyrolepsy. And many were they that saw the secret glance. In mountainous lands, oftentimes when looking down from eminences far above the level of lakes and valleys, it has happened that I could not see the sun: the sun was hidden behind some gloomy mass of clouds; but far below I beheld, tremulously vibrating on the bosom of some half-hidden lake, a golden pillar of solar splendour which had escaped through rifts and rents in the clouds that to me were as invisible as the sun himself. So, in the martyrdom of the proto-martyr St. Stephen, Paul of Tarsus, the learned Jew, could see no gates of heaven that opened, could see no solar orb: to *him* was visible, as the scenery about St. Stephen, nothing but darkness of error and clouds. Yet, even as I far below in the lake, so he far below in the countenance of St. Stephen, saw, with consternation, reflected a golden sunlight, some radiance not earthly, coming through avenues not revealed to himself, some radiance from far-off fountains, such as, upon any theory yet opened to *him*, ought *not* to have been there. That troubled him. Whence came *that?* The countenance of St. Stephen, when the great chorus was even then arising—"*Stone him to death!*"[2]—shone like the countenance of an angel. That countenance, bringing down to earth some revelation of a brightness in the sky, the fountains of which were intercepted to Paul, perplexed him; haunted him sleeping, troubled him when awake. That face of the martyr brought down telegraphically, from some altitude inaccessible to himself, a handwriting that *must* be authentic, a secret reading that *would* not be refused. That face carried off to heaven, in the very moment of death, a glory that from heaven it must have borrowed. Upon this

[1] "*Nympholepsy*":—The English reader will here be reminded of Lord Byron's exquisite line—

"The nympholepsy of some fond despair."

[2] There is a chorus of that title, "Stone him to death," as grand and tumultuous as a pitched battle, in Mendelssohn's Oratorio of "St. Paul."

we may be sure that Paul brooded intensely ; that the effect, noticed as so often occurring at martyrdoms, was already commencing in *him* ; and probably that the noonday scene on the road to Damascus did but quicken and antedate a result which would at any rate have followed in the end. That very case of Paul, and doubtless others not recorded, must continually have been causing fresh uneasiness to the Jewish leaders. Their own ministers were falling off to the enemy. And now, therefore, at last, the chief priests, the Sanhedrims, and the representatives of the great national Temple, that mighty Temple which everywhere, by Arabian tribes over the infinite and pathless deserts, had been known as *El Koda* (*the Saintly*),[1] all at once as one man, with one

[1] "*The Jerusalem of Herodotus*" :—With the reader's permission, I will premise a brief remark on the letter A, which enjoys this advantage over the rest of the alphabet, that to many young friends of mine, not even two years old, it is tolerably familiar ; though very often their erudition does not extend further. The remark which I wish to offer on this distinguished letter is that it enjoys in our language five separate sounds :—

1. A very broad sound, *aw*, as in *water*, and very commonly before the letter *l*, as in *all*, *wall*, *call*, *tall*, *talk*, *walk*, &c. ; but not always, as in *calm* ; or, again, in *rally*, *tally*, *dally*.
2. An ascending sound, *ah*, as in *father*, *rather*, *bath*.
3. A very flat sound, as in *man*, *can*, *shall*, *hand*, *rank*, *dandy*, *pandy*.
4. A very long sound, as in *mane*, *Jane*, *brave*, *lake*, *James*.
5. A borrowed sound, properly the short or flat sound of the vowel *o*, particularly after the letter *w*, as in *what*, *want*, *was* ; for which reason it has this sound of *o* after *qu*, since that is in effect *kw*, as in *quantity*, *quality* ; though, in reading Latin, the English restore the common flat sound of the *a* (No. 3) to *qualitas*, *quantitas*, *quantus*, &c.

And these several sounds are readily transformed into each other, according to their greater or less affinity.

This preliminary explanation made, in order that it may not interrupt me further on, let me come to Herodotus. He was the first man (and of course a Grecian, being a native of a Greek Asiatic colony), not that travelled, for *that* cannot be known, but certainly that wrote an account of his travels, and published this account (or part of it) by reading it at a Panhellenic assembly. And this work survives to our own times, as the most valuable monument by far which we still possess of Greek prose. The loss of Thucydides would injure us comparatively not at all ; of Xenophon a little ; but that of Herodotus would break down the earlier arches of that long bridge which connects Christian Europe with Pagan Greece, with Asia, with Egypt, with the

heart, rose under one overmastering impulse, and with one voice swore fiercely by the Law and the Prophets that now at length, once and for ever, it should be settled who was master in Jerusalem.

Euphrates, and the Nile, with Babylon and Hekatompylos. Herodotus was equally a *traveller*, the most inquiring and exploring, an *archæologist* that described minutely the antiquities of all the civilised races on every radius protended from the centre of Greece, the earliest of *geographers*, and a delightful *historian*: towards the improvement of which last function he enjoyed the unparalleled advantage of coming with his sickle into the whole harvest of human records, whilst yet untouched, except in its Biblical sections. This great man, of whom I have elsewhere said that his picturesque vivacity and his shifting scenery entitle him to the name of the Grecian Froissart, amongst other regions visited Lower Egypt, saw with bodily eyes the Nile and the Pyramids, and the mighty city of Memphis; of which last, in our day, *etiam periere ruinæ* (even the ruins are ruined). The main Egyptian monuments he saw, and reported upon them circumstantially as a privileged visitor, enjoying probably the hospitality and friendly explanations of the priestly order. Consequently, being then so near to Judæa, naturally this question arises, Did he visit Jerusalem? The impression was for a long time that he did not. But that was a trifle; the difficulties of access, or dangers from robbers on the land route, or innumerable accidents of disappointment to a stranger having no commercial objects to determine his route, might easily account for this apparent neglect. But another apparent neglect is less to be accounted for: to a hasty reader he does not seem to mention Jerusalem, or any part of Judæa. How is that?

Let us pause and consider for a moment at what period it was that Herodotus must have visited Egypt; perhaps *that* may help us to a solution of the difficulty. His own central year, or year in which you might say that he flourished, was probably about 444 before Christ. Now, if Herodotus had happened to travel some 100 years earlier, Judæa would have been lying half-desolate, the Temple of Solomon a heap of ruins, and Jerusalem dismantled of her towers and battlements; little, in fact, to be seen of life but the gentle restorations of nature,

> "Softening and concealing,
> And busy with a hand of healing";

but, for the monuments of human art and labour, all would be crumbling dilapidations, scoria, and bleaching bones, with endless heaps of dust and ashes. For at that time the remnant of the Hebrew race, the two tribes that had survived the captivity of the ten, were themselves captive on the Euphrates and elsewhere. But at present a happier generation had arisen. The *élite* of the Jews had been suffered to return and re-occupy their solitary homesteads. A second Temple had risen. And the glorious service of daily adorations, however shorn of its pomps, was again in the morning and in the evening

The Apostles, on *their* side, and all their flock, though not losing a solemn confidence in the issue, could not fail to be alarmed. A contest of life and death was at hand. By what price of suffering and ruins the victory might need to be

throwing up clouds of incense, with peals of far-resounding music, to the astonishment of Edom and of the Arabian wilderness beyond. This was the age of Pericles. Cyrus was gone; Darius was gone; Xerxes was gone; and Jerusalem was now lustrous again with a resurrection of national glories. Considerations of time therefore do but quicken and exasperate the problem either against Herodotus or against Jerusalem—why it was that this man did not glorify that city? Plainly it would seem either that the man was grossly in fault, and betraying the confidence placed in the comprehensiveness of his travelling reports, or else the city was in fault: possibly he found nothing in the rumours about Jerusalem, not even amidst the Delta of Egypt, that tempted his curiosity, or excited his interest, or justified a circumstantial report.

Meantime, what is it that anti-Biblical writers have inferred from this neglect of Herodotus, supposing it fully established? Would they infer that Jerusalem had no local existence, but was a visionary creation of Jewish romancers? In that case the romancers might also be visionary. No, they do not go so far as that; but they infer an obscurity in Jerusalem and her Temple which allowed neighbouring peoples to be indifferent and careless about them, in a degree which would argue all the Hebrew records to be fantastic exaggerations.

At this point, therefore, let us again pause, and ask whether it is so entirely certain that Herodotus has *not* mentioned Jerusalem. The name Jerusalem (Iero-Solyma, or Holy Solyma) was a Greek name, and doubtless not current in Greece, or heard by any Grecian ear, for at least three centuries later than Herodotus. By what name would *he* know it? Most undoubtedly by the name which must continually have resounded in his ears—the Arabic name El Koda (*the Saintly*). But it will be seen that, about the locality where Jerusalem should be looked for, Herodotus places a great city, which he calls *Cadytis* or *Kadeitis*. Now, make the requisite corrections: cut away the *ytis* or *eitis*, as a mere terminal form (such as we see in *Gaulonitis*, *Trachonitis*, &c.), which simply indicated the territory or immediate area investing the city: there remains a word which Herodotus would pronounce *Kauda* (for *el* he would have learned to be simply his own article, ὁ, ἡ, τὸ). Now the *a*, when pronounced *aw*, passes in all languages into *o*. Thus the Roman noble *Claudius* was indifferently called *Clodius*; *plaustrum* was the same as *plostrum*: the Latin *aurum* (gold) has become the French *or*. At this moment, amongst the English Lakes, within a very small cincture of ground, the natives pronounce the word *cause* generally as *cose*. This suggestion, as a key to the apparent neglect of Jerusalem by Herodotus, was indicated some eighty years ago by Larcher and by others. I really do not know who was first. Strangely enough, however, since Larcher's time,

achieved, they could not measure. They now at last stood face to face, as they saw, without power any more to evade it, right over against a fiery trial. Ordinary counsels would not avail; and, according to the magnitude of the crisis, it became the first of duties to watch warily every step they should take, since the very first *false* one might happen to prove irretrievable. The interests of the youthful Church were confided to *their* hands. Less than faithful they could not be; but for the present that was not enough. To be faithful in extremity was all that might remain at last; but for the present the summons was—to be prudent, cautious, vigilant, forecasting, so as to intercept that extremity, if possible. In this exigency, and with the sudden illumination which very perplexity will sometimes create, which the mere inspiration of a deep distress will sometimes suggest, they devised the scheme of a Secret Society.

Armies of brave men have often not only honourably shut themselves up into impenetrable squares, or withdrawn altogether behind walls and batteries, but have even, by exquisite concert, suddenly dispersed over a thousand hills; vanished at noonday on the clapping of hands, as if into some mighty world of shadows; and again, by the clapping of hands, in a moment have reconverged in battle array. Such was the magical effect from the new device. Image to yourself, reader, the issue of their stratagem, under the following aspect:—Suddenly the Christians are seen off their guard all around; spearmen wheel suddenly into view, but every Christian has vanished. Again the Christian is absolutely in

several writers have thrown doubts on this solution; which to myself seems unimpeachable. But, on the whole, I impute this scepticism in part to embarrassment from the *ytis*, in not treating it as a mere terminal form, and in part to the error of denoting the *a* of *Ca* by an English long sound (No. 4) that would fail to indicate the *o* of *Koda*, which *o* is virtually represented by the *a* (when pronounced *aw*) of *Kadytis*. Call it *Kaw*ditis, which in all languages would pass into (or out of) *Ko*dytis, and at once you trace the steps of Herodotus. 1, *El Koda*, dropping the article, is *Koda*; 2, *Koda*, by the commonest of all vowel permutations, becomes *Kauda*; 3, *Kauda*, by terminal Hellenisation (*i.e.* adjustment to the Greek model), becomes *Kaudytis*; and that word, to the eye of Herodotus, would be spelt K*a*dytis. On this account it was that I introduced my notice by a table of the different sounds given to the English A.

the grasp of the officer; but, unaccountably, he slips away, and a shadow only remains in the officer's hand. The Christian fugitive is before your eyes; he rushes round a corner; you see him as he whirls round with a mask upon his face; one bound throws you round the corner upon his traces; and then you see no fugitive at all, no mask, but a man walking in tranquillity, who readily joins you in the pursuit.

The reader must consider—first, *what* it was that the Christians had to accomplish, and, secondly, *how* it was that such a thing could be accomplished in such almost impracticable circumstances. If the whole problem had been to bend before the storm, it was easy to do *that* by retiring for a season: retiring *locally*, as from this particular neighbourhood, where they might be watched and suspected, to some other, where they would be unmolested and unregarded; or *virtually* retiring, as from all modes of activity that could be open to suspicion. But there were two reasons against so timid a course: *first*, the enemy was prepared, and watching for all such momentary expedients,—waiting for the sudden forced retirement, waiting for the sudden stealthy attempt at resuming the old station; *secondly*, which was a more solemn reason for demur, such a course might possibly secure safety to the individual members of the Church, but in the meantime it left the Church, as a spiritual community, in a languishing condition—not only without means of extension, but without means even of repairing her own casual waste, as bound up with the natural agencies of time and death. Safety obtained on these terms was not the safety that suited apostolic purposes. The several members of the Church might in this way be secured; but the great spiritual interest, for which only they ran risks or evaded them, was chained to inertia, and therefore in effect hurrying to decay. It was necessary with the protection (and therefore with the present concealment) of the Church to connect some machinery for nursing it, feeding it, expanding it. No theory could be conceived more audacious than the one rendered imperative by circumstances. Echo was not to babble of the whereabouts assigned to the local stations or points of rendezvous for this outcast Church; and yet in that houseless condition

this Church was to find shelter for her total household: bloodhounds were on her own traces; she durst not look abroad through the mighty storm; and yet this Church was to be raising a college: a council *de propaganda fide* was to be working all day long in the centre of enemies raging for her blood; and yet then first she was to declare herself in permanent session when she had no foot of ground to stand upon.

This object, seemingly so impracticable, found an opening for all its parts in the *community* of field unavoidably cultivated by the Church and the enemy of the Church. Did the Church seek to demonstrate the realisation of the promised Messiah in the character and history of Christ? This she must do by searching, as keenly as any hostile Jew, the prophetic types as the inner wards of the lock, and then searching the details of Christ's life and passion as the corresponding wards of the key. Did the enemy of the Church seek to fight against this identification of Messiahship with the person of Jesus? This she could attempt only by labours in the counter direction applied to the very same ground of prophecy and history. The fanatical miso-Christian Jew, and the Christian himself, could work only by the same means, in the same mines of Hebrew literature, and trimming their lamps by the same golden light of old prophetic inspiration. The prophecies and traditions current in Judæa[1] that sometimes were held to explain, and sometimes to integrate, the written prophecies about the mysterious Messiah, must be alike important and alike commandingly interesting to both parties. There lay the starting-point of the new Christian tactics. A study that must equally belong to the Christian and to the demoniac persecutor of Christians could not of itself, and unconditionally, furnish grounds of suspicion. Having this fortunate common ground of theological study with her own antagonist, there was no reason at all why the

[1] "*Traditions*":—By this term, as distinguished from *prophecies*, I mean to indicate those special characteristics of the expected Messiah, current everywhere amongst the populace of Judæa, which had been sent down through possibly sixty generations from Abraham, but were not expressly noticed in the Prophets. There were apparently many of these; and it is certain that some of them were regarded with reverence by Christ, and deliberately fulfilled by him.

Christian Church should not set up a seminary of labourers for her own vineyard under the mask of enemies trained against herself. There was no sort of reason, in moral principle or in prudence, why she should not, under colour of training learned and fervent enemies to the Christian name, silently arm and discipline a succession of servants for doing her own work. In order to stamp from the beginning a patriotic and intensely national character of Judaism, bigoted or even fanatical, upon her new institution, leading men already by names and sounds into the impression that the great purpose of this new-born institution (vitally so uniquely Christian, speciously and ostensibly so antichristian) was to pour new blood into the life of old Judaic prejudices, and to build up again the dilapidations of Mosaic orthodoxy, whether due to time or to recent assaults, the Christians selected the name of *Essen* for the designation of the new society, *that* being the name of a venerated gate in the fortified cincture of the TEMPLE.

Pause upon that great word: for it is here intensely significant. Against the Temple, and the vast machineries of its pompous ritual and elaborate sacrificial system, multitudes believed that the hostility of the young Christian establishment was mainly directed. Any institution, therefore, which began by deriving its very name and baptismal sanction, its omen and inauguration, from a part of the Temple, by opening to admit with welcome—by closing to exclude with wrath—did by this one symbolic agency of the Temple gate seem to pledge and implicate the whole mighty overshadowing edifice, *i.e.* the whole Judaic nationality, in the brotherhood of the Essenes, and in the doctrines which they taught. A college or fraternity of *Essenes* became, by its very name, a brief symbolic profession of religious patriotism and bigotry, or what the real bigots would consider orthodoxy; from the first, therefore, carried itself clear away from suspicion. But it may occur to the reader that the Christian founders would thus find themselves in the following difficult dilemma. If they carried out the seeming promise of their Judaic name, then there would be a risk of giving from the first an antichristian bias to the feelings of the students, which might easily warp their views for life. And, on the other hand, if

by direct discipline they began at an early stage to correct this bias, then there arose a worse risk—viz. that their real purposes might be suspected or unmasked. In reality, however, no such risk would arise in either direction. The elementary studies (that is, suppose in the eight first ascending classes) would be simply to accumulate a sufficient fund of materials, of the original documents, with the commentaries of every kind, and the verbal illustrations or glosses. In this stage of the studies, at any rate, and whether the final objects had or had not been Christian, all independent judgments upon subjects so difficult and mysterious would be discouraged as presumptuous ; so that no opening would arise for suspicion against the teachers, on the one hand, as unfaithful to the supposed bigotry of the institution, nor on the other for encouraging an early pre-occupation of mind against Christian views. After passing No. 9 or 10 of the classes, the delicacy of the footing would become more trying. But, until the very last or innermost class was reached, when all reserves must be laid aside, two circumstances would arise to diminish the risk. The first is this—that, the nearer the student advanced to the central and dangerous circles of the school, the more opportunity would the governors have had for observing and appraising his character. Now, it is evident that, altogether apart from considerations of treason applying itself specially to the one perilous secret of the society, even for general secular uses, and the wants of *any* religious community, none but pure, gentle, truthful, and benign minds would avail the Church for its future ministrations. The very same causes, therefore, which would point out a student as dangerous to intrust with the capital secrets of the institution would equally have taken away from the society all motive for carrying him farther in studies that must be thrown away for himself and others. He would be civilly told that his vocation did not lie towards such pursuits ; would have some sort of degree or literary honour conferred upon him ; and would be turned back from the inner chambers, where he was beginning to be regarded as suspicious.

Josephus, there can be no doubt, was turned adrift in this way. He fancied himself to have learned all, whilst in fact

there were secret esoteric classes which, so far from entering and learning experimentally to appreciate, Mr. Joe had not suspected to exist. Knaves never passed into those rooms. A second reason which diminished the risk was that, undoubtedly, under the mask of scholastic disputation, the student was exercised in hearing all the arguments that were most searchingly profound in behalf of Christ's Messiahship. No danger would attend this: it was necessary, were it only for polemic discipline and gymnastics; so that it always admitted of a double explanation, reconcilable alike with the true end that was dissembled, and with the false end that was simulated. But, though used only as a passage of practice and skill, such a scene furnished means at once to the Christian teachers in disguise for observing the degrees in which different minds melted or froze before the evidence for Christ as the true Messiah. *There* again arose fresh aids to a safe selection. And, finally, whilst the institution of the *Essenes* was thus accomplishing its primary mission of training up a succession to a Church which durst not show its face to the world or avow its own existence, and thus was providing concurrently for the future growth of that Church, it was also in a secondary way providing for the secret meeting of the Church, and for its present consolation.

SUPPLEMENT ON THE ESSENES[1]

AT this point, reader, we have come to a sudden close. The paper, or (according to the phraseology of modern journals) the *article*, has reached its terminus. And a very abrupt terminus it seems. Such even to myself it seems; much more, therefore, in all probability, to the reader. But I

[1] This supplement was added by De Quincey in 1857 when he revised his paper on Secret Societies (originally in *Tait's Magazine* for August and October 1847) for inclusion in Vol. VII of his Collected Writings. He thought he had not said enough about the Essenes in his paper, or made his speculations about them sufficiently clear: hence the supplement. It is to be remembered that his special *Blackwood* article of 1840 on the Essenes, which in our present volume precedes this *Tait* paper on Secret Societies generally, had not yet been overtaken by De Quincey in his revisions for the Collective Edition. In fact, it was not reprinted till 1859, when De Quincey had got as far as Vol. X of that edition. Hence the jocular strain in the opening of this supplement, by way of excuse for writing it. "Instead " of saying anything more about the Essenes here," he is supposed to be muttering to himself, "might I not refer to my previous *Blackwood* " article on the subject? But, by the bye, *is* there such an article? " Who knows? I have some recollection of such a thing; but, again, " I may be wrong. What do I know about what papers I have " written, or where they are? They know all about it in Boston; " where they have collected all my papers and are reprinting them in " an American Collective Edition. Perhaps, indeed, they have already " reprinted that *Blackwood* paper on the Essenes, if there ever was " such a paper. Possible enough; but, at all events, I have not come " to it yet for my own Edinburgh Collective Edition, and cannot " assume its existence. No reason therefore why I should not, here " and now, have another fling at Josephus and his precious Essenes in a " supplement to my general paper on Secret Societies. The subject " will bear as much additional hammering as I can give it, the rather " because my previous hammering has not been voted perfectly

believe that we must look for the true cause of this abruptness, and the natural remedy of the anger incident to so unexpected a disappointment, in the records of my own literary movements some twenty-five or thirty years back —at which time this little paper was written. It is possible that I may, concurrently (or nearly so) with this "article," have written some other "article" expressly and separately on the Essenes—leaving, therefore, to that the elucidation of any obscurities as to *them* which may have gathered in this paper on "Secret Societies." And, now I think of it, my belief begins to boil up fervently that I did so. "How? *Possible* that I may have written such an article? Don't I know?" Candidly, I do not. "In that case, who *does?*" Why, perhaps one of the three following New England States—Massachusetts, or Connecticut, or Rhode Island. If anybody, insular or continental, is likely to know anything whatever in the concern, it is one of these illustrious communities. But such is the extent of my geographical ignorance that I am profoundly ignorant in which of the three states it is proper to look for the city of Boston, though I know to a nicety in which of the three it is *not*. Rhode Island, I am positive, does not grow any huge city, unless, like Jonah's gourd, it has rushed into life by one night's growth. So that I have eliminated one quantity at least from the algebraic problem; which must, therefore, be in a very hopeful state towards solution. Boston, meantime, it is, wheresoever that Boston may ultimately be found, *which* (or more civilly, perhaps, *who*) keeps all my accounts of papers and "*paperasses*" (to borrow a very useful French word), all my MSS., finished books—past, present, or to come—tried at the public bar, or *to be* tried; condemned, or only condemnable. It is astonishing how much more Boston knows of my literary acts and purposes than I do myself. Were it not indeed through Boston,

"satisfactory." All this (which is but a translation into editorial terms of the opening paragraph of the supplement) is, of course, only De Quincey's rigmarole way of excusing himself for his obstinacy in again taking the public by the throat on a favourite subject. It must serve here also, — the *Blackwood* article on the Essenes having necessarily preceded the *Tait* paper on Secret Societies in our arrangement,—as an excuse for the repetitions of ideas and arguments from the earlier paper which will be found in the later.—M.

hardly the sixth part of my literary undertakings, hurried or deliberate, sound, rotting, or rotten, would ever have reached posterity: which, be it known to thee, most sarcastic of future censors, already most of them *have* reached. For surely to an "article" composed in 1821[1] a corpulent reader of 1858 is *posterity* in a most substantial sense. Everything, in short, relating to myself is in the keeping of Boston: and, were it not that the kindness of society in Boston is as notorious to us in England as her intellectual distinction and her high literary rank among cities, I should fear at times that, if on any dark December morning, say forty or fifty years ago, I might have committed a forgery (as the best of men will do occasionally), Boston could array against me all the documentary evidence of my peccadillo (such it is now esteemed) before I could have time to abscond. But, if such a forgery exists, I rely on her indulgent sympathy with literary men for allowing me six hours' *law* (as we of *old* England call it). This little arrangement, however, is private business, not meant for public ears. Returning to general concerns, I am sure that Boston will know whether any*where* or any*when* I have or have not written a separate "article" on the Essenes. Meantime, as the magnetic cable is not yet laid down across the flooring of the Atlantic, and that an exchange of question and answer between myself and my friends Messrs Ticknor, Fields, & Co., will require an *extra* month of time (of "*irreparabile tempus*"), I will suppose myself *not* to have written such a paper; and, in that case of so faulty an omission, will hold himself debtor, and will on the spot discharge my debt, for a few preliminary explanations that ought to have been made already upon a problem which very few men of letters have had any special motive for investigating. Let me quicken the reader's interest in the question at issue by warning him of two important facts: viz.—

First, that the Church of Rome, in the persons of some amongst her greatest scholars, has repeatedly made known her dissatisfaction with the romance of Josephus. It is dimly

[1] This looks like an intimation that the *Blackwood* article on the Essenes, though not published till 1840, existed, in draft at least, nineteen years earlier, viz. in the Grasmere days.—M.

apparent that, so far as she had been able to see her way, this most learned Church had found cause to adopt the same conclusion practically as myself—viz. that under some course of masquerading, hard to decipher, the Essenes were neither more nor less than Early Christians.

But, *secondly*, although evidently aware that the account of the Essenes by Josephus was, and must have been, an intolerable romance, she had failed to detect the fraudulent motive of Josephus underlying that elaborate fiction; or the fraudulent tactics by which, throughout that fiction, he had conducted his warfare against the Christians; or the counter-system of tactics by which, were it only for immediate safety, but also with a separate view to self-propagation and continual proselytism, the infant Christian Church must have fought under a mask against Josephus and his army of partisans in Jerusalem. It is inexplicable to me how the Church of Rome could for one moment overlook the fierce internecine hostility borne by the Jewish national faction to the Christians, and doubtless most of all to the Judaising Christians; of whom, as we know, there were some eminent champions amongst the Christian apostles themselves. Good reason the Jew bigot really had for hating, persecuting, and calumniating the Christian revolutionist more rancorously even than the Roman avowed enemy. How stood the separate purposes of these two embattled antagonists: first, Rome Imperial; secondly, the new-born sect of Christians? Of these two armies by far the deadliest was the last. Rome fought against the Jewish nation simply as a little faction, mad with arrogance, that would not by any milder chastisement be taught to know its own place; and the captives netted in the great haul at Jerusalem, being looked upon not as honourable prisoners of war, but as rebels—obstinate and incorrigible—were consigned to the stone-quarries of Upper Egypt: a sort of dungeons in which a threefold advantage was gained to the Roman—viz. 1, that the unhappy captives were held up to the nations as monuments of the ruin consequent on resistance to Rome; 2, were made profitable to the general exchequer; 3, were watched and guarded at a cost unusually trivial. But Rome, though stern and harsh, was uniform in her policy, never capricious, and habitually

too magnanimous to be vindictive. Even amongst these criminals, though so nearly withdrawn from notice, it was not quite impossible that select victims might still win their way back to the regions of hope and light. But, setting these aside, through Rome it was—*in* Rome and *by* Rome—that vast stratifications of this most headstrong and turbulent of eastern tribes cropped out upon many a western soil ; nor was any memorial of the past allowed to speak or to whisper against them, if only (as children express it) " they would be good." Rome was singularly wise in that matter ; and knew that obstinate rebellion, though inconvenient and needing sharp coercion, argued a strong and aspiring nature. Even now, even already, when as yet the vast wounds were raw and uncicatrised, Rome, the mighty mother, sat in genial incubation upon generations of the old Hebrew blood, destined to reappear up and down distant centuries in Poland and Russia, in Spain and Portugal, in the Barbary States and other western lands, not to speak of their Asiatic settlements as far east as China. Rome, therefore, was no ultimate or uncompromising enemy to the tribe of Judah.

But the rising Sect of Christians brought simple destruction to the name and pretensions of the Jew. The Temple and sacrificial service of the Temple had become an abomination, and the one capital obstacle to the progress of the true religion : and Rome, in destroying this Temple, had been unconsciously doing the work of Christianity. Jews and Jewish usages, and Judaic bigotry, would continue (it is true) to maintain themselves for thousands of years ; Jewish fanaticism would even reveal itself again in formidable rebellions. But the combination of power and a national name with the Jewish religion and principles had disappeared from the earth for ever with the final destruction of *El Koda.* And the hostility of the Christians was even more absolute than that of Rome ; since Christianity denied the whole pretensions and visionary prospects upon which Judaism founded any title to a separate name or nationality. Even without that bitter exasperation of the feud, the quarrels of brothers are almost proverbially the deadliest as regards the chance of reconciliation or compromise ; and in the infancy of the Christian faith nearly all the proselytes were naturally Jews ;

so that for a long period the Christians were known in Rome and foreign quarters simply as a variety of provincial Jews —viz. Nazarenes, or Galileans. In these circumstances the Siege of Jerusalem must thus far have widened the schism, that everywhere the enlightened Christian would doubtless have seceded from the faction of those who stood forward as champions of the Jewish independence. This is an aspect of the general history which has not received any special investigation. But there can be no doubt that, for the Christians generally, all narrow and too manifestly hopeless calls of patriotism would be regarded as swallowed up in the transcendent duties of their militant religion. Christian captives may have been found amongst the convicts of the stone-quarries; but they must have been few, and those only whom some casual separation from their own Christian fraternity had thrown in a state of ignorant perplexity upon their own blind guidance. This consequence, therefore, must have arisen from the Siege of Jerusalem, that the Jewish *acharnement* against the Christians, henceforth regarded as political and anti-national enemies, would be inflamed to a frantic excess. And Josephus, suddenly exalted by an act of the vilest adulation to Vespasian (who was in effect, through his success in Palestine, and through his popularity with the army, already the Imperator elect), instead of visiting the Egyptian quarries as a felon, most unmeritoriously found himself in one hour translated into the meridian sunshine of court favour, and, equally through that romantic revolution and through his own previous dedication to literature, qualified beyond any contemporary for giving effect to his party malice. He would be aware that in the circumstantial accidents of Christianity there was a good deal to attract favour at Rome. Their moral system, and their eleemosynary system of vigilant aid to all their paupers, would inevitably conciliate regard. Even the Jewish theological system was every way fitted to challenge veneration and awe, except in so far as it was associated with the unparalleled and hateful arrogance of Judaism. Now, here for the first time, by the new-born sect of Christians, this grandeur of theologic speculation was exhibited in a state of insulation from that repulsive arrogance. The Jews talked as if the earth existed only for *them*, and as

if God took notice only of Jewish service as having any value or meaning. But here were the Christians opening their gates, and proclaiming a welcome to all the children of man. These things were in their favour. And the malignant faction of mere Jewish bigots felt a call to pre-occupy the Roman mind with some bold fictions that should for ever stop the mouth of the Christian, *when*soever or *if*soever any opening dawned for uttering a gleam of truth. Josephus, followed and supported by Alexandrian Jews, was evidently the man for this enterprise; not so much, or not so exclusively, by his literary talent (for, doubtless, many in Alexandria, and some in Rome, could have matched him): but he was the man born with the golden spoon in his mouth; he was the second Joseph that should be carried captive from Palestine to Egypt, and on the banks of that ancient Nile should find a Pharaoh, calling himself Cæsar Vespasian, that, upon hearing Joe's interpretation of a dream, should bid him rise up from his prostration as a despairing felon fresh from bearing arms against S. P. Q. R., and take his seat amongst the men whom the king delighted to honour.

Seated there, Joe was equal to a world of mischief; and he was not the man to let his talent lie idle. In what way he would be likely to use his experience gained amongst the secret society of the Essenes, we may guess. But, to move by orderly steps, let us ask after Mr. Joe's own account of that mysterious body. How and when does he represent the Essenes as arising? I have no book, no vouchers, as generally happens to me; and, moreover, Joseph is not strong in chronology. But I rely on my memory as enabling me to guarantee this general fact—that, at the date of the Josephan record, our shy friends, the Essenes, must, by Joe's reckoning, have existed at least seventy years since Christ's nativity. The reader knows already that I, who make these Essenes the *product* of Christianity under its earliest storms, cannot possibly submit to such a registration. But for the present *assume* it as true. Under such an assumption, it must have been that many writers, in giving an account of the Jewish philosophic sects, have numbered them as three—viz. 1, the Pharisees; 2, the Sadducees; 3, the Essenes. And in my childhood there was an *authorised* Bible,—and it must have

been a common one, because I remember it as belonging to a female servant, and bearing a written memorandum that it was a gift from her father,—which boldly ranked the Essenes as assessors of the undeniable Pharisees and Sadducees on that prefatory leaf which assigns the value of a shekel, the measures of capacity, of weight, of distance, &c. Now, then, I would demand of Josephus why it was that Christ, who took such reiterated notice of the elder sects, never once by word or act recognised the Essenes even as existing. Considering their pretensions to a higher purity, or the pretensions in this direction ascribed to them, is it conceivable that Christ should not by one word have countersigned these pretensions if sound, or exposed them if hollow? Or, again, if He for any reason had neglected them, would not some of his disciples, or of his many occasional visitors, have drawn his attention to their code of rules and their reputed habits —to what they professed, and what they were said to have accomplished? Or, finally, if all these chances had failed to secure an evangelical record, can we suppose it possible that no solitary member of that large monastic body, counting (I think, by the report of Josephus) 8000 brethren, should have been moved sufficiently, by the rumours gathering like a cloud up and down Palestine through three consecutive years about the steps of Christ and his followers, to present himself for a personal interview, so as to form a judgment of Christ, if Christ were even careless of *him* and his brotherhood? We know that Christ was not without interest in the two elder sects — though absolutely sold to worldly interests and intrigues: he himself pointed out a strong argument for allowing weight and consideration to the Pharisees — viz. that they, so long as the Mosaic economy lasted, were to be regarded with respect as the depositaries of his authority, and the representatives of his system. And it is remarkable enough that here, as elsewhere, at the very moment of heavily blaming the Pharisees, not the less he exacts for them—as a legal due—the popular respect; and this, though perfectly aware that they and the ancient system to which they were attached (a system 1500 years old) would simultaneously receive their doom from that great revolution which he was himself destined to accomplish.

The blame which he imputes to them in this place is that they required others to carry burdens which they themselves would not touch. *That* was a vice of habit and self-indulgence, more venial as a natural concession to selfishness that might have grown upon them imperceptibly; but, in the second case, the blame strikes deeper, for it respects a defect of principle that must have been conscious and wilful. Moses, we are told, had laid down express laws for the regulation of special emergencies; and these laws, when affecting their own separate interests, the Pharisees were in the habit of evading under some plea of a traditional immunity or professional privilege secured to themselves. Now, let the reader sternly note down this state of Christ's relations to the great leading sect of the Pharisees. He had high matter of impeachment against them; and yet, for all that, so profound was his loyalty to the Mosaic system, as a divine revelation, so long as it was not divinely superseded, that he would not lend his sanction to any failure of respect towards the representatives of this system in the fickle populace: on the contrary, he bade them hearken to their instructions, because in doing that they were hearkening to the words of Moses, which were the words of God. The *words* of the Pharisees were consecrated, but not their deeds: those furnished a false and perilous rule of conduct. Next, as to the Sadducees: this sect, bearing far less of a national and representative character, is less conspicuously brought forward in the New Testament. But it is probable that Christ, though having no motive for the same interest in *them* as in the Pharisees, who might be regarded as heraldic supporters on one side of the national armorial shield, nevertheless maintained a friendly or fraternal intercourse with their leading men—as men who laid open one avenue to the central circles of the more aristocratic society in Jerusalem. But had not Christ a special reason for recoiling from the Sadducees, as from those who "say that there is no resurrection of the dead"? If they really said any such thing, he would have had one reason more than we are certain of his having had for calling upon them to make open profession of their presumed faith, and the unknown grounds of that faith. If the Sadducees, as a sect, really did hold the

doctrine ascribed to them, it would have been easy to silence them (*i.e.* in a partial sense to refute them) by forcing them to the conclusion that they had no grounds for holding the *negative* upon the problem of Resurrection beyond what corresponded to the counter weakness on the side of the *affirmative*. On either side there was confessedly an absolute blank as regarded even the *show* of reasonable grounds for taking a single step in advance. *Guess* you might: but as to any durable conquest of ground, forward or backward—to the right or the left—"to the shield or to the spear"—nobody could contradict you; but then (though uncontradicted) you did not entirely believe yourself. So that, at the worst, the Sadducees could not plausibly have denied the Resurrection, though they might have chosen to favour those who doubted it. Meantime, is it at all certain that the Sadducees *did* hold the imputed opinion? I for my part exceedingly hesitate in believing this; and for the following reasons:—First, it is most annoying to a man of delicate feelings that he should find himself pledged to a speculative thesis, and engaged in honour to undertake its defence against all comers, when there happens to be no argument whatsoever on its behalf—not even an absurd one. Secondly, I doubt much whether it would have been *safe* to avow this doctrine in Judæa. And, thirdly, whether in *any* circles at Jerusalem, even such as might secure it a toleration, this doctrine would not have been most unwelcome. For whose favour, therefore, or towards what final object, should such a speculation originally have been introduced, or subsequently have maintained itself? We are told, indeed, that it won no favour, and courted none, from those working classes amongst whom lay the strength of the nationality. This is a clear case: *active* support, of course, it could not find amongst those who, in *my* opinion, would have been vainly invoked for a *passive* acquiescence or gloomy toleration. But in this case there seems to have been too precipitate a conclusion: because the natural favourers of scepticism and an irreligious philosophy will be found (if at all) exclusively almost in aristocratic circles, it does not follow that, inversely, aristocratic circles will be found generally to be tainted with such a philosophy. Infidels may belong chiefly to the aristocracy, but not the

aristocracy to infidels. It is true that in the luxurious capitals of great kingdoms there are usually found all shapes of licentious speculation ; yet even in the most latitudinarian habits of thinking such excesses tend in many ways to limit themselves. And in Judæa at that period the state of society and of social intercourse had not, apparently, travelled beyond the boundaries of a semi-barbarous simplicity. A craving for bold thinking supervenes naturally upon a high civilisation, but not upon the elementary civilisation of the Jews. A man who should have professed openly so audacious a creed as that ascribed to the Sadducees must have been prepared for lapidation. That tumultuary court — a Jewish mob, always ready for action, always rich in munitions of war, so long as paving-stones were reasonable in price — made it dangerous for any man in Judæa, Jew or Gentile, to wade out of his depth in theologic waters. But how, then, did the Sadducees come by their ugly reputation? I understand it thus :—What the scandalous part of the public charged against them was—not openly and defyingly that they held such an irreligious creed, but that such a creed would naturally flow as a consequence from their materialistic tendencies, however much the Sadducees might disavow that consequence. Whatever might be said, fancied, or proved by Bishop Warburton, it is certain that the dominant body of the nation, at the era of Christ, believed in a Resurrection as preliminary to a Final Judgment. And so intense was the Jewish bigotry since their return from captivity that assuredly they would have handled any freethinker on such questions very roughly. But in fact the counter sect of Pharisees hold up a mirror for showing us by reflection the true popular estimate of the Sadducees. The Pharisees were denounced by Christ, and no doubt were privately condemned in the judgment of all the pious amongst their countrymen, as making void—virtually cancelling—much in the institutions of Moses by their own peculiar (sometimes pretended) traditions : this was their secret character among the devout and the sternly orthodox. But do we imagine that the Pharisees openly accepted such a character? By no means : *that* would have been to court an open feud and schism with the great body of the people. And in like manner the

Sadducees had their dark side, from which an answering character was abstracted by their enemies: but doubtless they themselves treated this character as an odious calumny.

These things premised, the reader is prepared to understand that the reproach of Christ fastened itself upon the offence, not upon the offenders in any single generation, far less upon the individual offenders, who, separately and personally, oftentimes were unconscious parties to a trespass which, deep though it were as the hidden fountains of life, yet also was ancient and hereditary as the stings of death. The quarrel of Christ, as regarded the unholy frauds of Phariseeism, had no bearing upon those individually whom education and elaborate discipline had conducted to the vestibule of that learned college by whom alone, at the distance of a millennium and of half a millennium, the Law and the Prophets were still kept alive in the understanding and in the reverence of the unlettered multitude.

Apart from their old hereditary crime of relaxing and favouring the relaxation of the Mosaic Law, the Pharisees especially, but in some degree both sects, were depositaries of all the erudition—archæologic, historic, and philologic—by which a hidden clue could be sought, or a lost clue could be recovered, through the mazes of the ancient prophecies, in times which drew near, by all likelihood, to their gradual accomplishment and consummation. Supposing that the one sect was even truly and not calumniously reproached with undervaluing the spiritual Future, can we imagine them so superfluously to have courted popular odium as by carrying before them a proclamation of the gloomy creed which must for any purpose be useless? The answer is found precisely in the parallel case of the counter sect: because Christ reproached them with virtually neutralising the whole rigour of the law by their private traditions, are we to suppose the Pharisees to have sent before them a banner making proclamation that "We are the sect who make void the Law of Moses by human devices of false, counterfeit traditions"? So far from this, even the undeniable abuses and corruptions had probably grown up and strengthened through successive ages of negligence and accumulated contributions of unintentional error. The special authors of the corruptions and

dangerous innovations were doubtless generations, and not individuals. The individual members of both sects must have embodied the whole available learning of the nation. They jointly were for the Hebrew race what the Brahmins were, and locally are, for the Hindoos—what the childish "*literati*" of China are to the childish race of the Chinese—what the three learned professions of Law, Medicine, and the Church are in Christian lands. For many purposes, the Pharisees and Sadducees were indispensable associates; and, according to their personal merits of integrity, sincerity, and goodness of heart, there can be little doubt that Christ honoured multitudes amongst them with marks of his personal regard.

Now, then, under such circumstances, can we suppose it possible that a sect approaching by traits of resemblance far deeper and more conspicuous to the coming sect of Christians which Christ was labouring to build up should have gone unnoticed by *Him*, or should themselves have left Christ unnoticed and unapproached? Chronology of itself overwhelmingly confounds Josephus. According to him, a sect whose origin is altogether unaccounted for suddenly walks forward out of darkness; and, when called upon to unfold the characteristics of this sect, which nobody had ever named before himself, he presents you with such a coarse travesty of the Christians as to usages and doctrines—whom, doubtless, he knew by having helped to persecute them—that we read at once the full-blown knavery of a scoundrel who had motives more than one or two for suborning, as the anticipators of every feature that could fascinate men in Christianity, a secret society really of Christians, but to him and other members not trustworthy masking itself as a society of Jews. It would too much lengthen a note already too long if I were to expose circumstantially the false colouring impressed upon the Christian scheme by one who was too unprincipled and worldly even to comprehend the Christian elements. Enough, however, remains of the archetype in the report of Josephus to reveal, as lurking beneath the disguise, and gleaming through it, an undeniable Christian original; so that here, as I have said previously, we are faced suddenly by a Christianity before Christ, and a Christianity without Christ.[1]

[1] Oh no, will be the reply of some critics; not *without* Christ.

In conclusion, I will confess to the reader, in the foolish excess of my candour, that, amongst those who have most inclined to express dissatisfaction (yet as a final, not as an initiatory feeling) with my hypothesis accounting for the Essenes, are several of my own oldest friends—men distinguished (for one moment I wish they were not) by searching judgment and by extensive learning. Doesn't the reader think that perhaps much learning may have made them mad? Certainly they demand unreasonable proofs, considering that time (not to mention other agencies) upon many a topic has made us all bankrupt in satisfactory argument,—Mr. Joe, I presume, not at all less than myself. A little daughter of mine, when about two years old, used sometimes to say at the dinner-table, "Please give me too much." My learned friends, it sometimes strikes me, are borrowing *her* sentiment, and, with no less gravity than hers, are insisting on having "too much" of certainty in this delicate case—too much, in fact, and too complex evidence for the *why* and the *how*, for the *where* and the *when*, of a masonic brotherhood that was, by the very tenure and primary motive of its existence, confessedly a *secret* brotherhood. In the spirit of honest Sancho's Andalusian proverb, it seems to me that my too learned

But I answer — if before Christ, then necessarily without Christ. And, besides the profound objection from the whole flagrant plagiarism of the moral scheme, the other capital objection remains—How did these men, if chronologically anterior to Christ, miss an interview with Christ; or, if not a personal interview, at least a judgment of Christ sealing their pretensions, or a judgment of Christ sealing their condemnation? *My* Essenes escaped this personal interview, and this judgment approving or condemning, simply because, chronologically, they were not contemporaries of Christ, but by twenty or twenty-five years younger than the Crucifixion. They were in fact a masquerading body of Christians—an offshoot of Christians that happened to be resident in Judæa at a crisis of fiery persecution. Fortunately for *them*, one great advantage befell them, which in subsequent Roman persecutions they wanted — viz. that they and their persecutors occupied common ground in much of their several creeds, which facilitated the deep disguise. Both alike adopted the Jewish Prophets into the basis of their faith; both alike held the truth of all the other Scriptures—for instance, of the Law itself, though differing as to its practical validity for the future. Hence, by confining themselves to those parts of the Old Testament which both adopted, the Christians masked as Essenes were able to deceive and evade the most cruel of their enemies.

friends are seeking for "better bread than is made of wheat." Since, really, when you *subpœna* a witness out of the great deeps of time divided from yourself by fifty-five generations, you are obliged to humour him, and to show him special indulgence; else he grows "crusty" on your hands, and keeps back even that which by gentler solicitation might have been won from him.

Meantime, I have re-touched the evidence a little, so that he who was restive formerly may now be tractable; and have attempted to coax the witnesses in a way which is but fair, as no more than balancing and corresponding to those gross tamperings practised (we may be sure) by the Jew courtier. Mr. Joe, we may rely upon it, when packing the jury, did his best: I may have an equal right to do my worst. It happens that my theory and Mr. Joe's are involved alternatively in each other. If you reject Joe's—a thing that I suppose inevitable—this throws you by rebound upon mine: if you are inclined to reject mine—a case that is supportable by human fortitude—then you find yourself pitched violently into Mr. Joe's: a case that is *not* supportable by any fortitude, armed with any philosophy. In taking leave, I add, as an extra argument against the possibility that Essenism *could* have been contemporary with the birth of Christianity, this ugly objection:—We may suppose that a Jew, in maintaining the historic truth of Essenism, would endeavour to evade the arguments so naturally emerging from the internal relations of this secret sect to those of the avowed sect called Christians, and at the same time to ignore the vast improbability that two sects wearing features so sisterly should have sailed past each other silently, and exchanging no salutes, no questions of reciprocal interest, no mutual recognitions, no interchange of gratulation in the midst of departing storms, or of solemn valediction amongst perilous mists that were slowly gathering. The Jew might argue, in explanation, that the Essenes, under the form of ascetic moralists, would from this single element of their system derive a prejudice against the founder of Christianity, as one who in his own person had deemed it advisable, for the attainment of social influence in the Judæa of that day, and for the readier propagation of truth, to adopt a more

liberal and genial mode of living. For the stern ascetic may win reverence, but never wins confidence, so that the heart of his hearer is still for *him* under a mask. My argument being that the Essenes could not have been contemporary with the great moral teacher (in fact, the revolutionary teacher) of their own century, without seeking *Him* or *His* seeking *them*—we may suppose the Jew taking his stand plausibly enough on a primal alienation of the Essenes, through incongruities of social habits, such (let us suppose by way of illustration) as would naturally repel Quakers or Moravians in our own day from any great moral teacher wearing a brilliant exterior and familiar with courts and princes. Such an estrangement would be matter of regret to all the wise and liberal even of those two sects, but it would be natural; and it would sufficiently explain the non-intercourse objected, without any call for resorting to the plea of anachronism, as the true bar of separation.

Answer:—It is true that any deep schism in social habits would *tend* to divide the two parties—the great moral teacher on the one side from the great monastic fraternity on the other,—that stood aloof from the world, and the temptations of the world. *Pro tanto* such a schism would pull in that direction; though I am of opinion that the least magnanimous of dissenting bodies would allow a transcendent weight (adequate to the crushing of any conceivable resistance) to the conspicuous originality and searching pathos of Christ's moral doctrine. Four great cases, or memorable *cartoons*, in the series of Christ's doctrinal "shows" (to borrow the Eleusinian term), in 1839-40, powerfully affected the Mahometan Affghan Sirdars: viz., 1, the model of prayer which he first and last among all teachers left as a guiding legacy to infinite generations; 2, the model of purity which he raised aloft in the little infant suddenly made the centre of his moral system as the normal form of innocence and simplicity of heart; 3, the Sermon on the Mount, which, by one sudden illumination, opened a new world in man's secret heart; 4, the translation of moral tests from the old and gross one of palpable acts to thoughts and the most aerial of purposes, as laid down in the passage, "He that looketh upon a woman," &c. These four revelations of the Christian

Founder, being once reported to the pretended monastic body, must have caught the affections, and have prompted an insurmountable craving for personal intercourse with such a "Prophet",—*i.e.* in the Hebrew sense of *Prophet*, such a revealer out of darkness. In Affghanistan, amongst blind, prejudiced, sometimes fanatical, Mahometans, these extraordinary moral revelations had power deeply to shake and move: could they have had less in Judæa? But, finally, suppose they had, and that an ascetic brotherhood refused all intercourse with a teacher *not* ascetic, so much the more zealously would they have courted such intercourse with a teacher memorably and in an ultimate degree ascetic. Such a teacher was John the Baptist. Here then stands the case: in an age which Josephus would have us believe to have been the flourishing age of the Essenes there arise two great revolutionary powers, who are also great teachers and legislators in the world of ethics: the first, by a short space of time, was the Baptist;[1] the second was Christ. The one was uniquely ascetic, declining not only the luxuries, but the slenderest physical appliances against the wrath of the elements, or the changes of the seasons. The other described himself as one who came eating and drinking, in conformity to the common usages of men. With neither of these great authorities is there any record of the Essenes having had the most trivial intercourse. Is *that* reconcilable with their alleged existence on a large scale in an age of deep agitation and fervent inquiry?

[1] That John the Baptist was a moral teacher, as well as a herald of coming changes, may be inferred from the fact (noticed by the Evangelists) that the military body applied to him for moral instruction; which appeal must have grown out of the general invitation to do so involved in the ordinary course of his ministrations, and in the terms of his public preaching. In what sense he was to be held the harbinger of Christ, over and above his avowed mission for announcing the fast approaching advent of the Messiah, I have elsewhere suggested, in a short comment on the word μετανοια; which word, as I contend, cannot properly be translated *repentance*; for it would have been pure cant to suppose that age, or any age, as more under a summons to repentance than any other assignable. I understand by μετανοια a revolution of thought—a great intellectual change—in the accepting a new centre for all moral truth from Christ; which centre it was that subsequently caused all the offence of Christianity to the Roman People.

POSTSCRIPT[1]

THE other historic person on whom I shall probably be charged with assault and battery is Josephus. And the impartial reader, who knows but slightly or not at all what it is that this felon has been doing, is likely enough to think that I have shown a levity and hastiness of resentment not warranted by the notorieties of his life. It is remarkable that few of us know the possible strength of our patriotic sympathies, and how much it is that we could do and could hazard for our own dear, noble country, if danger or calamity should besiege her. Seen always under calm and gentle sunshine, this natal land of ours forms an object that would be thoroughly transfigured to our hearts, and would wear a new life, if once she were thrown into impassioned circumstances of calamity, not by visitations of Providence, but by human wrongs and conspiracies. *Vendidit hic auro patriam*

[1] It shows the strength of De Quincey's passion for the subject of the Essenes, and of his antipathy to Josephus, that, not content with his long supplement to the Essenes portion of his paper on Secret Societies, he inserted into the preface of the volume of his Collected Writings in which that paper was reprinted (1858) this further invective against Josephus. It comes now necessarily as a "Postscript"; and, to explain the wording of the first sentence, it is to be understood that "the other historic person" similarly assaulted in the same preface was Pompey. The paper on Cicero having been included in the same volume of the Collected Writings which contained that on Secret Societies, De Quincey had begun his preface to the volume with that reiteration of his dislike to Pompey which has its natural place now as a "Postscript" to the Cicero paper (*ante*, Vol. VI. pp. 222-4), and had then indulged in this more vehement parting kick at Josephus.—M.

is the dreadful category which Virgil has prepared in the infernal regions for traitors such as this Jew; for I suppose it can make but slight difference in any man's estimate that the Jew did not receive the bribe first and then perpetrate the treason, but trusted to Roman good faith at three months after date. But this Jew did worse. Many have been the willing betrayers of their country who would have spurned with fury an invitation to join in a gorgeous festival of exultation celebrating the final overthrow of their mother-land, and the bloody ruin of their kindred, through all their tribes and households. There is many an intelligent little girl, not more than seven years old, who, in such circumstances, and knowing that the purpose of the festival was to drag the last memorials of her people—its honours, trophies, sanctities—through the pollution of triumph, would indignantly refuse to give the sanction of so much as a momentary gaze upon a spectacle abominable in all Hebrew eyes. And, if, in such a case, she could descend to an emotion so humiliating as curiosity, she would feel a silent reproach fretting her heart so often as she beheld upon a Roman medal that symbolic memorial of her desolated home—so beautiful and so pathetic—*Judæa figured as a woman veiled, weeping under her palm-tree:* Rachel weeping for her children. But this Josephus, this hound—hound of hounds, and very dog of very dog—did worse: he sat as a congratulating guest, offering homage and adoring cringes, simpering and *kotooing*, whilst the triumphal pageant for Judæa ravaged, and for Jerusalem burned, filled the hours of a long summer's day, as it unfolded its pomps before him. Nay, this Jew achieved a deeper degradation even than this. But for *him*, when it was asked of the conquerors, Where is the conquered race? what has become of *them?* it must have been answered, "All slain, or captives." And that result is a mode of military triumph, even for the conquered. But through the presence of Josephus, a solitary man of rank, all this was transformed. A Jewish grandee, sitting on terms of amity amongst the victors, and countersigning their pretensions, had the inevitable effect of *disavowing* all his humbler countrymen: from heroes they became mutineers; and in an instant of time the fiery struggle of the ancient *El Koda*

against the "abomination of desolation, standing where it should not"—*i.e.* the Roman banners, expressing the triumph of an idolatrous nation, insolently hoisted aloft in the Temple of Jehovah — was transfigured, through this one man's presence, into a capricious, possibly an ungrateful, rebellion. Did this carrion find a peaceful grave?

GREECE UNDER THE ROMANS[1]

WHAT is called *Philosophical History* I believe to be yet in its infancy. It is the profound remark of Mr. Finlay—profound as I myself understand it, *i.e.* in relation to this philosophical treatment—"that History will ever remain inexhaustible." How inexhaustible? Are the *facts* of History inexhaustible? In regard to the *ancient* division of History with which he is there dealing, this would be in no sense true; and in any case it would be a lifeless truth. So entirely have the mere facts of Pagan History been disinterred, ransacked, sifted, that, except by means of some chance medal that may be unearthed in the illiterate East (as of late towards Bokhara), or by means of some mysterious inscription, such as those which still mock the learned traveller in Persia, northwards near Hamadan (Ecbatana), and southwards at Persepolis, or those which distract him amongst the shadowy ruins of Yucatan (Uxmal, suppose, and Palenque)—once for all, barring these pure godsends, it is hardly "in the dice" that any downright novelty of fact should remain in reversion for this nineteenth century. The merest possibility exists that in Armenia, or in a Græco-Russian monastery on Mount Athos, or in Pompeii, &c., some authors hitherto ανεκδοτοι may yet be concealed; and, by a channel in that

[1] From *Blackwood's Magazine* for October 1844, where it appeared as a review of "Greece under the Romans. By George Finlay, K.R.G. Edinburgh and London, 1844." Reprinted by De Quincey in 1858 in the Eighth Volume of his Collected Writings, with only slight verbal changes, such as the substitution of "I" for "We," but with the addition of one or two footnotes.—M.

degree improbable, it is possible that certain new facts of history may still reach us. But else, and failing these cryptical or subterraneous currents of communication, for us the record is closed. History in that sense has come to an end, and is sealed up as by the Angel in the Apocalypse. What then? The facts *so* understood are but the dry bones of the mighty past. And the question arises here also, not less than in that sublimest of prophetic visions, "Can these dry bones live?" Not only can they live, but by an infinite variety of life. The same historic facts, viewed in different lights, or brought into connexion with other facts, according to endless diversities of permutation and combination, furnish grounds for such eternal successions of new speculations as make the facts themselves virtually new, and virtually endless. The same Hebrew words are read by different sets of vowel points, and the same hieroglyphics are deciphered by keys everlastingly varied.

To me I repeat that oftentimes it seems as though the *science* of History were yet scarcely founded. There will be such a science, if at present there is not; and in one feature of its capacities it will resemble Chemistry. What is so familiar to the perceptions of man as the common chemical agents of water, air, and the soil on which we tread? Yet each one of these elements is a mystery to this day; handled, used, tried, searched experimentally, combined in ten thousand ways—it is still unknown; fathomed by recent science down to a certain depth, it is still probably by its destiny unfathomable. Even to the end of days, it is pretty certain that the minutest particle of earth, that a dewdrop scarcely distinguishable as a separate object, that the slenderest filament of a plant, will include within itself secrets inaccessible to man. And yet, compared with the mystery of man himself, these physical worlds of mystery are but as a radix of infinity. Chemistry is in this view mysterious and Spinosistically sublime—that it is the science of the latent in all things, of all things as lurking in all. Within the lifeless flint, within the silent pyrites, slumbers an agony of potential combustion. Iron is imprisoned in blood. With cold water (as every child is now-a-days aware) you may lash a fluid into angry ebullitions of heat; with hot water, as with the

rod of Amram's son, you may freeze a fluid down to the temperature of the Sarsar wind, provided only that you regulate the pressure of the air. The sultry and dissolving fluid shall bake into a solid, the petrific fluid shall melt into a liquid. Heat shall freeze, frost shall thaw ; and wherefore ? Simply because old things are brought together in new modes of combination. And, in endless instances beside, we see in all elements the same Panlike latency of forms and powers, which gives to the external world a capacity of self-transformation, and of *polymorphosis* absolutely inexhaustible.

But the same capacity belongs to the facts of History. And I do not mean merely that, from subjective differences in the minds reviewing them, such facts assume endless varieties of interpretation and estimate, but that objectively, from lights still increasing in the science of government and of social philosophy, all the primary facts of History become liable continually to new presentations, to new combinations, and to new valuations of their moral relations. I have seen some kinds of marble, where the veinings happened to be unusually multiplied, in which human faces, figures, processions, or fragments of natural scenery, seemed absolutely illimitable, under the endless variations or inversions of the order according to which they might be combined and grouped. Something analogous takes effect in reviewing the remote parts of History. Rome, for instance, has been the object of historic pens for twenty centuries (dating from Polybius) ; and yet hardly so much as twenty years have elapsed since Niebuhr opened upon us almost a new revelation, by re-combining the same eternal facts according to a different set of principles. The same thing may be said, though not with the same degree of emphasis, upon the Grecian researches of the late Ottfried Mueller. Egyptian History again, even at this moment, is seen stealing upon us through the dusky twilight in its first distinct lineaments. Before Young, Champollion, Lepsius, and the others who have followed on their traces in this field of History, all was outer darkness ; and whatsoever we *do* know or *shall* know of Egyptian Thebes will now be recovered as if from the unswathing of a mummy. Not until a flight of three thousand years has left Thebes the Hekatompylos a dusty speck

in the far distance, have we even *begun* to read her annals, or to understand her revolutions.

Another instance I have now before me of this new historic faculty for resuscitating the buried, and for calling back the breath to the frozen features of death, in Mr. Finlay's work upon the Greeks as related to the Roman Empire. He presents us with old facts, but under the purpose of clothing them with a new life. He rehearses ancient stories, not with the humble ambition of better adorning them, of more perspicuously narrating, or even of more forcibly pointing their moral, but of extracting from them some new meaning, and thus forcing them to arrange themselves, under some latent connexion with other phenomena now first detected, as illustrations of some great principle or agency now first revealing its importance. Mr. Finlay's style of intellect is appropriate to such a task; for it is subtle and Machiavelian. But there is this difficulty in doing justice to the novelty, and at times I may say with truth to the profundity, of his views, that they are by necessity thrown out in continued successions of details, are insulated, and, in one word, *sporadic*. This follows from the very nature of his work; for it is a perpetual commentary on the incidents of Grecian History, from the era of the Roman Conquest to the commencement of what Mr. Finlay, in a peculiar sense, calls the Byzantine Empire. These incidents have nowhere been systematically or continuously recorded: they come forward by casual flashes in the annals, perhaps, of some church historian, as they happen to connect themselves with his momentary theme; or they betray themselves in the embarrassments of the central government, whether at Rome or at Constantinople, when arguing at one time a pestilence, at another an insurrection, or at a third an inroad of barbarians. It is not the fault of Mr. Finlay, but his great disadvantage, that the affairs of Greece have been thus discontinuously exhibited, and that its internal changes of condition have been never treated except indirectly, and by men *aliud agentibus*. The Grecian *race* had a primary importance on our planet; but the Grecian name, represented by Greece considered as a territory, or as the political seat of the Hellenic people, ceased to have much importance, in the eyes of historians, from the time

when it became a conquered province; and it declined into absolute insignificance after the conquest of so many other provinces had degraded Hellas into an arithmetical unit, standing amongst a total amount of figures so vast and so much more dazzling to the ordinary mind. Hence it was that in ancient times no complete History of Greece, through all her phases and stages, was conspicuously attempted. The greatness of her later revolutions, simply as changes, would have attracted the historian; but, as changes associated with calamity and loss of power, they repelled his curiosity, and alienated his interest. It is the very necessity, therefore, of Mr. Finlay's position, when coming into such an inheritance, that he must splinter his philosophy into separate individual notices; for the records of History furnish no grounds for more. *Spartam, quam nactus est, ornavit.* That ungenial province, which he has obtained by lot, he has beautified by his culture and treatment. But this does not remedy the difficulty for ourselves in attempting to give a representative view of his philosophy. General abstractions he had no opportunity for presenting, consequently we have no opportunity for valuing; and, on the other hand, single cases selected from a succession of hundreds would not justify any *representative* criticism, more than the single brick, in the old anecdote of Hierocles, would serve representatively to appraise the house.

Under this difficulty as to the possible for myself, and the just for Mr. Finlay, I shall adopt the following course. So far as the Greek People connected themselves in any splendid manner with the Roman Empire, they did so with the eastern horn of that Empire, and, in point of time, from the foundation of Constantinople as an Eastern Rome, in the fourth century, to a period not fully agreed on,—but for the moment I will say, with Mr. Finlay, up to the early part of the eighth century. A reason given by Mr. Finlay for this latter date is that about that time the Grecian blood, so widely diffused in Asia, and even in Africa, became finally detached by the progress of Mahometanism and Mahometan systems of power from all further concurrence or coalition with the views of the Byzantine Cæsar. Constantinople was from that date thrown back more upon its own peculiar

heritage and jurisdiction, of which the main resources for war and peace lay in Europe, and (speaking by the narrowest terms) in Thrace. Henceforth, therefore, for the city and throne of Constantine, resuming its old Grecian name of Byzantium, there succeeded a theatre less diffusive, a population more concentrated, a character of action more determinate and jealous, a style of courtly ceremonial more elaborate as well as more haughtily repulsive, and universally a system of interests as much more definite and selfish as might naturally be looked for in a nation now everywhere surrounded by new thrones, gloomy with malice, and swelling with the consciousness of youthful power. This new and final state of the Eastern Rome Mr. Finlay denominates the Byzantine Empire. Possibly this use of the term thus limited may be capable of justification; but more questions would arise in the discussion than Mr. Finlay has thought it of importance to notice. And for the present I shall take the word *Byzantine* in its most ordinary acceptation, as denoting the local empire founded by Constantine in Byzantium early in the fourth century under the idea of a translation from the old Western Rome, and overthrown by the Ottoman Turks in the year 1453. In the fortunes and main stages of this Empire, what are the chief arresting phenomena, aspects, or relations to the greatest of modern interests? I select by preference these :—

I. First, this was the earliest among the kingdoms of our planet *which connected itself with Christianity.* In Armenia there had been a previous *state* recognition of Christianity. But *that* was neither splendid nor distinct; whereas the Byzantine Rome built avowedly upon Christianity as its own basis, and consecrated its own nativity by the sublime act of founding the first provision ever attempted for the poor, considered simply as poor (*i.e. as objects of pity, not as instruments of ambition*).

II. Secondly, *as the great ægis of Western Christendom*, nay, the barrier which made it possible that any Christendom should ever exist, this Byzantine Empire is entitled to a very different station in the enlightened gratitude of us Western Europeans from any which it has yet held. I do not scruple to say that, by comparison with the services of the Byzantine

people to Europe, no nation on record has ever stood in the same relation to any other single nation, much less to a whole family of nations, whether as regards the opportunity and means of conferring benefits, or as regards the astonishing perseverance in supporting the succession of these benefits, or as regards the ultimate event of these benefits. A great wrong has been done for ages; for we have all been accustomed to speak of the Byzantine Empire with scorn,[1] as chiefly known by its effeminacy; and the greater is the call for a fervent palinode.

III. Thirdly, in a reflex way, as the one great danger which overshadowed Europe for generations, and against which the Byzantine Empire proved the capital bulwark, Mahometanism may rank as one of the Byzantine aspects or counterforces. And, if there is any popular error applying to the history of that great convulsion as a political effort for revolutionising the world, some notice of it will find a natural place in connexion with these present trains of speculation.

Let me, therefore, have permission to throw together a few remarks on these three subjects—1, on the remarkable distinction by which the eldest of Christian rulers proclaimed and inaugurated the Christian basis of his Empire; 2, on the true but forgotten relation of this great Empire to our modern Christendom, under which idea I comprehend Europe, and *reversionally* the whole Continent of America; 3, on the false pretensions of Mahometanism, whether advanced by itself or by inconsiderate Christian speculators on its behalf. I shall thus obtain this advantage, that some sort of unity will be given to my own glances at Mr. Finlay's theme;

[1] "*With scorn*":—This has arisen from two causes. One is the habit of regarding the whole Roman Empire as in its "decline" from so early a period as that of Commodus; agreeably to which conceit, it would naturally follow that, during its latter stages, the Eastern Empire must have been absolutely in its dotage. If already declining in the second century, then from the tenth to the fifteenth it must have been paralytic and bedridden. The other cause may be found in the accidental but reasonable hostility of the Byzantine Court to the first Crusaders, as also in the disadvantageous comparison with respect to manly virtues between the simplicity of these Western children and the refined dissimulation of the Byzantines.

and, at the same time, by gathering under these general heads any dispersed comments of Mr. Finlay, whether for confirmation of my own views, or for any purpose of objection to his, I shall give to those comments also that kind of unity, by means of a reference to a common purpose, which I could not have given them by citing each independently for itself.

I. First, then, as to that memorable act by which Constantinople (*i.e.* the Eastern Empire) connected herself for ever with Christianity—viz. the recognition of pauperism as an element in the state entitled to the maternal guardianship of the state. In this new principle, introduced by Christianity, we behold a far-seeing or proleptic wisdom, making provision for evils before they had arisen; for it is certain that great expansions of pauperism did not exist in the ancient world. A pauper population is a disease peculiar to the Modern or Christian world. Various causes latent in the social systems of the ancients prevented such developments of surplus people. But does not this argue a superiority in the social arrangements of these ancients? Not at all; they were atrociously worse. They evaded this one morbid affection by means of others far more injurious to the moral advance of man. The case was then everywhere as at this day it is in Persia. A Persian ambassador to London or Paris might boast that in his native Irân no such spectacles existed of hunger-bitten myriads as may be seen everywhere during seasons of distress in the crowded cities of Christian Europe. "No," would be the answer, "most certainly not; but why? The reason is, that your accursed form of society and government *intercepts* such surplus people, does not suffer them to be born. What is the result? You ought, in Persia, to have three hundred millions of people; your vast territory is easily capacious of that number. You *have*—how many have you? Something less than eight millions." Think of this, startled reader. But, if *that* be a good state of things, then any barbarous soldier who makes a wilderness is entitled to call himself a great philosopher and public benefactor. This is to cure the headache by amputating the head. Now, the same principle of limitation to population *a parte ante*, though not in the same savage excess as in Mahometan Persia,

operated upon Greece and Rome. The whole Pagan world escaped the evils of redundant population by vicious repressions of it beforehand. But under Christianity a new state of things was destined to take effect. Many protections and excitements to population were laid in the framework of this new religion, which, by its new code of rules and impulses, in so many ways extended the free agency of human beings. Manufacturing industry was destined first to arise on any great scale under Christianity. Except in Tyre and Alexandria (see the Emperor Hadrian's account of this last), there was no town or district in the ancient world where the populace could be said properly to work. The rural labourers worked a little—not much; and sailors worked a little; nobody else worked at all. Even slaves had little more work distributed amongst each ten than now settles upon one. And in many other ways, by protecting the principle of life as a mysterious sanctity, Christianity has favoured the development of an excessive population. There it is that Christianity, being answerable for the mischief, is answerable for its redress. Therefore it is that, breeding the disease, Christianity breeds the cure. Extending the vast lines of poverty, Christianity it was that first laid down the principle of a relief for poverty. Constantine, the first Christian potentate, laid the first stone of the mighty overshadowing institution since reared in Christian lands to poverty, disease, orphanage, and mutilation. Christian instincts, moving and speaking through that Cæsar, first carried out that great idea of Christianity. Six years was Christianity in building Constantinople, and in the seventh she rested from her labours, saying, "Henceforward let the poor man have a haven of rest for ever; a rest from his work for one day in seven; a rest from his anxieties by a legal and fixed relief." Being legal, it could not be open to disturbances of caprice in the giver; being fixed, it was not open to disturbances of miscalculation in the receiver. Now first, when first Christianity was installed as a public organ of government (and first owned a distinct political responsibility), did it become the duty of a religion which assumed, as it were, the *official* tutelage of poverty, to proclaim and consecrate that function by some great memorial precedent. And, accordingly, in

testimony of that obligation, the first Christian Cæsar, on behalf of Christianity, founded the first system of relief for pauperism. It is true that largesses from the public treasury, gratuitous corn, or corn sold at diminished rates, not to mention the *sportulæ* or stated doles of private Roman nobles, had been distributed amongst the indigent citizens of Western Rome for centuries before Constantine; but all these had been the selfish bounties of factious ambition or intrigue.

To Christianity was reserved the inaugural act of public charity in the spirit of charity. We must remember that no charitable or beneficent institutions of any kind, grounded on disinterested kindness, existed amongst the Pagan Romans, and still less amongst the Pagan Greeks. Mr. Coleridge, in one of his lay sermons, advanced the novel doctrine that in the Scripture is contained all genuine and profound statesmanship. Of course, he must be understood to mean, in its capital principles; for, as to subordinate and executive rules for applying such principles, these, doubtless, are in part suggested by the local circumstances in each separate case. Now, amongst the political theories of the Bible is this, that pauperism is not an accident in the constitution of states, but an indefeasible necessity; or, in the scriptural words, that "the poor shall never cease out of the land." This theory, or great canon of social philosophy, during many centuries, drew no especial attention from philosophers. It passed for a truism, bearing no particular emphasis or meaning beyond some general purpose of sanction to the impulses of charity. But there is good reason to believe that it slumbered, and was meant to slumber, until Christianity, arising and moving forwards, should call it into a new life, as a principle suited to a new order of things. Accordingly, we have seen of late that this scriptural dictum—"The poor shall never cease out of the land"—has terminated its career as a truism (that is, as a truth, either obvious on one hand, or inert on the other), and has wakened into a polemic or controversial life. People arose who took upon them utterly to deny the scriptural doctrine. Peremptorily they challenged the assertion that poverty must always exist. The Bible said that it was an affection of human society which could not be exterminated; the economist of 1800 said that

it was a foul disease which must and should be exterminated. The scriptural philosophy said that pauperism was inalienable from man's social condition, in the same way that decay was inalienable from his flesh. "I shall soon see *that*," said the economist of 1800; "for, as sure as my name is Malthus, I will have this poverty put down by law within one generation, if there's a law to be had in the courts of Westminster." The Scriptures have left word that, if any man should come to the national banquet declaring himself unable to pay his contribution, that man should be accounted the guest of Christianity, and should be privileged to sit at the table in thankful remembrance of what Christianity had done for man. But Mr. Malthus left word with all the servants that, if any man should present himself under those circumstances, he was to be told "the table is full" (*his* words, not mine); "go away, good man." Go away! Mr. Malthus? Whither? In what direction?—"Why, if you come to *that*," said the man of 1800, "to any ditch that he prefers: surely there's good choice of ditches for the most fastidious taste." During twenty years—viz. from 1800 to 1820—this new philosophy, which substituted a ditch for a dinner, and a paving-stone for a loaf, prevailed and prospered. At one time it seemed likely enough to prove a snare to our own aristocracy—the noblest of all ages. But that peril was averted, and the further history of the case was this: By the year 1820, much discussion having passed to and fro, serious doubts had arisen in many quarters; scepticism had begun to arm itself against the sceptic; the economist of 1800 was no longer quite sure of his ground. He was now suspected of being fallible; and, what seemed of worse augury, he was beginning himself to suspect as much. To one capital blunder he was obliged publicly to plead guilty. What it was I shall have occasion to mention immediately. Meantime it was justly thought that, in a dispute loaded with such prodigious practical consequences, good sense and prudence demanded a more extended inquiry than had yet been instituted. Whether poverty would ever cease from the land might be doubted by those who balanced their faith in Scripture against their faith in the man of 1800. But this at least could not be doubted—that as yet poverty *had* not ceased, nor indeed

had made any sensible preparations for ceasing, from any land in Europe. It was a clear case, therefore, that, howsoever Europe might please to dream upon the matter when pauperism should have reached that glorious euthanasy predicted by the alchemist of old and the economist of 1800, for the present she must deal actively with her own pauperism on some avowed plan and principle, good or evil, gentle or harsh. Accordingly, along the line of years between 1820 and 1830, inquiries were made through our consuls of every state in Europe, what *were* those plans and principles. For it was justly said—"As one step towards judging rightly of our own system, now that it has been so clamorously challenged for a bad system, let us learn what it is that other nations think upon the subject, but above all what it is that they *do*." The answers to our many inquiries varied considerably; and some amongst the most enlightened nations appear to have adopted the good old plan of *laissez faire*, giving nothing from any public fund to the pauper, but authorising him to levy contributions on that gracious allegoric lady, Private Charity, wherever he could meet her taking the air with her babes. This reference appeared to be the main one in reply to any application of the pauper; and for all the rest they referred him generally to the "ditch," or to his own unlimited choice of ditches, according to the approved method of public benevolence published in 4to and in 8vo by the man of 1800. But there were other and humbler states in Europe, whose very pettiness had brought more fully within their vision the whole machinery and watchwork of pauperism, as it acted and reacted on the industrious poverty of the land, and on other interests, by means of the system adopted in relieving it. From these states came many interesting reports, all tending to some good purpose. But at last, and before the year 1830, amongst other results of more or less value, three capital points were established, not more decisive for the justification of the English system in administering national relief to paupers, and of all systems that reverenced the authority of Scripture, than they were for the overthrow of Mr. Malthus, the man of 1800. These three points are worthy of being used as buoys in mapping out the true channels, or

indicating the breakers on this difficult line of navigation; and I now rehearse them. They may seem plain almost to obviousness; but it is enough that they involve all the disputed questions of the case.

First, that, in spite of the assurances from economists, no progress whatever had been made by England, or by any state in this world, which lent any sanction to the hope of ever eradicating poverty from society.

Secondly, that, in absolute contradiction to the whole hypothesis relied on by Malthus and his brethren, in its most fundamental doctrine, a legal provision for poverty did *not* act as a bounty on marriage. There went to wreck the basis of the Malthus philosophy. The experience of England, where the trial had been made on the largest scale, was decisive on this point; and the opposite experience of Ireland, under the opposite circumstances, was equally decisive. And this result had made itself so clear by 1820 that even Malthus (as I have already noticed by anticipation) was compelled to publish a recantation as to this particular error, which in effect was a recantation of his entire theory.

Thirdly, that, according to the concurring experience of all the most enlightened states in Christendom, the public suffered least (not merely in molestation, but in money), pauperism benefited most, and the growth of pauperism was retarded most, precisely as the provision for the poor had been legalised as to its obligation, and fixed as to its amount. Left to individual discretion, the burden was found to press most unequally; and, on the other hand, the evil itself of pauperism, whilst much less effectually relieved, nevertheless, through the irregular action of this relief, was much more powerfully stimulated.

Such is the abstract of our latest public warfare on this great question through a period of nearly fifty years. And the issue is this: starting from the contemptuous defiance of the scriptural doctrine upon the necessity of making provision for poverty as an indispensable element in civil communities (*the poor shall never cease out of the land*), the economy of the age has lowered its tone by graduated descents in each one successively of the four last *decennia*. The philosophy of the day, as to this point at least, is at

length in coincidence with Scripture. And thus the very extensive researches of this nineteenth century as to pauperism have reacted with the effect of a full justification upon Constantine's attempt to connect the foundation of his Empire with that new theory of Christianity upon the imperishableness of poverty and upon the duties corresponding to it.

Meantime, Mr. Finlay denies that Christianity had been raised by Constantine into the religion of the state ; and others have denied that, in the extensive money privileges conceded to Constantinople, he contemplated any but political principles. As to the first point, I apprehend that Constantine will be found not so much to have shrunk back from fear of installing Christianity in the seat of supremacy as to have diverged in policy from our modern *methods* of such an installation. My own belief is that, according to *his* notion of a state religion, he supposed himself to have conferred that distinction upon Christianity. With respect to the endowments and privileges of Constantinople, they were various : some lay in positive donations, others in immunities and exemptions ; some again were designed to attract strangers, others to attract nobles from old Rome. But, with fuller opportunities for pursuing that discussion, I think it might be possible to show that, in more than one of his institutions and his decrees, he had contemplated the special advantage of the poor considered *as* poor ; and that, next after the august distinction of having founded the first Christian throne, he had meant to challenge and fix the gaze of future ages upon this glorious pretension—viz. that he first had executed the scriptural injunction to make a provision for the poor, as an order of society that by laws immutable should "never cease out of the land."

II. Let me advert to the value and functions of Constantinople as the tutelary genius of western or dawning Christianity.

The History of Constantinople, or more generally of the Eastern Roman Empire, wears a peculiar interest to the children of Christendom ; and for two separate reasons—first, as being the narrow isthmus or bridge which connects the two continents of Ancient and Modern History, and *that* is a philosophic interest ; but, secondly, which in the very

highest degree is a practical interest, as the record of our earthly salvation from Mahometanism. On two horns was Europe assaulted by the Moslems. First, last, and through the largest tract of time, on the horn of Constantinople: there the contest raged for more than eight hundred years; and by the time that the mighty bulwark fell (1453) Vienna and other cities near the Danube had found leisure for growing up; Hungary had grown up; Poland had grown up; so that, if one range of Alps had slowly been surmounted, another had now embattled itself against the westward progress of the Crescent. On the westward horn, *in* France, but *by* Germans, once for all Charles Martel had arrested the progress of the fanatical Moslem almost in a single battle; certainly a single generation saw the whole danger dispersed, inasmuch as within that space the Saracens were effectually forced back into their Spanish lair. This demonstrates pretty forcibly the difference of the Mahometan resources as applied to the western and the eastern struggle. To throw the whole weight of that difference, a difference in the result as between eight centuries and thirty years, upon the mere difference of energy in German and Byzantine forces,—as though the first did, by a rapturous fervour, in a few revolutions of summer what the other had protracted through nearly a millennium,—is a representation which defeats itself by its own extravagance. To prove too much is more dangerous than to prove too little. The fact is that vast armies and mighty nations were continually disposable for the war upon the City of Constantine; nations had time to arise in juvenile vigour, to grow old and superannuated, to melt away, and totally to disappear, in that long struggle on the Hellespont and Propontis. It was a struggle which might often intermit and slumber; armistices there might be, truces, or unproclaimed suspensions of war out of mutual exhaustion; but peace there could *not* be, because any resting from the duty of hatred between races that reciprocally seemed to lay the foundations of their creed in a dishonouring of God was impossible to aspiring human nature. Malice and mutual hatred, I repeat, became a duty in those circumstances. Why had they *begun* to fight? Personal feuds there had been none between the parties. For the early

Caliphs did not conquer Syria and other vast provinces of the Roman Empire because they had a quarrel with the Cæsars who represented Christendom ; but, on the contrary, they had a quarrel with the Cæsars because they had conquered Syria; or, at the most, the conquest and the feud (if not always lying in that exact succession as cause and effect) were joint effects from a common cause, which cause was imperishable as death or the ocean, and as deep as are the fountains of life. Could the ocean be altered by a sea-fight, or the atmosphere be tainted for ever by an earthquake ? As little could any single reign or its events affect the feud of the Moslem and the Christian : a feud which could not cease unless God could change, or unless man (becoming careless of spiritual things) should sink to the level of a brute.

These are considerations of great importance in weighing the value of the Eastern Empire. If the cause and interest of Islamism, as against Christianity, were undying, then we may be assured that the Moorish infidels of Spain did not reiterate their trans-Pyrenean expeditions after one generation simply because they *could* not. But we know that on the south-eastern horn of Europe they *could*, upon the plain argument that for many centuries they *did*. Over and above this, I am of opinion that the Saracens were unequal to the sort of hardships bred by cold climates ; and *there* lay another repulsion for Saracens from France, &c., and not merely the Carlovingian sword. We children of Christendom show our innate superiority to the children of the Orient upon this scale or tariff of acclimatising powers. We travel as wheat travels, through all reasonable ranges of temperature ; they, like rice, can migrate only to warm latitudes. They cannot support our cold, but we *can* support the countervailing hardships of their heat. This cause alone would have weatherbound the Mussulmans for ever within the Pyrenean cloisters. Mussulmans in cold latitudes look as much out of their element as sailors on horseback. Apart from which cause, we see that the fine old Visigothic races in Spain found them full employment up to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, which reign first created a kingdom of Spain ; in that reign the whole fabric of their power thawed away, and was confounded with forgotten things. Columbus, according to a local tradi-

tion, was personally present at some of the latter campaigns in Grenada: he saw the last of them. So that the discovery of America may be used as a convertible date with that of extinction for the Saracen power in western Europe. True that the overthrow of Constantinople had forerun this event by nearly half-a-century. But then I insist upon the different proportions of the struggle. Whilst in Spain a province had fought against a province, all Asia Militant had fought against the Eastern Roman Empire. Amongst the many races whom dimly we descry in those shadowy hosts, tilting for ages in the vast plains of Angora, are seen latterly pressing on to the van two mighty powers, the children of Persia and the Ottoman family of the Turks. Upon these nations —the one heretical, the other orthodox and more accurately Mahometan than Mahomet, both now rapidly decaying—the faith of Mahomet has ever leaned as upon her eldest sons; and these powers, both the right and the wrong, the Byzantine Cæsars had to face in every phasis of Moslem energy, as it revolved from perfect barbarism, through semi-barbarism, to that crude form of civilisation which Mahometans can support. And through all these transmigrations of their power we must remember that they were under a martial training and discipline, never suffered to become effeminate. One set of warriors after another *did*, it is true, become effeminate in Persia; but, upon that advantage opening, always another set stepped in from Turkistan or from the Imaus. The nation, as individuals, melted away; the Moslem armies were immortal.

Here, therefore, it is, and standing at this point of my review, that I complain of Mr. Finlay's too facile compliance with historians far beneath himself. He throws away his own advantages. Oftentimes his commentaries on the past are ebullient with subtlety; and his fault strikes me as lying even in the excess of his sagacity applying itself too often to a basis of facts quite insufficient for supporting the superincumbent weight of his speculations. But in the instance before us he surrenders himself too readily to the ordinary current of History. How would *he* like it, if he happened to be a Turk himself, finding his nation thus implicitly undervalued? For clearly, in undervaluing the Byzantine resistance, he *does*

undervalue the Mahometan assault. Advantages of local situation cannot *eternally* make good the deficiencies of man. If the Byzantines (being as weak as historians would represent them) yet for ages resisted the whole impetus of Mahometan Asia, then it follows, either that the Crescent was correspondingly weak, or that, not being weak, she must have found the Cross pretty strong. The *facit* of History does not here correspond with the numerical items.

Nothing has ever surprised me more, I will frankly own, than this coincidence of authors in treating the Byzantine Empire as feeble and crazy. On the contrary, to me it is clear that some secret and preternatural strength it must have had, lurking where the eye of man did not in those days penetrate; or by what miracle did it undertake our universal Christian cause, fight for us all, keep the waters open from freezing us up, and through nine centuries prevent the ice of Mahometanism from closing over our heads for ever? Yet does Mr. Finlay describe this empire as labouring, in A.D. 623, equally with Persia, under "internal weakness," and as "equally incapable of offering any popular or national resistance to an active or enterprising enemy." In this Mr. Finlay does but agree with other able writers; but he and they should have recollected that hardly had that very year 623 departed, even yet the knell of its last hour was sounding upon the winds, when this effeminate empire had occasion to show that she could clothe herself with consuming terrors, as a belligerent both defensive and aggressive. In the absence of her great Emperor,[1] and of the main imperial forces, the golden capital herself, by her own resources, routed and persecuted into wrecks a Persian army that had come down upon her by stealth and a fraudulent circuit. Even at that same period, she advanced into Persia more than a thousand miles from her own metropolis in Europe under the blazing ensigns of the cross, kicked the crown of Persia to and fro like a tennis-ball, upset the throne of Artaxerxes, countersigned haughtily the elevation of a new *Basileus* more friendly to herself, and then recrossed the

[1] *Heraclius*; which name ought not to have the stress laid on the antepenultimate (*rac*), but on the penultimate (*i*). [Heraclius, Emperor of the East from 610 to 641.—M.]

Tigris homewards, after having torn forcibly out of the heart and palpitating entrails of Persia whatever trophies that empire had formerly, in her fire-worshipping stage, wrested from herself. These were not the acts of an effeminate kingdom. In the language of Wordsworth we may say—

> "All power was given her in the dreadful trance;
> Infidel kings she withered like a flame."

Indeed, no image that I remember can do justice to the first of these acts, except that Spanish legend of the Cid which tells us that, long after the death of the mighty cavalier, when the children of those Moors who had fled from his face whilst living were insulting the marble statue above his grave, suddenly the statue raised its right arm, stretched out its marble lance, and drifted the heathen dogs like snow. The mere sanctity of the Christian champion's sepulchre was its own protection; and so we must suppose that, when the Persian hosts came by surprise upon Constantinople—her natural protector being absent by three months' march—simply the golden statues of the mighty Cæsars, half rising on their thrones, must have caused that sudden panic which dissipated the danger. Hardly fifty years later, Mr. Finlay well knows that Constantinople again stood an assault—not from a Persian hourrah or tempestuous surprise, but from a vast expedition, armaments by land and sea, fitted out elaborately in the early noontide of Mahometan vigour; and that assault also, in the presence of the Caliph and the crescent, was gloriously discomfited. Now, if, in the moment of triumph, some voice in the innumerable crowd had cried out, "How long shall this great Christian breakwater, against which are shattered into surge and foam all the mountainous billows of idolaters and misbelievers, stand up on behalf of infant Christendom?", and if from the clouds some trumpet of prophecy had replied, "Even yet for eight hundred years!", could any man have persuaded himself that such a fortress against such antagonists—such a monument against such a millennium of fury—was to be classed amongst the weak things of the earth? This Oriental Rome, it is true, equally with Persia, was liable to sudden inroads and incursions. But the difference

was this: Persia was strongly protected in all ages by the wilderness on her main western frontier; if this were passed, and a hand-to-hand conflict succeeded where light cavalry or fugitive archers could be of little value, the essential weakness of the Persian Empire then betrayed itself. Her sovereign was then assassinated, and peace was obtained from the condescension of the invader. But the enemies of Constantinople—Goths, Avars, Bulgarians, or even Persians—were strong only by their weakness. Being contemptible, they were neglected; being chased, they made no stand; being prostrate, they capitulated; and *thus* only they escaped. They entered like thieves by means of darkness, and escaped like sheep by means of dispersion. But, if caught, they were annihilated. No: I resume my thesis; I close this head by reiterating my correction of History; I re-affirm my position that in eastern Rome lay the salvation of western and central Europe, in Constantinople and the Propontis lay the *sine qua non* condition of any future Christendom. Emperor and People *must* have done their duty; the result, the vast extent of generations surmounted, furnishes the triumphant demonstration. Finally, indeed, they fell, king and people, shepherd and flock; but by that time their mission was fulfilled. And, doubtless, as the noble Palæologus lay on heaps of carnage with his noble People, as life was ebbing away, a voice from heaven sounded in his ears the great words of the Hebrew prophet, "Behold! YOUR WORK IS DONE; your warfare is accomplished."

III. Such, then, being the unmerited disparagement of the Byzantine government, and so great the ingratitude of later Christendom to that sheltering power under which themselves enjoyed the leisure of a thousand years for knitting and expanding into strong nations, on the other hand what is to be thought of the Saracen anti-Byzantines? Everywhere it has passed for a lawful postulate that the Saracen conquests prevailed, half by the feebleness of the Roman government at Constantinople, and half by the preternatural energy infused into the Arabs by their false prophet and legislator. In either of its faces, this theory is falsified by a steady review of facts. With regard to the Saracens, Mr. Finlay thinks, as I do, and argues, that they

prevailed through the *local*, or sometimes the *casual*, weakness of their immediate enemies, and rarely through any strength of their own. We must remember one fatal weakness of the imperial administration in those days, not due to men or to principles, but entirely to nature and the slow growth of scientific improvements—viz. the difficulties of locomotion. As respected Syria, Egypt, Cyrenaica, and so on to the most western provinces of Africa, the Saracens had advantages for moving rapidly which the Cæsar had not. But is not a water movement speedier than a land movement, which for an army never has much exceeded fourteen miles a-day? Certainly it is; but in this case there were two desperate defects in the imperial control over that water service. To use a fleet, you must have a fleet; but their whole naval interest had been starved by the intolerable costs of the Persian War. Immense had been the expenses of Heraclius, and annually decaying had been his Asiatic revenues. Secondly, the original position of the Arabs had been better than that of the Emperor in every stage of the warfare which so suddenly arose. In Arabia the Arabs stood nearest to Syria, in Syria nearest to Egypt, in Egypt nearest to Cyrenaica. What reason had there been for expecting a martial legislator at that moment in Arabia who should fuse and sternly combine her distracted tribes? What blame, therefore, to Heraclius, that Syria—the first object of assault, being also by much the weakest part of the Empire, and immediately after the close of a desolating war—should in four campaigns be found indefensible? We must remember the unexampled abruptness of the Arabian revolution. The year six hundred and twenty-two, by its very name of Hegira, does not record a triumph, but a humiliation. In that year, therefore, and at the very moment when Heraclius was entering upon his long Persian struggle, Mahomet was yet prostrate, and his destiny was doubtful. Eleven years after—viz. in six hundred and thirty-three—the prophet was dead and gone; but his *first* successor was already in Syria as a conqueror. Such had been the velocity of events. The Persian War had then been finished by three years, but the exhaustion of the Empire had perhaps, at that moment, reached its maximum.

I am satisfied that ten years' repose from this extreme state of collapse would have shown us another result. Even as it was, and caught at this enormous disadvantage, Heraclius taught the robbers to tremble, and would have exterminated them, if not baffled by two irremediable calamities, neither of them due to any act or neglect of his own. The first lay in the treason of his lieutenants. The governors of Damascus, of Aleppo, of Emesa, of Bostra, of Kinnisrin, all proved traitors. The root of this evil lay, probably, in the disorders following the Persian invasion, which had made it the perilous interest of the Emperor to appoint great officers from amongst those who had a local influence. Such persons it might have been ruinous too suddenly to set aside ; as, in the event, it proved ruinous to employ them. A dilemma of this kind, offering but a choice of evils, belonged to the nature of any Persian war ; and that particular war was bequeathed to Heraclius by the management of his predecessors. The second calamity was even more fatal ; it lay in the composition of the Syrian population, and its original want of vital cohesion. For no purpose could this population be united ; they formed a rope of sand. There was the distraction of religion—Jacobites, Nestorians, &c. ; there was the distraction of races—slaves and masters, conquered and conquerors, modern intruders mixed, but not blended with, aboriginal mountaineers. Property became the one principle and ground of choice between the two governments. Where was protection to be had for *that ?* Barbarous as were the Arabs, they saw their present advantage. Often it would happen, from the position of the armies, that *they* could, whilst the Emperor could not, guarantee the instant security of land or of personal treasures ; the Arabs could also promise, sometimes, even a total immunity from taxes—generally a diminished scale of taxation, always a remission of arrears ; none of which concessions could be listened to by the Emperor, partly on account of the public necessities, partly from jealousy of establishing operative precedents. For religion, again, protection was more easily obtained in that day from the Arab, who made war on Christianity, than from the Byzantine Emperor, who was its champion. What were the different sects and subdivisions of Christianity

to the barbarian? Monophysite, Monothelite, Eutychian, or Jacobite, all were to him as the scholastic disputes of noble and intellectual Europe to the camps of gipsies. The Arab felt himself to be the depositary of one sublime truth, the unity of God. His mission, therefore, was principally against idolaters. Yet even to *them* his policy was to *sell* toleration of idolatry and polytheism for tribute. Clearly, as Mr. Finlay hints, this was merely a provisional moderation, meant to be laid aside when sufficient power was obtained; and it *was* laid aside, in after ages, by many a wretch like Timour or Nadir Shah. Religion, therefore, and property once secured, what more had the Syrians to seek? And, if to these advantages for the Saracens we add the fact that a considerable Arab population was dispersed through Syria, who became so many emissaries, spies, and decoys in the service of their countrymen, it does great honour to the Emperor that through so many campaigns he should at all have maintained his ground; and this at last he resigned only under the despondency caused by almost universal treachery.

The Saracens, therefore, had no great merit even in their earliest exploits; and the *impetus* of their movement forwards, that principle of proselytism which carried them so strongly "ahead" through a few generations, was very soon brought to a stop. Mr. Finlay, in my mind, does right to class these barbarians as "socially and politically little better than the Gothic, Hunnish, and Avar monarchies." But, on consideration, the Gothic monarchy embosomed the germs of a noble civilisation; whereas the Saracens have never propagated great principles of any kind, nor attained even a momentary grandeur in their institutions, except where coalescing with a higher or more ancient civilisation.

Meantime, ascending from the earliest Mahometans to their Prophet, what are we to think of *him?* Was Mahomet a great man? I think not. The case was thus:—The Arabian tribes had long stood ready, like dogs held in a leash, for a start after distant game. It was not Mahomet who gave them that impulse. But, next, what was it that hindered the Arab tribes from obeying the impulse? Simply this, that they were always in feud with each other,

so that their expeditions, beginning in harmony, were sure to break up in anger on the road. What they needed was some one grand compressing and unifying principle, such as the Roman found in the destinies of his City. True; but this, you say, they found in the sublime principle that God was one, and had appointed them to be the scourges of all who denied it. Their mission was to cleanse the earth from Polytheism, and, as ambassadors from God, to tell the nations, "Ye shall have no other gods but me." That was grand; and *that* surely they had from Mahomet. Perhaps so; but where did he get it? He stole it from the Jewish Scriptures, and from the Scriptures no less than from the traditions of the Christians. Assuredly, then, the first projecting *impetus* was not impressed upon Islamism by Mahomet. This lay in a revealed truth; and by Mahomet it was furtively translated to his own use from those oracles which held it in keeping. But possibly, if not the *principle* of motion, yet at least the steady conservation of this motion, was secured to Islamism by Mahomet. Granting (you will say) that the launch of this religion might be due to an alien inspiration, yet still the steady movement onwards of this religion, through some centuries, might be due exclusively to the code of laws bequeathed by Mahomet in the Koran. And this has been the opinion of many European scholars. They fancy that Mahomet, however worldly and sensual as the founder of a pretended revelation, was wise in the wisdom of this world, and that, if ridiculous as a prophet (which word,[1] however, did not mean *foreteller*, but simply revealer of truth), he was worthy of veneration as a statesman. He legislated well and presciently, they imagine, for the interests of a remote posterity. Now, upon that question let us hear Mr. Finlay. He, when commenting upon the steady resistance offered to the Saracens by the African Christians of the seventh and eighth centuries,—a resistance which terminated disastrously

[1] I have already (viz. in the paper on "Oracles") had occasion to notice the erroneous limitation of the word *Prophecy*, as if it meant only, or chiefly, that revelation which draws away the veil of futurity. But in the great cardinal proposition of Islamism this correction is broadly enunciated—There is one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet. Now, in the narrow sense of prediction, Mahomet disclaimed the gift of prophecy as much as of miracles.

for both sides, the poor Christians being exterminated, and the Moslem invaders being robbed of an indigenous working population,—naturally inquires what it was that led to so tragical a result. The Christian natives of these provinces were in a political condition little favourable to belligerent efforts; and there cannot be much doubt that, with any wisdom or any forbearance on the part of the intruders, both parties might soon have settled down into a pacific compromise of their feuds. Instead of this, the scimitar was invoked and worshipped as the sole possible arbitrator; and truce there was none, until the silence of desolation brooded over those once fertile fields. How savage was the fanaticism, and how blind the worldly wisdom, which could have co-operated to such a result! The cause must have lain in the unaccommodating nature of the Mahometan institutions, in the bigotry of the Mahometan leaders, and in the defect of expansive views on the part of their legislator. He had not provided even for other climates than that of his own sweltering sty in the Hedjas, or for manners more polished, or for institutions more philosophic, than those of his own sun-baked Ishmaelites. "The construction "of the political government of the Saracen Empire," says Mr. Finlay, "was imperfect, and shows that Mahomet had "neither contemplated extensive foreign conquests, nor "devoted the energies of his powerful mind to the considera- "tion of the questions of administration which would arise "out of the difficult task of ruling a numerous and wealthy "population, possessed of property, but deprived of equal "rights." He then shows how the whole power of the state settled into the hands of a chief priest—systematically irresponsible. When, therefore, that momentary state of responsibility had passed away from the Mahometans which was created (like the state of martial law) "by national feelings, military companionship, and exalted enthusiasm," the administration of the Caliphs became "far more oppressive than that of the Roman Empire." It is in fact an insult to the majestic Romans if we should place them seriously in the balance with savages like the Saracens. The Romans were essentially the leaders of civilisation, according to the possibilities then existing; for their earliest usages and social

forms involved a high civilisation, whilst promising a higher: whereas all Moslem nations have described a petty arch of national civility—soon reaching its apex, and rapidly barbarising backwards. This fatal gravitation towards decay and decomposition in Mahometan institutions, which at this day exhibit to the gaze of mankind one uniform spectacle of Mahometan ruins,—all the great Moslem nations being already in a *Strulbrug*[1] state, and held erect only by the colossal support of Christian powers,—could not, as a *reversionary* evil, have been healed by the Arabian prophet. His own religious principles would have prevented *that*, for they offer a permanent bounty on sensuality; so that every man who serves a Mahometan state faithfully and brilliantly at twenty-five is incapacitated at thirty-five for any further service by the very nature of the rewards which he receives from the state. Within a very few years, every public servant is usually emasculated by that unlimited voluptuousness which equally the Moslem Princes and the Common Prophet of all Moslems countenance as the proper object, and indeed the sole object, of human pursuit, not on earth only, but in the future of paradise. Here is the mortal ulcer of Islamism, which can never cleanse itself from death and the odour of death. A political ulcer would or might have found restoration for itself; but this ulcer is higher and deeper:—it lies in the religion, which is incapable of reform: it is an ulcer reaching as high as the paradise which Islamism promises, and deep as the hell which it creates. I repeat that Mahomet could not effectually have neutralised a poison which he himself had introduced into the circulation and life-blood of his Moslem economy. The false prophet was forced to reap as he had sown. But an evil which is certain may be retarded; and ravages which tend finally to confusion may be limited for many genera-

[1] To any reader who happens to be illiterate, or not extensively informed, it may be proper to explain that *Strulbrugs* were a creation of Dean Swift. They were people in an imaginary world, who were afraid of dying, and who had the privilege of lingering on through centuries when they ought to have been dead and buried, but suffering all the evils of utter superannuation and decay; having a bare glimmering of semi-consciousness, but otherwise in the condition of mere vegetables.

tions. Now, in the case of the African provincials which I have noticed, we observe an original incapacity in Islamism, even at its meridian altitude, for amalgamating with any *superior* (and therefore any Christian) culture. And the specific action of Mahometanism in the African case, as contrasted with the Roman economy which it supplanted, is thus exhibited by Mr. Finlay in a most instructive passage, where every negation on the Mahometan side is made to suggest the countervailing *positive* usage on the side of the Romans. O children of Romulus! how noble do you appear, when thus abruptly contrasted with the wild boars that desolated your vineyards! "No local magistrates "elected by the people, and no parish priests connected by "their feelings and interests both with their superiors and "inferiors, bound society together by common ties; and "no system of legal administration, independent of the "military and financial authorities, preserved the property of "the people from the rapacity of the government." Such, we are to understand, was *not* the Mahometan system; such *had* been the system of Rome. "Socially and politically," proceeds the passage, "the Saracen Empire was little better "than the Gothic, Hunnish, and Avar monarchies; and "that it proved more durable, with almost equal oppression, "is to be attributed to the powerful enthusiasm of "Mahomet's religion, which tempered for some time its "avarice and tyranny." The same sentiment is repeated still more emphatically at p. 468:—"The political policy of "the Saracens was of itself utterly barbarous; and it only "caught a passing gleam of justice from the religious feeling "of their prophet's doctrines."

Thus far, therefore, it appears that Mahometanism is not much indebted to its too famous founder: it owes to him a principle—viz. the unity of God—which, merely through a capital blunder, it fancies peculiar to itself. Nothing but the grossest ignorance in Mahomet, nothing but the grossest non-acquaintance with Greek authors on the part of the Arabs, could have created or sustained the delusion current amongst that illiterate people that it was themselves only who rejected Polytheism. Had but one amongst the personal enemies of Mahomet been acquainted with Greek, *there* was

an end of the new religion in the first moon of its existence. Once open the eyes of the Arabs to the fact that Christians had anticipated them in this great truth of the divine unity, and Mahometanism could only have ranked as a subdivision of Christianity. Mahomet would have ranked only as a Christian heresiarch or schismatic, such as Nestorius or Marcian at one time, such as Arius or Pelagius at another. In his character of *theologian*, therefore, Mahomet was simply the most memorable of blunderers, supported in his blunders by the most unlettered of nations.[1] In his other character of *legislator* we have seen that already the earliest stages of Mahometan experience exposed decisively his ruinous imbecility. Where a rude tribe offered no resistance to his system, for the simple reason that their barbarism suggested no motive for resistance, it could be no honour to prevail. And, where, on the other hand, a higher civilisation had furnished strong points of repulsion to his system, it appears plainly that this pretended apostle of social improvements had devised or hinted no readier mode of conciliation than by putting to the sword all dissentients. He starts, as a theological reformer, with a fancied defiance to the world which was no defiance at all, being exactly what Christians had believed for six centuries, and Jews for six-and-twenty. He starts, as a political reformer, with a fancied conciliation to the world, which was no conciliation at all, but was sure to provoke imperishable hostility wheresoever it had any effect at all.

I have thus reviewed some of the more splendid aspects connected with Mr. Finlay's theme; but that theme, in its entire compass, is worthy of a far more extended investigation than my own limits will allow, or than the historical curiosity of the world (misdirected here, as in so many other cases) has hitherto demanded. The Greek race, suffering a long occultation under the blaze of the Roman Empire, into

[1] "*Most unlettered*":—viz. at the era of Mahomet. Subsequently, under the encouragement of great Caliphs, they became confessedly a learned people. But this cannot disturb the sublime character of their ignorance at that earliest period when this ignorance was an indispensable co-operating element with the plagiarisms of Mahomet for the generation of a new religion.

which for a time it had been absorbed, but again emerging from this blaze, and reassuming a distinct Greek agency and influence, offers a subject great by its own inherent attractions, and separately interesting by the unaccountable neglect which it has suffered. To have overlooked this subject, is one amongst the capital oversights of Gibbon. To have rescued it from utter oblivion, and to have traced an outline for its better illumination, is the peculiar merit of Mr. Finlay. His greatest fault is to have been careless or slovenly in the niceties of classical and philological precision. His greatest praise, and a very great one indeed, is to have thrown the light of an *original* philosophic sagacity upon a neglected province of History, indispensable to the *arrondissement* of Paganism in its latest stages and of anti-Paganism in its earliest.

THE REVOLUTION OF GREECE[1]

It is falsely charged upon itself by this age, in its character of *censor morum*, that effeminacy in a practical sense lies either amongst its full-blown faults, or amongst its lurking tendencies. A rich, a polished, a refined age, may, by mere necessity of inference, be presumed to be a luxurious one; and the usual principle which sets in motion the whole trivial philosophy which speculates upon the character of a particular age or a particular nation is first of all to adopt some one central idea of its characteristics, and then without further effort to pursue its integration; that is, having assumed (or, suppose even having demonstrated) the existence of some great influential quality in excess sufficient to overthrow the apparent equilibrium demanded by the common standards of a just national character, the speculator then proceeds, as in a matter of acknowledged right, to push this predominant quality into all its consequences, and all its closest affinities. To give one illustration of such a case, now perhaps beginning to be forgotten: Somewhere about the year 1755, the once celebrated Dr. Brown, after other little attempts in literature and paradox,[2] took up the conceit that England was ruined at her heart's core by excess of luxury and sensual self-indulgence. He had persuaded

[1] In *Blackwood's Magazine* for April 1833, as a review of "*History of the Greek Revolution. By Thomas Gordon, F.R.S. In two vols. Edinburgh*, 1833": reprinted by De Quincey in 1859 in the eleventh volume of his Collected Writings.—M.

[2] John Brown, D.D., an English divine and miscellaneous writer, 1715-1766.—M.

himself that the ancient activities and energies of the country were sapped by long habits of indolence, and by a morbid plethora of enjoyment in every class. Courage, and the old fiery spirit of the people, had gone to wreck with the physical qualities which had sustained them. Even the faults of the public mind had given way under its new complexion of character; ambition and civil dissension were extinct. It was questionable whether a good hearty assault and battery, or a respectable knock-down blow, had been dealt by any man in London for one or two generations. The doctor carried his reveries so far that he even satisfied himself and one or two friends (probably by looking into the parks at hours propitious to his hypothesis) that horses were seldom or never used for riding; that, in fact, this accomplishment was too boisterous or too perilous for the gentle propensities of modern Britons; and that, by the best accounts, few men of rank or fashion were now seen on horseback. This pleasant collection of dreams did Dr. Brown solemnly propound to the English public, in two octavo volumes, under the title of *An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times*[1]; and the report of many who lived in those days assures us that for a brief period the book had a prodigious run. In some respects the doctor's conceits might seem too startling and extravagant; but, to balance *that*, every nation has some pleasure in being heartily abused by one of its own number; and the English nation has always had a special delight in being alarmed, and in being clearly convinced that it is and ought to be on the brink of ruin. With such advantages in the worthy doctor's favour, he might have kept the field until some newer extravaganza had made his own obsolete, had not one ugly turn in political affairs given so smashing a refutation to his practical conclusions, and called forth so sudden a rebound of public feeling in the very opposite direction, that a bomb-shell descending right through the whole impression of his book could not more summarily have laid a chancery "injunction" upon its further sale. This arose under the brilliant administration of the first Mr. Pitt: England was suddenly victorious in three quarters of the globe; land and sea

[1] Published in 1757.—M.

echoed to the voice of her triumphs; and the poor Doctor Brown, in the midst of all this hubbub, cut his own throat with his own razor. Whether this dismal catastrophe were exactly due to his mortification, as a baffled visionary whose favourite conceit had suddenly exploded like a rocket into smoke and stench, is more than any man is entitled to swear judicially; but, at all events, the sole memorial of his hypothesis which now reminds the English reader that it ever existed is one solitary notice of good-humoured satire pointed at it by Cowper.[1] And the possibility of such exceeding folly in a man otherwise of good sense and judgment, not depraved by any brain-fever or enthusiastic infatuation, not drunk with new wine, not frantic with delirium tremens, is to be found in the vicious process of reasoning applied to such estimates. The doctor, having taken up one novel idea of the national character, proceeded afterwards by no tentative inquiries or comparison with actual facts and phenomena of daily experience, but resolutely developed out of his one idea all that it appeared analytically to involve; and postulated audaciously as a solemn fact whatsoever could be exhibited in any possible connexion with his one central principle, whether in the way of consequence or of affinity.

Pretty much upon this unhappy Brunonian mode of deducing our national character, it is a very plausible speculation, which has been and will again be chanted, that we, being a luxurious nation, must by force of good logical dependency be liable to many derivative taints and infirmities which ought of necessity to besiege the blood of nations in that predicament. All enterprise and spirit of adventure, all heroism and courting of danger for its own attractions, ought naturally to languish in a generation enervated by early habits of personal indulgence. Doubtless they *ought*; *a priori*, it seems strictly demonstrable that such consequences should follow. Upon the purest forms of inference in *Barbara* or *Celarent*, it can be shown satisfactorily that from all our tainted classes, *a fortiori* then from our most

[1] In Cowper's *Table Talk*:—

"The inestimable Estimate of Brown
Rose like a kite, and charmed all the town."—M.

tainted classes—our men of fashion and of opulent fortunes —no description of animal can possibly arise but poltroons and *fainéans*. In fact, pretty generally, under the known circumstances of our modern English education and of our social habits, we ought, in obedience to all the *precognita* of our position, to show ourselves rank cowards. Yet, in spite of so much excellent logic, the facts are otherwise. No age has shown in its young patricians a more heroic disdain of sedentary ease; none in a martial support of liberty or national independence has so gaily volunteered upon services the most desperate, or shrunk less from martyrdom on the field of battle, whenever there was hope to invite their disinterested exertions, or grandeur enough in the cause to sustain them. Which of us forgets the gallant Mellish, the frank and the generous, who reconciled himself so gaily to the loss of a splendid fortune, and from the very bosom of luxury suddenly precipitated himself upon the hardships of Peninsular warfare? Which of us forgets the adventurous Lee of Lime, whom a princely estate could not detain in early youth from courting perils in Nubia and Abyssinia, nor (immediately upon his return) from almost wooing death as a volunteer aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo? So again of Colonel De Lacy Evans, who, after losing a fine estate long held out to his hopes, five times over put himself at the head of *forlorn hopes*. Such cases are memorable, and were conspicuous at the time, from the lustre of wealth and high connexions which surrounded the parties; but many thousand others, in which the sacrifices of personal ease were less noticeable from their narrower scale of splendour, had equal merit for the cheerfulness with which those sacrifices were made.

Here, again, in the person of the author before us,[1] we have another instance of noble and disinterested heroism, which, from the magnitude of the sacrifices that it involved, must place him in the same class as the Mellishes and the Lees. This gallant Scotsman, who was born in 1788 or 1789, lost his father in early life. Inheriting from him a good estate in Aberdeenshire, and one more considerable in

[1] Gordon's *History of the Greek Revolution*: see footnote, *ante*, p. 279.—M.

Jamaica, he found himself at the close of a long minority in the possession of a commanding fortune. Under the vigilant care of a sagacious mother, Mr. Gordon received the very amplest advantages of a finished education, studying first at the University of Aberdeen and afterwards for two years at Oxford, whilst he had previously enjoyed as a boy the benefits of a private tutor from Oxford. Whatever might be the immediate result from this careful tuition, Mr. Gordon has since completed his own education in the most comprehensive manner, and has carried his accomplishments as a linguist to a point of rare excellence. Sweden and Portugal excepted, we understand that he has personally visited every country in Europe. He has travelled also in Asiatic Turkey, in Persia, and in Barbary. From this personal residence in foreign countries, we understand that Mr. Gordon has obtained an absolute mastery over certain modern languages, especially the French, the Italian, the Modern Greek, and the Turkish.[1] Not content, however, with this extensive education in a literary sense, Mr. Gordon thought proper to prepare himself for the part which he meditated in public life by a second, or military education, in two separate services: first, in the British, where he served in the Greys, and in the forty-third regiment; and subsequently, during the campaign of 1813, as a captain on the Russian staff.

Thus brilliantly accomplished for conferring lustre and benefit upon any cause which he might adopt amongst the many revolutionary movements then continually emerging in Southern Europe, he finally carried the whole weight of his great talents, prudence, and energy, together with the unlimited command of his purse, to the service of Greece in her heroic struggle with the Sultan. At what point his services and his countenance were appreciated by the ruling persons in Greece will be best collected from the accompanying letter, translated from the original in modern Greek, addressed to him by the Provisional Government of Greece in 1822. It will be seen that this official document

[1] Mr. Gordon is privately known to be the translator of the work written by a Turkish minister, "*Tchebi Effendi*," published in the Appendix to Wilkinson's *Wallachia*, and frequently referred to by the *Quarterly Review* in its notices of Oriental affairs.

notices with great sorrow Mr. Gordon's absence from Greece, and with some surprise, as a fact at that time unexplained and mysterious ; but the simple explanation of this mystery was that Mr. Gordon had been brought to the very brink of the grave by a contagious fever at Tripolizza, and that his native air was found essential to his restoration. Subsequently he returned, and rendered the most powerful services to Greece, until the war was brought to a close, as much almost by Turkish exhaustion as by the armed interference of the three great conquerors of Navarino.

" The Government of Greece to the SIGNOR GORDON, a man worthy of all admiration, and a friend of the Grecians, health and prosperity.

" It was not possible, most excellent sir, nor was it a thing " endurable to the descendants of the Grecians, that they " should be deprived any longer of those imprescriptible " rights which belong to the inheritance of their birth—rights " which a barbarian of a foreign soil, an anti-christian tyrant, " issuing from the depths of Asia, seized upon with a robber's " hand, and, lawlessly trampling under foot, administered up " to this time the affairs of Greece after his own lust and " will. Needs it was that we, sooner or later, shattering this " iron and heavy sceptre, should recover at the price of life " itself (if *that* were found necessary) our patrimonial " heritage, that thus our people might again be gathered to " the family of free and self-legislating states. Moving, then, " under such impulses, the People of Greece advanced with one " heart, and perfect unanimity of council, against an oppressive " despotism, putting their hands to an enterprise beset with " difficulties, and hard indeed to be achieved, yet, in our " present circumstances, if any one thing in this life, most " indispensable. This, then, is the second year which we are " passing since we have begun to move in this glorious contest, " once again struggling to all appearance upon unequal " terms, but grasping our enterprise with the right hand and " the left, and with all our might stretching forward to the " objects before us.

"It was the hope of Greece that, in these seasons of

" emergency, she would not fail of help and earnest resort of " friends from the Christian nations throughout Europe. For " it was agreeable neither to humanity nor to piety that the " rights of nations, liable to no grudges of malice or scruples " of jealousy, should be surreptitiously and wickedly filched " away, or mocked with outrage and insult; but that they " should be settled firmly on those foundations which Nature " herself has furnished in abundance to the condition of man " in society. However, so it was that Greece, cherishing " these most reasonable expectations, met with most un- " merited disappointments.

" But you, noble and generous Englishman, no sooner " heard the trumpet of popular rights echoing melodiously " from the summits of Taygetus, of Ida, of Pindus, and of " Olympus, than, turning with listening ears to the sound, " and immediately renouncing the delights of country, of " family ties, and (what is above all) of domestic luxury and " ease and the happiness of your own fireside, you hurried to " our assistance. But suddenly, and in contradiction to the " universal hope of Greece, by leaving us you have thrown us " all into great perplexity and amazement, and that at a crisis " when some were applying their minds to military pursuits, " some to the establishment of a civil administration, others " to other objects, but all alike were hurrying and exerting " themselves wherever circumstances seemed to invite them.

" Meantime, the Government of Greece, having heard " many idle rumours and unauthorized tales disseminated, " but such as seemed neither in correspondence with their " opinion of your own native nobility from rank and family, " nor with what was due to the newly-instituted administra- " tion, have slighted and turned a deaf ear to them all, " coming to this resolution, that in absenting yourself from " Greece you are doubtless obeying some strong necessity; " for that it is not possible nor credible, of a man such as you " displayed yourself to be whilst living amongst us, that he " should mean to insult the wretched,—least of all to insult " the unhappy and much-suffering people of Greece. Under " these circumstances, both the deliberative and the executive " bodies of the Grecian Government, assembling separately, " have come to a resolution, without one dissentient voice, to

" invite you back to Greece, in order that you may again take " a share in the Grecian contest,—a contest in itself glorious, " and not alien from your character and pursuits. For the " liberty of any one nation cannot be a matter altogether " indifferent to the rest, but naturally it is a common and " diffusive interest; and nothing can be more reasonable " than that the Englishman and the Grecian, in such a cause, " should make themselves yoke-fellows, and should partici- " pate as brothers in so holy a struggle. Therefore the Gre- " cian Government hastens, by this present distinguished " expression of its regard, to invite you to the soil of Greece, " a soil united by such tender memorials with yourself; con- " fident that you, preferring glorious poverty and the hard " living of Greece to the luxury and indolence of an obscure " seclusion, will hasten your return to Greece, agreeably to " your native character, restoring to us our valued English " connexion. Farewell!

" The Vice-President of the Executive,
" ATHANASIUS KANAKARES.

" The Chief-Secretary, Minister of Foreign
" Relations, NEGENZZ."

Since then, having in 1817 connected himself in marriage with a beautiful young lady of Armenian Greek extraction, and having purchased land and built a house in Argos, Mr. Gordon may be considered in some sense as a Grecian citizen. Services in the field having now for some years been no longer called for, he has exchanged his patriotic sword for a patriotic pen; judging rightly that in no way so effectually can Greece be served at this time with Western Europe as by recording faithfully the course of her revolution, tracing the difficulties which lay or which arose in her path, the heroism with which she surmounted them, and the multiplied errors by which she raised up others to herself. Mr. Gordon, of forty authors who have partially treated this theme, is the first who can be considered either impartial or comprehensive; and upon his authority, not seldom using his words, we shall now present to our readers the first continuous abstract of this most interesting and romantic war:—

GREECE, in the largest extent of that term, having once belonged to the Byzantine Empire, is included, by the misconception of hasty readers, in the great wreck of 1453. They take it for granted that, concurrently with Constantinople and the districts adjacent, these Grecian provinces passed at that disastrous era into the hands of the Turkish conqueror. But this is an error. Parts of Greece, previously to that era, had been dismembered from the Eastern Empire; other parts did not until long *after* it share a common fate with the metropolis. Venice had a deep interest in the Morea; *in* that, and *for* that, she fought with various success for generations; and it was not until the year 1717, nearly three centuries from the establishment of the crescent in Europe, that "the banner of St. Mark, driven finally from the Morea and the Archipelago," was henceforth exiled (as respected Greece) to the Ionian Islands.

In these contests, though Greece was the prize at issue, the children of Greece had no natural interest. Whether the cross prevailed or the crescent, the same, for all substantial results, was the fate which awaited themselves. The Moslem might be the more intolerant by his maxims, and he might be harsher in his professions; but a slave is not the less a slave though his master should happen to hold the same creed with himself; and towards a member of the Greek Church one who looked westward to Rome for his religion was likely to be little less of a bigot than one who looked to Mecca. So that we are not surprised to find a Venetian rule of policy recommending, for the daily allowance of these Grecian slaves, "a *little* bread and a liberal application of the cudgel!" Whichever yoke were established was sure to be hated; and therefore it was fortunate for the honour of the Christian name that from the year 1717 the fears and the enmity of the Greeks were to be henceforward pointed exclusively towards *Mohammedan* tyrants.

To be hated, however, sufficiently for resistance, a yoke must have been long and continuously felt. Fifty years might be necessary to season the Greeks with a knowledge of Turkish oppression; and less than two generations [1] could

[1] Time must be allowed, often a century even, for the play-room of the *occasions* for tyranny.

hardly be supposed to have manured the whole territory with an adequate sense of the wrongs they were enduring, and the withering effects of such wrongs on the sources of public prosperity. Hatred, besides, without hope, is no root out of which an effectual resistance can be expected to grow; and fifty years almost had elapsed before a great power had arisen in Europe having in any capital circumstance a joint interest with Greece, or specially authorized by visible right and power to interfere as her protector. The semi-Asiatic power of Russia, from the era of the Czar Peter the Great, had arisen above the horizon with the sudden sweep and splendour of a meteor. The arch described by her ascent was as vast in compass as it was rapid; and in all History no political growth, not that of our own Indian Empire, had travelled by accelerations of speed so terrifically marked. Not that even Russia could have really grown in strength according to the *apparent* scale of her progress. The strength was doubtless there, or much of it, before Peter and Catherine; but it was latent; there had been no such sudden growth as people fancied; but there had been a sudden evolution. Infinite resources had been silently accumulating from century to century; but before the Czar Peter no mind had come across them of power sufficient to reveal their situation or to organize their efforts. In some nations the manifestations of power are coincident with its growth; in others, from vicious institutions, a vast crystallization goes on for ages blindly and in silence, which the lamp of some meteoric mind is required to light up into brilliant display. Thus it had been in Russia; and hence, to the abused judgment of all Christendom, she had seemed to leap like Pallas from the brain of Jupiter, gorgeously endowed, and in panoply of civil array, for all purposes of national grandeur, at the *fiat* of one coarse barbarian. As the metropolitan home of the Greek Church, she could not disown a maternal interest in the humblest of the Grecian tribes, holding the same faith with herself, and celebrating their worship by the same rites. This interest she could at length venture to express in a tone of sufficient emphasis; and Greece became aware that she could, about the very time when Turkish oppression had begun to unite its victims in aspirations for redemption, and

had turned their eyes abroad in search of some great standard under whose shadow they could flock for momentary protection or for future hope. What cabals were reared upon this condition of things by Russia, and what premature dreams of independence were encouraged throughout Greece in the reign of Catherine II, may be seen sufficiently developed in the once celebrated work of Mr. William Eton.[1]

Another great circumstance of hope for Greece, coinciding with the dawn of her own earliest impetus in this direction, and travelling *pari passu* almost with the growth of her mightiest friend, was the advancing decay of her oppressor. The wane of the Turkish crescent had seemed to be in some secret connexion of fatal sympathy with the growth of the Russian cross. Perhaps the reader will thank us for rehearsing the main steps by which the Ottoman power had flowed and ebbed.

The foundations of this Empire were laid in the thirteenth century by Ortogrul, the chief of a Turkoman tribe, residing in tents not far from Dorylæum (a Phrygian name so memorable in the early Crusades), about the time when Jenghiz had overthrown the Seljukian dynasty. His son Osman first assumed the title of Sultan ; and, in 1300, having reduced the city of Prusa in Bithynia, he made that the capital of his dominions. The Sultans who succeeded him for some generations, all men of vigour, and availing themselves not less of the decrepitude which had by that time begun to palsy the Byzantine sceptre than of the martial and religious fanaticism which distinguished their own followers, crossed the Hellespont, conquering Thrace and the countries up to the Danube. In 1453, the most eminent of these Sultans, Mahomet II, by storming Constantinople, put an end to the Roman Empire ; and before his death he placed the Ottoman power in Europe pretty nearly on that basis to which it had again fallen back by 1821. The long interval of time between these two dates involved a memorable flux and reflux of power, and an oscillation between two extremes of panic-striking grandeur in the ascending scale (insomuch that the Turkish Sultan was supposed to be charged in the Apocalypse with the dissolution of the Christian thrones), and in the

[1] *A Survey of the Turkish Empire*, 1798.—M.

descending scale of paralytic dotage tempting its own instant ruin. In speculating on the causes of the extraordinary terror which the Turks once inspired, it is amusing and illustrative of the revolutions worked by time to find it imputed, in the first place, to superior discipline; for, if their discipline was imperfect, they had, however, a *standing* army of Janissaries, whilst the whole of Christian Europe was accustomed to fight merely summer campaigns with hasty and necessarily untrained levies: a second cause lay in their superior finances, for the Porte had a regular revenue when the other powers of Europe relied upon the bounty of their vassals and clergy: and, thirdly, which is the most surprising feature of the whole statement, the Turks were so far ahead of others in the race of improvement that to them belongs the credit of having first adopted the extensive use of gunpowder, and of having first brought battering-trains against fortified places. To his artillery and his musketry it was that Selim the Ferocious (grandson of that Sultan who took Constantinople) was indebted for his victories in Syria and Egypt. Under Solyman the Magnificent (the well-known contemporary of the Emperor Charles V, Francis I, and Henry VIII) the crescent is supposed to have attained its utmost altitude; and already for fifty years the causes had been in silent progress which were to throw the preponderance into the Christian scale. In the reign of his son, Selim the Second, this crisis was already passed; and the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, which crippled the Turkish navy in a degree never wholly recovered, gave the first overt signal to Europe of a turn in the course of their prosperity. Still, as this blow did not equally affect the principal arm of their military service, and as the strength of the German Empire was too much distracted by Christian rivalship, the *prestige* of the Turkish name continued almost unbroken until their bloody overthrow in 1664, at St. Gothard, by the imperial General Montecuculi. In 1673 they received another memorable defeat from Sobieski, — on which occasion they lost 25,000 men. In what degree, however, the Turkish Samson had been shorn of his original strength was not yet made known to Europe by any adequate expression before the great catastrophe of 1683. In that year, at the instigation of the

haughty vizier, Kara Mustafa, the Turks had undertaken the siege of Vienna; and great was the alarm of the Christian world. But, on the 12th of September, their army of 150,000 men was totally dispersed by 70,000 Poles and Germans, under John Sobieski: "he conquering *through* God, and God *by* him."[1] Then followed the Treaty of Carlovitz, which stripped the Porte of Hungary, the Ukraine, and other places; and "henceforth," says Mr. Gordon, "Europe ceased to dread the Turks, and began even to look upon their existence as a necessary element of the balance of power among its states." Spite of their losses, however, during the first half of the eighteenth century, the Turks still maintained a respectable attitude against Christendom. But the wars of the Empress Catherine II, and the French invasion of Egypt and Syria, demonstrated that either their native vigour was exhausted and superannuated, or, at least, that the institutions were superannuated by which their resources had been so long administered. Accordingly, at the commencement of the present century, the Sultan Selim II endeavoured to reform the military discipline; but, in the first collision with the prejudices of his people and the interest of the Janissaries, he perished by sedition. Mustafa, who succeeded to the throne, in a few months met the same fate. But then (1808) succeeded a prince formed by nature for such struggles: cool, vigorous, cruel, and intrepid. This was Mahmoud II. He perfectly understood the crisis, and determined to pursue the plans of his uncle Selim, even at the hazard of the same fate. Why was it that Turkish soldiers had been made ridiculous in arms as often as they had met with French troops, who yet were so far from being the best in Christendom that Egypt herself, and the beaten Turks, had seen *them* in turn uniformly routed by the British? Physically, the Turks were equal, at the very least, to the French. In what lay their inferiority? Simply in discipline, and in their artillery. And, so long as their constitution and discipline continued what they had been, suited

[1] See the sublime Sonnet on this subject, as translated by Mr. Wordsworth. [The Sonnet is entitled "Siege of Vienna raised by John Sobieski," and the translated phrase is from an ode of Filicaia.—M.]

(that is) to centuries long past and gone, and to a condition of Christendom obsolete for ages, so long it seemed inevitable that the same disasters should follow the Turkish banners. And to this point, accordingly, the Sultan determined to address his earliest reforms. But caution was necessary; he waited and watched. He seized all opportunities of profiting by the calamities or the embarrassments of his potent neighbours. He put down all open revolt. He sapped the authority of all the great families in Asia Minor whose hereditary influence could be a counterpoise to his own. Mecca and Medina, the holy cities of his religion, he brought again within the pale of his dominions. He augmented and fostered, as a counterbalancing force to the Janissaries, the corps of the Topjees or artillery-men. He amassed preparatory treasures. And, up to the year 1820, "his government," says Mr. Gordon, "was highly unpopular; but it "was strong, stern, and uniform; and he had certainly "removed many impediments to the execution of his ulterior "projects."

Such was the situation of Turkey at the moment when her Grecian vassal prepared to trample on her yoke. In her European territories Turkey reckoned, at the utmost, eight millions of subjects. But these, besides being more or less in a semi-barbarous condition, and scattered over a very wide surface of country, were so much divided by origin, by language and religion, that without the support of her Asiatic arm she could not, according to the general opinion, have stood at all. The rapidity of her descent, it is true, had been arrested by the energy of her Sultans during the first twenty years of the nineteenth century. But previously, for the last thirty of the eighteenth, she had made a headlong progress downwards. So utterly also were the tables turned that, whereas in the fifteenth century her chief superiority over Christendom had been in the three points of artillery, discipline, and fixed revenue, precisely in these three she had sunk into utter insignificance, whilst all Christendom had been continually improving. Selim and Mahmoud indeed had made effectual reforms in the corps of gunners, as we have said, and had raised it to the amount of 60,000 men; so that at present they have respectable field-artillery, whereas

previously they had only heavy battering-trains. But the defects in discipline cannot be remedied so long as the want of a settled revenue obliges the Sultan to rely upon hurried levies from the provincial militias of police. Turkey, however, might be looked upon as still formidable, for *internal* purposes, in the haughty and fanatical character of her Moslem subjects. And we may add, as a concluding circumstance of some interest in this sketch of her modern condition, that pretty nearly the same European territories as were assigned to the Eastern Roman Empire at the time of its separation from the Western [1] were included within the frontier line of Turkey on the 1st of January 1821.

Precisely in this year commenced the Grecian Revolution. Concurrently with the decay of her oppressor the Sultan had been the prodigious growth of her patron the Czar. In what degree she looked up to that throne, and the intrigues which had been pursued with a view to that connexion, may be seen (as we have already noticed) in Eton's *Turkey*, a book which attracted a great deal of notice about thirty years ago. Meantime, besides this secret reliance on Russian countenance or aid, Greece had since that era received great encouragement to revolt from the successful experiment in that direction made by the Turkish province of Servia. In 1800 Czerni George came forward as the assertor of Servian independence, and drove the Ottomans out of that province. *Personally* he was not finally successful. But his example outlived him; and, after fifteen years' struggle, Servia (says Mr. Gordon) offered "the unwonted spectacle of a brave and armed Christian nation living under its own laws in the heart of Turkey," and retaining no memorial of its former servitude but the payment of a slender and precarious tribute to the Sultan, with a *verbal* profession of allegiance to his sceptre. Appearances were thus saved to the pride of the haughty Moslem by barren concessions which cost no real sacrifice to the substantially victorious Servian.

Examples, however, are thrown away upon a people

[1] "The vitals of the monarchy lay within that vast triangle circum-
"scribed by the Danube, the Save, the Adriatic, Euxine, and Ægean
"Seas, whose altitude may be computed at five hundred, and the
"length of its base at seven hundred, geographical miles."—GORDON.

utterly degraded by long oppression. And the Greeks were pretty nearly in that condition. "It would, no doubt," says Mr. Gordon, "be possible to cite a more *cruel* oppression than that of the Turks towards their Christian subjects, but none *so fitted to break men's spirit.*" The Greeks in fact (under which name are to be understood not only those who speak Greek, but the Christian Albanians of Roumelia and the Morea, speaking a different language, but united with the Greeks in spiritual obedience to the same Church) were, in the emphatic phrase of Mr. Gordon, "the slaves of slaves": that is to say, not only were they liable to the universal tyranny of the despotic Divan, but "throughout "the empire they were in the habitual intercourse of life "subjected to vexations, affronts, and exactions, from Moham- "medans of every rank. Spoiled of their goods, insulted in "their religion and domestic honour, they could rarely "obtain justice. The slightest flash of courageous resent- "ment brought down swift destruction on their heads; and "cringing humility alone enabled them to live in ease, or even "in safety." Stooping under this iron yoke of humiliation, we have reason to wonder that the Greeks preserved sufficient nobility of mind to raise so much as their wishes in the direction of independence. In a condition of abasement from which a simple act of religious apostasy was at once sufficient to raise them to honour and wealth, "and from the meanest serfs gathered them to the caste of oppressors," we ought not to wonder that some of the Greeks should be mean, perfidious, and dissembling, but rather that any, as Mr. Gordon says, "had courage to adhere to their religion, and to eat the bread of affliction." But noble aspirations are fortunately indestructible in human nature. And in Greece the lamp of independence of spirit had been partially kept alive by the existence of a native militia, to whom the Ottoman Government, out of mere necessity, had committed the local defence. These were called *Armatoles* (or Gendarmerie); their available strength was reckoned by Pouqueville (for the year 1814) at 10,000 men; and, as they were a very effectual little host for maintaining from age to age the "true faith militant" of Greece,—namely, that a temporary and a disturbed occupation of the best lands in the

country did not constitute an absolute conquest on the part of the Moslems, most of whom flocked for security with their families into the stronger towns,—and as their own martial appearance, with arms in their hands, lent a very plausible countenance to their insinuations that they, the Christian Armatoles, were the true *bonâ fide* governors and possessors of the land under a Moslem Suzerain,—and as the general spirit of hatred to Turkish insolence was not merely maintained in their own local stations,[1] but also propagated thence with activity to every part of Greece,—it may be interesting to hear Mr. Gordon's account of their peculiar composition and habits.

"The Turks," says he, "from the epoch of Mahommed "the Second, did not (unless in Thessaly) generally settle "there. Beyond Mount Œta, although they seized the best "lands, the Mussulman inhabitants were chiefly composed of "the garrisons of towns with their families. Finding it im- "possible to keep in subjection with a small force so many "rugged cantons, peopled by a poor and hardy race, and to "hold in check the robbers of Albania, the Sultans embraced "the same policy which has induced them to court the Greek "hierarchy, and respect ecclesiastical property, by enlisting "in their service the armed bands that they could not destroy. "When wronged or insulted, these Armatoles threw off their "allegiance, infested the roads, and pillaged the country; "while such of the peasants as were driven to despair by acts "of oppression joined their standard: the term Armatole was "then exchanged for that of Klefthis [Κλεπτης] or Thief, a "profession esteemed highly honourable when it was exer- "cised, sword in hand, at the expense of the Moslems.[2]

[1] Originally, it seems, there were fourteen companies (or *capitanerias*) settled by imperial diplomas in the mountains of Olympus, Othryx, Pindus, and Œta; and distinct appropriations were made by the Divan for their support. *Within* the Morea the institution of the Armatoles was never tolerated; but there the same spirit was kept alive by tribes, such as the Mainatts, whose insurmountable advantages of natural position enabled them eternally to baffle the most powerful enemy.

[2] And apparently, we may add, when exercised at the expense of whomsoever at sea. The old Grecian instinct, which Thucydides states so frankly, under which all seafarers were dedicated to spoil as people who courted attack, seems never to have been fully rooted out

" Even in their quietest mood, these soldiers curbed Turkish " tyranny ; for, the captains and Christian primates of dis- " tricts understanding each other, the former, by giving to " some of their men a hint to desert and turn Klefts, could " easily circumvent Mohammedans who came on a mission " disagreeable to the latter. The habits and manners of the " Armatoles, living among forests and in mountain passes, " were necessarily rude and simple : their magnificence con- " sisted in adorning with silver their guns, pistols, and " daggers ; their amusements, in shooting at a mark, dancing, " and singing the exploits of the most celebrated chiefs. " Extraordinary activity and endurance of hardships and " fatigue made them formidable light troops in their native " fastnesses : wrapped in shaggy cloaks, they slept on the " ground, defying the elements ; and the pure mountain air " gave them robust health. Such were the warriors that, " in the very worst times, kept alive a remnant of Grecian " spirit."

But all these facts of history or institutions of policy,—nay, even the more violent appeals to the national pride in such memorable transactions as the expatriation of the illustrious Suliotes (as also of some eminent predatory chieftains from the Morea),—were, after all, no more than indirect excitements of the insurrectionary spirit. If it were possible that any adequate occasion should arise for combining the Greeks in one great movement of resistance, such continued irritations must have the highest value, as keeping alive the national spirit which must finally be relied on to improve it and to turn it to account ; but it was not to be expected that any such local irritations could ever of themselves avail to create an occasion of sufficient magnitude for imposing silence on petty dissensions, and for organizing into any unity of effort a country so splintered and naturally cut into independent chambers as that of Greece. That task, transcending the strength (as might seem) of any real

from the little creeks and naval fastnesses of the Morea, and of some of the Ægean Islands. Not, perhaps, the mere spirit of wrong and aggression, but some old traditionary conceits and maxims, brought on the great crisis of piracy, which fell under no less terrors than of the triple thunders of the great allies.

agencies or powers then existing in Greece, was assumed by a mysterious, and, in some sense, a fictitious, society of corresponding members, styling itself the *Hetæria* (Ἑταιρια).[1]

A more astonishing case of mighty effects prepared and carried on to their accomplishment by small means, magnifying their own extent through great zeal and infinite concealment, and artifices the most subtle, is not to be found in history. The *Vehm-Gericht*, or *Secret Tribunal*, of the Middle Ages is not to be compared with it for the depth and expansion of its combinations, or for the impenetrability of its mask. Nor is there in the whole annals of man a manœuvre so admirable as that by which this society, silently effecting its own transfiguration, and recasting as in a crucible its own form, organs, and most essential functions, contrived, by mere force of seasonable silence, or by the very pomp of mystery, to carry over from the first or innoxious model of the Hetæria, to its new organization, all those weighty names of kings or princes who would not have given their sanction to any association having political objects, however artfully veiled. The early history of the Hetæria is shrouded in the same mystery as the whole course of its political movements. Some suppose that Alexander Maurocordato, ex-Hospodar of Wallachia, during his long exile in Russia, founded it for the promotion of education, about the beginning of the present century. Others ascribe it originally to Riga. At all events, its purposes were purely intellectual in its earliest

[1] Epirus and Acarnania, &c., to the north-west, Roumelia, Thebes, Attica, to the east, the Morea or Peloponnesus to the south-west, and the Islands so widely dispersed in the Ægean, had from position a separate interest over and above their common interest as members of a Christian confederacy. And, in the absence of some great representative society, there was no voice commanding enough to merge the local interest in the universal one of Greece. The original (or *Philomuse* society), which adopted literature for its ostensible object, as a mask to its political designs, expired at Munich in 1807; but not before it had founded a successor more directly political. Hence arose a confusion, under which many of the crowned heads in Europe were judged uncharitably as dissemblers or as traitors to their engagements. They had subscribed to the first society; but they reasonably held that this did not pledge them to another, which, though inheriting the secret purposes of the first, no longer masked or disavowed them.

form. In 1815, in consequence chiefly of the disappointment which the Greeks met with in their dearest hopes from the Congress of Vienna, the Hetæria first assumed a political character, under the secret influence of Count Capodistria of Corfu, who, having entered the Russian service as mere private secretary to Admiral Tchitchagoff[1] in 1812, had, in a space of three years, insinuated himself into the favour of the Czar, so far as to have become his private secretary, and a cabinet minister of Russia. He, however, still masked his final objects under plans of literature and scientific improvement. In deep shades he organized a vast apparatus of agents and apostles, and then retired behind the curtain to watch or to direct the working of his blind machine. It is an evidence of some latent nobility in the Greek character, in the midst of that levity with which all Europe taxes it, that never except once were the secrets of the society betrayed; nor was there the least ground for jealousy offered either to the stupid Moslems, in the very centre of whom, and round about them, the conspiracy was daily advancing, or even to the rigorous police of Moscow, where the Hetæria had its head-quarters. In the single instance of treachery which occurred, it happened that the Zantiote who made the discovery to Ali Pacha on a motive of revenge was himself too slenderly and too vaguely acquainted with the final purposes of the Hetæria for effectual mischief, having been fortunately admitted only to its lowest degree of initiation;

[1] "*Tchitchagoff*":—That famous Russian admiral who, being suddenly liberated from a Turkish war in Moldavia, came down when least expected, by a right-angled movement, to the French line of retreat from Moscow, upon the perishing columns of Napoleon, already floundering through accumulated snow-drifts. For the British public he became for many months, in 1813, even less familiarized by the splendour and critical seasonableness of his descents upon the French line of retreat than by the following comic notice of his uncouth name in the body of Southey's *Excursion to Moscow*—an admirable sketch of Napoleon's Expedition (which had the honour to be sung on the stage of every theatre great and small throughout the three kingdoms)—

> "And last of all an admiral came,
> A terrible man with a terrible name:
> A name which you all must know very well,
> Which nobody can speak, and nobody can spell."

so that all passed off without injury to the cause, or even personally to any of its supporters. There were, in fact, five degrees in the Hetæria. A candidate of the lowest class (styled *Adelphoi* or Brothers), after a minute examination of his past life and connexions, and after taking a dreadful oath, under impressive circumstances, to be faithful in all respects to the society and his afflicted country, and even to assassinate his nearest and dearest relation if detected in treachery, was instructed only in the general fact that a design was on foot to ameliorate the condition of Greece. The next degree of *Systimenoi*, or bachelors, who were selected with more anxious discrimination, were informed that this design was to move towards its object *by means of a revolution.* The third class, called *Priests of Eleusis*, were chosen from the aristocracy; and to them it was made known that *this revolution was near at hand*; and, also, that there were in the society higher ranks than their own. The fourth class was that of *The Prelates*; and to this order, which never exceeded the number of one hundred and sixteen, and comprehended the leading men of the nation, the most unreserved information was given upon all the secrets of the Hetæria; after which they were severally appointed to a particular district, as superintendent of its interests, and as manager of the whole correspondence on its concerns with the Grand Arch. This, the crowning order and key-stone of the society, was reputed to comprehend sixteen "mysterious and illustrious names," amongst which were obscurely whispered those of the Czar, the Crown Prince of Bavaria and of Wurtemberg, of the Hospodar of Wallachia, of Count Capodistria, and some others. The orders of the Grand Arch were written in cipher, and bore a seal having in sixteen compartments the same number of initial letters. The revenue which it commanded must have been considerable; for the lowest member, on his novitiate, was expected to give at least fifty piastres (at that time about two pounds sterling); and those of the higher degrees gave from three hundred to one thousand each. The members communicated with each other, in mixed society, by masonic signs.

It cannot be denied that a secret society with the grand

and almost awful purposes of the Hetæria, spite of some taint which it had received in its early stages from the spirit of German mummery, is fitted to fill the imagination, and to command homage from the coldest. Whispers circulating from mouth to mouth of some vast conspiracy mining subterraneously beneath the very feet of their accursed oppressors; whispers of a great deliverer at hand, whose mysterious *Labarum*, or mighty banner of the Cross, was already dimly descried through northern mists, and whose eagles were already scenting the carnage and "savour of death" from innumerable hosts of Moslems; whispers of a revolution which was again to call, as with the trumpet of resurrection, from the grave, the land of Timoleon and Epaminondas: such were the preludings, low and deep, to the tempestuous overture of revolt and patriotic battle which now ran through every nook of Greece, and caused every ear to tingle.

The knowledge that this mighty cause must be sowed in dishonour—propagated, that is, in respect to the knowledge of its plans, by redoubled cringings to their brutal masters, in order to shield it from suspicion—but that it would probably be reaped in honour; the belief that the poor Grecian, so abject and trampled under foot, would soon reappear amongst the nations who had a name, in something of his original beauty and power: these dim but elevating perceptions, and these anticipations, gave to every man the sense of an ennobling secret confided to his individual honour, and, at the same time, thrilled his heart with sympathetic joy from approaching glories that were to prove a personal inheritance to his children. Over all Greece a sense of power, dim and vast, brooded for years; and a mighty phantom, under the mysterious name of *Arch*, in whose cloudy equipage were descried, gleaming at intervals, the crowns and sceptres of far-distant potentates, sustained whilst it agitated their hearts. *London*, that "mighty heart" of an organization ebullient with imperishable life, was one of the secret watchwords in their impenetrable cipher; *Moscow*, holy capital and crest of the gorgeous Grecian Christianity, was a countersign; Bavaria and Austria bore mysterious parts in the drama; and, though no sound was heard, nor voice given to

the powers that were working, yet, as if by mere force of secret sympathy, all mankind who were worthy to participate in the enterprise seemed to be linked in brotherhood with Greece. These notions were, much of them, mere phantasms and delusions; but they were delusions of mighty efficacy for arming the hearts of this oppressed country against the terrors that must be faced; and for the whole of them Greece was indebted to the Hetæria, and to its organized agency of *apostles* (as they were technically called), who compassed land and sea as pioneers for the coming crusade.[1]

By 1820, Greece was thoroughly inoculated with the spirit of resistance; all things were ready, so far, perhaps, as it was possible that they ever *should* be ready under the eyes and scimitars of the enemy. Now came the question of time: *when* was the revolt to begin? Some contend, says Mr. Gordon, that the Hetæria should have waited for a century; by which time they suppose that the growth of means in favour of Greece would have concurred with a more than corresponding decay in her enemy. But, to say nothing of the extreme uncertainty which attends such remote speculations, and the utter impossibility of training men with no personal hopes to labour for the benefit of distant generations, there was one political argument against that course, which Mr. Gordon justly considers unanswerable. It is this:—Turkey in Europe has been long tottering on its basis. Now, were the attempt delayed until Russia had displaced her and occupied her seat, Greece would then have received her liberty as a boon from the conqueror; and the construction would have been that she held it by sufferance, and under a Russian warrant. This argument is conclusive. But others there were who fancied that 1825 was the year at which all the preparations for a successful revolt could have been matured. Probably some gain in such a case would have been balanced against some loss. But it is not

[1] Considering how very much the contest did finally assume a religious character (even Franks being attached, not as friends of Greece, but simply as Christians), one cannot but wonder that this grand romantic name of *Crusade* has not been applied to the Greek War in Western Europe.

necessary to discuss that question. Accident, it was clear, might bring on the first hostile movement at any hour, when the *minds* of all men were prepared, let the means in other respects be as deficient as they might. Already, in 1820, circumstances made it evident that the outbreak of the insurrection could not long be delayed. And, accordingly, in the following year all Greece was in flames.

This affair of 1820 has a separate interest of its own, connected with the character of the very celebrated person to whom it chiefly relates; but we notice it chiefly as the real occasion, the momentary spark, which, alighting upon the combustibles by this time accumulated everywhere in Greece, caused a general explosion of the long-hoarded insurrectionary fury. Ali Pacha, the far-famed vizier of Yannina,[1] had long been hated profoundly by the Sultan, who in the same proportion loved and admired his treasures. However, he was persuaded to wait for his death, which could not (as it seemed) be far distant, rather than risk anything upon the chances of war. And in this prudent resolution he would have persevered, but for an affront which he could not overlook. An Albanian, named Ismael Pasho Bey, once a member of Ali's household, had incurred his master's deadly hatred; and, flying from his wrath to various places under various disguises, had at length taken refuge in Constantinople, and there sharpened the malice of Ali by attaching himself to his enemies. Ali was still further provoked by finding that Ismael had won the Sultan's favour, and obtained an appointment in the palace. Mastered by his fury, Ali hired assassins to shoot his enemy in the very midst of Constantinople, and under the very eyes of imperial protection. The assassins failed, having only wounded him; they were arrested, and disclosed the name of their employer.

Here was an insult which could not be forgiven. Ali Pacha was declared a rebel and a traitor, and solemnly excommunicated by the head of the Mussulman law. The

[1] Pronounced *Yannĭna*, as I have always understood, *i.e.* with the accent on the antepenultimate, and the *i* of the penultimate *ni* short (as in the English word *animal*), not long (as in the word *repining* or *refinement*).

Pachas of Europe received orders to march against him ; and a squadron was fitted out to attack him by sea.

In March 1820 Ali became acquainted with these strong measures, which at first he endeavoured to parry by artifice and bribery. But, finding *that* mode of proceeding absolutely without hope, he took the bold resolution of throwing himself, in utter defiance, upon the native energies of his own ferocious heart. Having, however, but small reliance on his Mohammedan troops in a crisis of this magnitude, he applied for Christian succours, and set himself to *court* the Christians generally. As a first step, he restored the Armatoles,—that very body whose suppression had been so favourite a measure of his policy, and pursued so long, so earnestly, and so injuriously to his credit amongst the Christian part of the population. It happened, at the first opening of the campaign, that the Christians were equally courted by the Sultan's generalissimo, Solyman, the Pacha of Thessaly. For this, however, that Pacha was removed and decapitated ; and a new leader was now appointed in the person of that very enemy, Ismael Pasho, whose attempted murder had brought the present storm upon Ali. Ismael was raised to the rank of Seraskier, and was also made Pacha of Yannina and Delvino. Three other armies, besides a fleet under the Captain Bey, advanced upon Ali's territories simultaneously from different quarters. But at that time, in defiance of these formidable and overwhelming preparations, bets were strongly in Ali's favour amongst all who were acquainted with his resources: for he had vast treasures, fortresses of great strength, inexhaustible supplies of artillery and ammunition, a country almost inaccessible, and fifteen thousand light troops, whom Mr. Gordon, upon personal knowledge, pronounces "excellent."

Scarcely had the war commenced when Ali was abandoned by almost the whole of his partisans, in mere hatred of his execrable cruelty and tyrannical government. To Ali, however, this defection brought no despondency ; and with unabated courage he prepared to defend himself to the last, in three castles, with a garrison of three thousand men. That he might do so with entire effect he began by destroying his own capital of Yannina, lest it should afford shelter

to the enemy. Still his situation would have been most critical, but for the state of affairs in the enemy's camp. The Seraskier was attended by more than twenty other pachas. But they were all at enmity with each other. One of them, and the bravest, was even poisoned by the Seraskier. Provisions were running short in consequence of their own dissensions. Winter was fast approaching; the cannonading had produced no conspicuous effect; and the soldiers were disbanding. In this situation the Sultan's lieutenants again saw the necessity of courting aid from the Christian population of the country. Ali on his part never scrupled to bid against them at any price; and at length, irritated by the ill-usage of the Turks on their first entrance, and disgusted with the obvious insincerity of their reluctant and momentary kindness, some of the bravest Christian tribes (especially the celebrated Suliotes) consented to take Ali's bribes, forgot his past outrages and unnumbered perfidies; and, reading his sincerity in the extremity of his peril, these bravest of the brave ranged themselves amongst the Sultan's enemies. During the winter they gained some splendid successes; other alienated friends came back to Ali; and even some Mohammedan Beys were persuaded to take up arms in his behalf. Upon the whole, the Turkish Divan was very seriously alarmed; and so much so, that it superseded the Seraskier Ismael, replacing him with the famous Kourshid Pacha, at that time viceroy of the Morea. And so ended the year 1820.

This state of affairs could not escape the attention of the vigilant Hetæria. Here was Ali Pacha, hitherto regarded as an insurmountable obstacle in their path, absolutely compelled by circumstances to be their warmest friend. The Turks again, whom no circumstances could entirely disarm, were yet crippled for the time, and their whole attention preoccupied by another enemy, most alarming to their policy, and most tempting to their cupidity. Such an opportunity it seemed unpardonable to neglect. Accordingly, it was resolved to begin the insurrection. At its head was placed Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, a son of that Hospodar of Wallachia whose deposition by the Porte had produced the Russian War of 1806. This prince's qualifications consisted

in his high birth, in his connexion with Russia (for he had risen to the rank of major-general in that service), and, finally (if such things can deserve a mention), in an agreeable person and manners. For all other and higher qualifications he was wholly below the situation and the urgency of the crisis. His first error was in the choice of his ground. For some reasons, which are not sufficiently explained—possibly on account of his family connexion with those provinces—he chose to open the war in Moldavia and Wallachia. This resolution he took in spite of every warning, and the most intelligent expositions of the absolute necessity that, to be at all effectual, the first stand should be made in Greece. He thought otherwise; and, managing the campaign after his own ideas, he speedily involved himself in quarrels, and his army, through the perfidy of a considerable officer, in ruinous embarrassments. This unhappy campaign is circumstantially narrated by Mr. Gordon in his first book; but, as it never crossed over to the south bank of the Danube, and had no connexion with Greece except by its purposes, we shall simply rehearse the great outline of its course. The signal for insurrection was given in January 1821; and Prince Ypsilanti took the field, by crossing the Pruth, in March. Early in April he received a communication from the Emperor of Russia, which at once prostrated his hopes before an enemy was seen. He was formally disavowed by that prince, erased from his army-list, and severely reproached for his "*folly and ingratitude*" in letters from two members of the Russian cabinet; and on the 9th of April this fact was publicly notified in Yassy, the capital of Moldavia, by the Russian consul-general. His army at this time consisted of 3000 men,—which, however, was afterwards reinforced,—but with no gunpowder, except what was casually intercepted, and no lead, except some that had been stripped from the roof of an ancient cathedral.

On the 12th of May the Pasha of Ibrail opened the campaign. A few days after, the Turkish troops began to appear in considerable force; and on the 8th of June an alarm was suddenly given "that the white turbans were upon them." In the engagement which followed the insurgent army gave way; and, though their loss was much smaller than that of

the Turks, yet, from the many blunders committed, the consequences were disastrous; and, had the Turks pursued, there would on that day have been an end of the insurrection. But far worse and more decisive was the subsequent disaster of the 17th. Ypsilanti had been again reinforced, and his advanced guard had surprised a Turkish detachment of cavalry in such a situation that their escape seemed impossible. Yet all was ruined by one officer of rank, who got drunk and advanced with an air of bravado, followed, on a principle of honour, by a sacred cohort (*hieros lochos*), composed of 500 Greek volunteers of birth and education, the very *élite* of the insurgent infantry. The Turks gave themselves up for lost; but, happening to observe that this drunkard seemed unsupported by other parts of the army, they suddenly mounted, came down upon the noble young volunteers before they could even form in square, and nearly the whole, disdaining to fly, were cut to pieces on the ground. An officer of rank and a brave man, appalled by this hideous disaster, the affair of a few moments, rode up to the spot and did all he could to repair it. But the cowardly drunkard had fled at the first onset with all his Arnauts; panic spread rapidly; and the whole force of 5000 men fled before 800 Turks, leaving 400 men dead on the field, of whom 350 belonged to the sacred battalion.

The Turks, occupied with gathering a trophy of heads, neglected to pursue. But the work was done. The defeated advance fell back upon the main body; and that same night the whole army, panic-struck, ashamed, and bewildered, commenced a precipitate retreat. From this moment Prince Ypsilanti thought only of saving himself. This purpose he effected in a few days by retreating into Austria; from which territory he issued his final order of the day, taxing his army, in violent and unmeasured terms, with cowardice and disobedience. This was in a limited sense true; many distinctions, however, were called for in mere justice, and the capital defects after all were in himself. His plan was originally bad; and, had it been better, he was quite unequal to the execution of it. The results were unfortunate to all concerned in it. Ypsilanti himself was arrested by Austria, and thrown into the unwholesome prison of Mongatz; where,

after languishing for six years, he perished miserably. Some of the subordinate officers prolonged the struggle in a guerilla style for some little time, but all were finally suppressed. Many were put to death; many escaped into neutral ground; and it is gratifying to add that, of two traitors amongst the higher officers, one was detected and despatched in a summary way of vengeance by his own associates: the other, for some unexplained reason, was beheaded by his Turkish friends at the very moment when he had put himself into their power, in fearless obedience to their own summons to *come and receive his well-merited reward*, and under an express assurance from the Pacha of Silistria that he was impatiently waiting to invest him with a pelisse of honour. Such faith is kept with traitors; such faith be ever kept with the betrayers of nations and their holiest hopes! Though in this instance the particular motives of the Porte are still buried in mystery, —and (buried or *not* buried) those motives could not have been other than detestably base,—let the Greek officers have been rotten with perfidy to their own compatriots, *that* was a crime which concerned God and their own brethren; to the Turks it brought no rights of vengeance. *Them* it did not in the remotest degree concern. And, supposing even that it *had*, perfidy is not the righteous instrument for chastising perfidy.

Thus terminated the first rash enterprise, which resulted from the too tempting invitation held out in the rebellion then agitating Epirus, locking up, as it did, and neutralizing so large a part of the disposable Turkish forces. To this we return. Kourshid Pacha quitted the Morea with a large body of troops in the first days of January 1821, and took the command of the army already before Yannina. But, with all his great numerical superiority to the enemy with whom he contended, and now enjoying undisturbed union in his own camp, he found it impossible to make his advances rapidly. Though in hostility to the Porte, and though now connected with Christian allies, Ali Pacha was yet nominally a Mohammedan. Hence it had been found impossible as yet to give any colour of an anti-Christian character to the war; and the native Mohammedan chieftains had therefore no scruple in coalescing with the Christians of Epirus, and

making joint cause with Ali. Gradually, from the inevitable vexations incident to the march and residence of a large army, the whole population became hostile to Kourshid; and their remembrance of Ali's former oppressions, if not effaced, was yet suspended in the presence of a nuisance so immediate and so generally diffused, — so that eventually most of the Epirots turned their arms against the Porte. The same feelings which governed *them* soon spread to the provinces of Etolia and Acarnania; or rather, perhaps, being previously ripe for revolt, these provinces resolved to avail themselves of the same occasion. Missolonghi now became the centre of rebellion; and Kourshid's difficulties were daily augmenting. In July of this year (1821) these various insurgents, actively co-operating, defeated the Seraskier in several actions, and compelled a Pacha to lay down his arms on the road between Yannina and Souli. It was even proposed by the gallant partisan, Mark Bozzaris, that all should unite to hem in the Seraskier; but a wound received in a skirmish defeated this plan. In September following, however, the same Mark intercepted and routed Hassan Pacha in a defile on his march to Yannina; and in general the Turks were defeated everywhere, except at the head-quarters of the Seraskier, and with losses in men enormously disproportioned to the occasions. This arose partly from the necessity under which they lay of attacking expert musketeers who were under cover of breastworks, and partly from their own precipitance and determination to carry everything by summary force: "whereas," says Mr. Gordon, "a little patience would surely have caused them to succeed, and at least saved them much dishonour, and thousands of lives thrown away in mere wantonness." But, in spite of all blunders, and every sort of failure elsewhere, the Seraskier was still advancing slowly towards his main object—the reduction of Ali Pacha. And by the end of October, on getting possession of an important part of Ali's works, he announced to the Sultan that he should soon be able to send him the head of that rebel, who was already reduced to 600 men. A little before this, however, the celebrated Maurocordato, with other persons of influence, had arrived at Missolonghi with the view of cementing a general union of Christian and Mohammedan

forces against the Turks. In this he was so far successful that in November a combined attack was made upon Ismael, the old enemy of Ali, and three other Pachas, shut up in the town of Arta. This attack succeeded partially; but it was attempted at a moment dramatically critical, and with an effect ruinous to the whole campaign as well as that particular attack. The assailing party, about 3400 men, were composed in the proportion of two Christians to one Mohammedan. They had captured one half of the town; and, Mark Bozzaris having set this on fire to prevent plundering, the four Pachas were on the point of retreating under cover of the smoke. At that moment arrived a Mohammedan of note, instigated by Kourshid, who was able to persuade those of his own faith that the Christians were not fighting with any sincere views of advantage to Ali, but with ulterior purposes hostile to Mohammedanism itself. On this, the Christian division of the army found themselves obliged to retire without noise, in order to escape their own allies, now suddenly united with the four Pachas. Nor, perhaps, would even this evasion have been effected, but for the precaution of Mark Bozzaris in taking hostages from two leading Mohammedans. Thus failed the last diversion in favour of Ali Pacha; who was henceforward left to his own immediate resources. All the Mohammedan tribes now ranged themselves on the side of Kourshid; and the winter of 1821-2 passed away without further disturbance in Epirus.

Meantime, during the absence of Kourshid Pacha from the Morea, the opportunity had not been lost for raising the insurrection in that important part of Greece. Kourshid had evacuated the province early in January 1821; and already in February symptoms of the coming troubles appeared at Patrass, "the most flourishing and populous city of the Peloponnesus, the emporium of its trade, and residence of the foreign consuls and merchants." Its population was about 18,000, of which number two-thirds were Christian. In March, when rumours had arrived of the insurrection beyond the Danube under Alexander Ypsilanti, the fermentation became universal; and the Turks of Patrass hastily prepared for defence. By the 25th, the Greeks had purchased all the powder and lead which could be had, and

about the 2d of April they raised the standard of the Cross. Two days after this, fighting began at Patrass. The town having been set on fire, "the Turkish castle threw shot and "shells at random; the two parties fought amongst the "ruins, and massacred each other without mercy; the only "prisoners that were spared owed their lives to fanaticism, "some Christian youths being circumcised by the Mollahs, "and some Turkish boys baptized by the priests."

"While the commencement of the war," says Mr. Gordon, "was thus signalized by the ruin of a flourishing city, the "insurrection gained ground with wonderful rapidity, and "from mountain to mountain, and village to village, propa- "gated itself to the furthest corner of the Peloponnesus. "Everywhere the peasants flew to arms, and those Turks who "resided in the open country or unfortified towns were either "cut to pieces, or forced to fly into strongholds." On the 2d of April, the flag of independence was hoisted in Achaia. On the 9th, a Grecian senate met at Calamata in Messenia, having for its president Mavromichalis, Prince or Bey of Maina, a rugged territory in the ancient Sparta, famous for its hardy race of robbers and pirates.[1]

On the 6th of April, the insurrection had spread to the narrow territory of Megaris, situated to the north of the isthmus. The Albanian population of this country, amounting to about 10,000, and employed by the Porte to guard the defiles of the entrance into Peloponnesus, raised the

[1] These Mainatts have been supposed to be of Slavonian origin; but Mr. Gordon, upon the authority of the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitos, asserts that they are of pure Laconian blood, and became Christians in the reign of that Emperor's grandfather, Basil the Macedonian. They are, and ever have been, robbers by profession; robbers by land, pirates by sea; for which last branch of their mixed occupation they enjoy singular advantages in their position at the point of junction between the Ionian and Ægean Seas. To illustrate their condition of perpetual warfare, Mr. Gordon mentions that there were very lately individuals who had lived for twenty years in towers, not daring to stir out lest their neighbours should shoot them. They were supplied with bread and cartridges by their wives; for the persons of women are sacred in Maina. Two other good features in their character are their hospitality and their indisposition to bloodshed. They are in fact *gentle thieves*,—the Robin Hoods of Greece.

standard of revolt, and marched to invest the Acrocorinthus. In the Messenian territory, the Bishop of Modon, having made his guard of Janissaries drunk, cut the whole of them to pieces; and then, encamping on the heights of Navarin, his lordship blockaded that fortress. The abruptness of these movements, and their almost simultaneous origin at distances so considerable, sufficiently prove how ripe the Greeks were for this revolt as respected temper; and in other modes of preparation they never *could* have been ripe whilst overlooked by Turkish masters. That haughty race now, from every part of the Morea, retreated within the ramparts of Tripolizza.

In the first action which occurred the Arcadian Greeks did not behave well; they fled at the very sound of the Moslem tread. Colocotroni commanded; and he rallied them again, but again they deserted him at the sight of their oppressors. "And I," said Colocotroni afterwards, when relating the circumstances of this early affair, "having "with me only ten companions, including my horse, sat "down in a bush and wept."

Meantime affairs went ill at Patrass. Yussuf Pacha, having been detached from Epirus to Eubœa by the Seraskier, heard on his route of the insurrection in Peloponnesus. Upon which, altering his course, he sailed to Patrass, and reached it on the 15th of April. This was Palm Sunday, and it dawned upon the Greeks with evil omens. First came a smart shock of earthquake; next a cannonade announcing the approach of the Pacha; and, lastly, an Ottoman brig of war, which saluted the fort and cast anchor before the town.

The immediate consequences were disastrous. The Greeks retreated; and the Pacha detached Kihaya-Bey, a Tartar officer of distinguished energy, with near 3000 men, to the most important points of the revolt. On the 5th of May the Tartar reached Corinth, but found the siege already raised; thence he marched to Argos, sending before him a requisition for bread. He was answered by the men of Argos that they had no bread, but only powder and ball at his service. This threat, however, proved a gasconade; the Kihaya advanced in three columns; cavalry on each wing,

and infantry in the centre ; on which, after a single discharge, the Argives fled.[1] Their general, fighting bravely, was killed, together with 700 others ; and 1500 women were captured. The Turks, having sacked and burned Argos, then laid siege to a monastery, which surrendered upon terms ; and it is honourable to the memory of this Tartar general that, according to the testimony of Mr. Gordon, at a time when the war was managed with merciless fury and continual perfidies on both sides, he observed the terms with rigorous fidelity, treated all his captives with the utmost humanity, and even liberated the women.

Thus far the tide had turned against the Greeks ; but now came a decisive reaction in their favour ; and, as if for ever to proclaim the folly of despair, just at the very crisis when it was least to have been expected. The Kihaya was at this point joined by the Turks of Tripolizza, and was now reputed to be 14,000 strong. This proved to be an exaggeration ; but the subsequent battle is the more honourable to those who believed it. At a council of war in the Greek camp the prevailing opinion was that an action could not prudently be risked. One man thought otherwise ; this was Anagnostoras. He, by urging the desolations which would follow a retreat, brought over the rest to his opinion ; and it was resolved to take up a position at Valtezza, a village three hours' march from Tripolizza. Thither, on the 27th of May, the Kihaya arrived with 5000 men, in three columns, having left Tripolizza at dawn ; and immediately raised redoubts opposite to those of the Greeks, and placed three heavy pieces of cannon in battery. He hoped to storm the position ; but, if he should fail, he had a reason for still anticipating a victory ; and *that* was the situation of the fountains, which must soon have drawn the Greeks out of their position, as they had water only for twenty-four hours' consumption.

The battle commenced ; and the first failure of the Kihaya was in the cannonade ; for his balls, passing over

[1] It has a sublime effect in the record of this action to hear that the Argives were drawn up behind a wall originally raised as a defence *against the deluge of Inachus* : 1800 years, according to my schoolboy recollections, before Christ.

the Greeks, fell amongst a corps of his own troops. These now made three assaults, but were repulsed in all. Both sides kept up a fire till night, and each expected that his enemy would retire in the darkness. The 28th, however, found the two armies still in the same positions. The battle was renewed for five hours; and then the Kihaya, finding his troops fatigued, and that his retreat was likely to be intercepted by Nikitas (a brave partisan officer bred to arms in the service of England), who was coming up by forced marches from Argos with 800 men, gave the signal for retreat. This soon became a total rout; the Kihaya lost his horse, and the Greeks, besides taking two pieces of cannon, raised a trophy of 400 Moslem heads.

Such was the battle of Valtezza, the inaugural performance of the insurrection; and we have told it thus circumstantially because Mr. Gordon characterizes it as "remarkable for the moral effect it produced"; and he does not scruple to add that it "certainly decided the campaign in Peloponnesus, *and perhaps even the fate of the Revolution.*"

Three days after,—that is, on the last day of May 1821,—followed the victory of Doliana, in which the Kihaya, anxious to recover his lost ground, was encountered by Nikitas. The circumstances were peculiarly brilliant; for the Turkish general had between 2000 and 3000 men, besides artillery, whereas Nikitas at first sustained the attack in thirteen barricaded houses, with no more than ninety-six soldiers, and thirty armed peasants. After a resistance of eleven hours, he was supported by 700 men; and in the end he defeated the Kihaya with a very considerable loss.

These actions raised the enthusiasm of the Morea to a high point, and in the meantime other parts of Greece had joined in the revolt. In the first week of April an insurrection burst out in the eastern provinces of Greece,—Attica, Bœotia, and Phocis. The insurgents first appeared near Livadia, one of the best cities in northern Greece. On the 13th they occupied Thebes without opposition. Immediately after, Odysseus (that is, my unlearned friend, the Greek form of the name Ulysses) propagated the revolt in Phocis, where he had formerly commanded as a lieutenant of Ali Pacha's. Next arose the Albanian peasantry of Attica,

gathering in armed bodies to the west of Athens. Towards the end of April, the Turks, who composed one-fifth of the Athenian population (then rated at 10,000), became greatly agitated, and twice proposed a massacre of the Christians. This was resisted by the humane Khadi; and the Turks, contenting themselves with pillaging absent proprietors, began to lay up stores in the Acropolis. With ultra-Turkish stupidity, however, out of pure laziness, at this critical moment, they confided the night duty on the ramparts of the city to Greeks. The consequence may be supposed. On the 8th of May the Ottoman standard had been raised and blessed by an Iman. On the following night, a rapid discharge of musketry, and the shouts of *Christ has risen! Liberty! Liberty!* proclaimed the capture of Athens. Nearly 2000 peasants, generally armed with clubs, had scaled the walls and forced the gates. The prisoners taken were treated with humanity; but, unfortunately, this current of Christian sentiment was immediately arrested by the conduct of the Turks in the Acropolis, in killing nine hostages, and throwing over the wall some naked and headless bodies.

The insurrection next spread to Thessaly, and at last even to Macedonia, from the premature and atrocious violence of the Pacha of Salonika. Apprehending a revolt, he himself drew it on by cutting off the heads of the Christian merchants and clergy (simply as a measure of precaution), and enforcing his orders on the peasantry by military execution. Unfortunately, from its extensive plains, this country is peculiarly favourable to the evolutions of the Turkish cavalry; the insurgents were, therefore, defeated in several actions, and ultimately took refuge in great numbers amongst the convents on Mount Athos, which also were driven into revolt by the severity of the Pacha. Here the fugitives were safe from the sabres of their merciless pursuers, but, unless succoured by sea, ran a great risk of perishing by famine. But a more important accession to the cause of independence, within one month from its first outbreak in the Morea, occurred in the Islands of the Archipelago. The three principal of these in modern times are Hydra, Spezzia, and Psarra.[1] They had

[1] Their insignificance in ancient times is proclaimed by the obscurity of their ancient names—Aperopia, Tiparenus, and Psyra.

been colonized in the preceding century by some poor families from Peloponnesus and Ionia. At that time they had gained a scanty subsistence as fishermen. Gradually they became merchants and seamen. Being the best sailors in the Sultan's dominions, they had obtained some valuable privileges, amongst which was that of exemption from Turkish magistrates; so that, if they could not boast of *autonomy*, if they did not legislate for themselves, they had at least the advantage of executing the bad laws of Turkish imposition by chiefs of their own blood; and they had the further advantage of paying but a moderate tribute to the Sultan. So favoured, their commerce had flourished beyond all precedent. And latterly, when the vast extension of European warfare had created first-rate markets for grain, selecting, of course, those which were highest at the moment, they sometimes doubled their capitals in two voyages, and seven or eight such trips in a year were not an unusual instance of good fortune. What had been the result may be collected from the following description which Mr. Gordon gives us of Hydra: "Built "on a sterile rock, which does not offer at any season the "least trace of vegetation, it is one of the best cities in the "Levant, and *infinitely superior to any other in Greece;* the "houses are all constructed of white stone, and those of the "aristocracy (erected at an immense expense, floored with "costly marbles, and splendidly furnished) *might pass for* "*palaces even in the capitals of Italy.* Before the Revolution "poverty was unknown, all classes being comfortably lodged, "clothed, and fed. Its inhabitants at this epoch exceeded "20,000, of whom 4000 were able-bodied seamen."

The other Islands were, with few exceptions, arid rocks; but most of them had the inestimable advantage of being unplagued with a Turkish population. Enjoying that precious immunity, it may be wondered why they should have entered into the revolt. But for this there were two great reasons: they were ardent Christians in the first place, and disinterested haters of Mohammedanism on its own merits; secondly, as the most powerful[1] nautical confederacy in the Levant, they

[1] Mr. Gordon says that "they could without difficulty fit out a hundred sail of ships, brigs, and schooners, armed with from twelve to twenty-four guns each, and manned by 7000 stout and able sailors."

anticipated a large booty from captures at sea. In that expectation, at first, they were not disappointed. But it was a source of wealth soon exhausted; for, naturally, as soon as their ravages became known, the Mussulmans ceased to navigate. Spezzia was the first to hoist the independent flag: this was on the 9th of April 1821. Psarra immediately followed her example. Hydra hesitated, and at first even declined to do so; but, at last, on the 28th of April, this island also issued a manifesto of adherence to the patriotic cause. On the 3d of May, a squadron of eleven Hydriot and seven Spezzia vessels sailed from Hydra, having on the mainmast "an address to the people of the Ægean Sea, "inviting them to rally round the national standard: an "address that was received with enthusiasm in every quarter "of the Archipelago where the Turks were not numerous "enough to overawe popular feeling."

"The success of the Greek marine in this first expedition," says Mr. Gordon, "was not confined to merely spreading the "insurrection throughout the Archipelago: a swarm of swift "armed ships swept the sea from the Hellespont to the "waters of Crete and Cyprus; captured every Ottoman "trader they met with, and put to the sword, or flung over-"board, the Mohammedan crews and passengers; for the "contest already assumed a character of terrible ferocity. It "would be vain to deny that the Greeks were guilty of "shocking barbarities: at the little island of Castel Rosso, "on the Karamanian[1] shore, they butchered in cold blood "several beautiful Turkish females; and a great number of "defenceless pilgrims (mostly old men), who, returning from "Mecca, fell into their power off Cyprus, were slain without "mercy, because they would not renounce their faith." Many such cases of hideous barbarity had already occurred, and did afterwards occur, on the mainland. But this is the eternal law and providential retribution of oppression. The tyrant teaches to his slave the crimes and the cruelties

Pouqueville ascribes to them, in 1813, a force considerably greater. But the Peace of Paris (one year after Pouqueville's estimates) naturally reduced their power, as their extraordinary gains were altogether dependent on war and naval blockades.

[1] Karamanian, *i.e.* the southern coast of Asia Minor (Anatolia).

which he inflicts ; blood will have blood ; and the ferocious oppressor is involved in the natural reaction of his own wickedness, by the frenzied retaliation of the oppressed. Now was indeed beheld the realization of the sublime imprecation in Shakspere : "one spirit of the first-born Cain" did verily reign in the hearts of men ; and now, if ever upon this earth, it seemed likely, from the dreadful *acharnement* which marked the war on both sides—the *acharnement* of long-hoarded vengeance and maddening remembrances in the Grecian, of towering disdain in the alarmed oppressor—that, in very simplicity of truth, Shakspere's deep word would be realized, and "*darkness be the burier of the dead.*"

Such was the opening scene in the astonishing drama of the Greek Insurrection, which through all its stages was destined to move through fire and blood, and beyond any war in human annals to command the interest of mankind through their sterner affections. We have said that it was eminently a romantic war ; but not in the meaning with which we apply that epithet to the semi-fabulous wars of Charlemagne and his Paladins, or even to the Crusaders. Here are no memorable contests of generosity ; no triumphs glorified by mercy ; no sacrifices of interest the most basely selfish to martial honour ; no ear on either side for the pleadings of desolate affliction ; no voice in any quarter of commanding justice ; no acknowledgment of common nature between the belligerents, no sense of a participation in the same human infirmities, dangers, or necessities. To the fugitive from the field of battle there was scarcely a retreat ; to the prisoner there was absolutely no hope. Stern retribution, and the very rapture of vengeance, were the passions which presided on the one side ; on the other, fanaticism and the cruelty of fear and hatred, maddened by old hereditary scorn. Wherever the war raged, there followed upon the face of the land one blank Aceldama. A desert tracked the steps of the armies, and a desert in which was no oasis ; and the very atmosphere in which men lived and breathed was a chaos of murderous passions. Still it is true that the war was a great romance. For it was filled with change and with elastic rebound from what seemed final extinction, with the spirit of adventure carried to the utmost limits of

heroism, with self-devotion on the sublimest scale and the very frenzy of patriotic martyrdom, with resurrection of everlasting hope upon ground seven times blasted by the blighting presence of the enemy, and with flowers radiant in promise springing for ever from under the very tread of the accursed Moslem.

SUPPLEMENT ON THE SULIOTES[1]

WE have thought that we should do an acceptable service to the reader by presenting him with a sketch of the Suliotes, and the most memorable points in their history. We have derived it (as to the facts) from a little work originally composed by an Albanian in modern Greek, and printed at Venice in 1815. This work was immediately translated into Italian by Gherardini, an Italian officer of Milan; and shortly afterwards, with some few omissions, it was reproduced in an English version; but in this country it seems never to have attracted public notice, and is probably now forgotten.

With respect to the name of Suli, the Suliotes themselves trace it to an accident:—"Some old men," says the Albanian author, reciting his own personal investigations amongst the oldest of the Suliotes, "replied that they did not remember "having any information from their ancestors concerning the "first inhabitants of Suli, except this only: that some goat "and swine herds used to lead their flocks to graze on the "mountains where Suli and Ghiafa now stand; that these "mountains were not only steep and almost inaccessible, but "clothed with thickets of wood and infested by wild boars; "that these herdsmen, being oppressed by the tyranny of "the Turks of a village called to this day Gardichi, took "the resolution of flying for a distance of six hours' journey "to this sylvan and inaccessible position, of sharing in

[1] This supplement appeared originally as a very long and rather cumbersome footnote to the main *Blackwood* paper in April 1833, on the ground that the omission of the subject in Mr. Gordon's book on the Greek Revolution had been a serious oversight.—M.

" common the few animals which they had, and of suffering " voluntarily every physical privation, rather than submit to " the slightest wrong from their foreign tyrants. This re- " solution, they added, must be presumed to have been " executed with success, because we find that, in the lapse of " five or six years, these original occupants of the fastness " were joined by thirty other families. Somewhere about " that time it was that they began to awaken the jealousy of " the Turks ; and a certain Turk, named Suli, went in high " scorn and defiance, with many other associates, to expel " them from this strong position ; but our stout forefathers " met them with arms in their hands. Suli, the leader and " inciter of the Turks, was killed outright upon the ground ; " and, on the very spot where he fell, at this day stands the " centre of our modern Suli, which took its name, therefore, " from that same slaughtered Turk, who was the first insolent " and malicious enemy with whom our country in its days " of infancy had to contend for its existence."

Such is the most plausible account which can now be obtained of the *incunabula* of this most indomitable little community, and of the circumstances under which it acquired its since illustrious name. It was, perhaps, natural that a little town in the centre of insolent and bitter enemies should assume a name which would long convey to their whole neighbourhood a stinging lesson of mortification, and of prudential warning against similar molestations. As to the *chronology* of this little state, the Albanian author assures us, upon the testimony of the same old Suliotes, that "*seventy years before*" there were barely one hundred men fit for the active duties of war ; which, in ordinary states of society, would imply a total population of four hundred souls. That may be taken, therefore, as the extreme limit of the Suliote population at a period of seventy years antecedently to the date of the conversation on which he founds his information. But, as he has unfortunately omitted to fix the exact era of these conversations, the whole value of his accuracy is neutralized by his own carelessness. However, it is probable, from the internal evidence of his book, which brings down affairs below the year 1812, that his information was collected somewhere about 1810. We must carry back the epoch,

therefore, at which Suli had risen to a population of four hundred, pretty nearly to the year 1740 ; and, since, by the same traditionary evidence, Suli had *then* accomplished an independent existence through a space of eighty years, we have reason to conclude that the very first gatherings of poor Christian herdsmen to this sylvan sanctuary, when stung to madness by Turkish insolence and persecution, would take place about the era of the Restoration (of our Charles II),—that is, in 1660.

In more modern times the Suliotes had expanded into four separate little towns, peopled by 560 families, from which they were able to draw 1000 first-rate soldiers. But, by a very politic arrangement, they had colonized with sixty-six other families seven neighbouring towns, over which, from situation, they had long been able to exercise a military preponderance. The benefits were incalculable which they obtained by this connexion. At the first alarm of war the fighting men retreated, with no incumbrances but their arms, ammunition, and a few days' provision, into the four towns of Suli proper, which all lay within that ring-fence of impregnable position from which no armies could ever dislodge them ; meantime they secretly drew supplies from the seven associate towns, which were better situated than themselves for agriculture, and which (apparently taking no part in the war) pursued their ordinary labours unmolested. Their tactics were simple, but judicious. If they saw a body of 5000 or 6000 advancing against their position, knowing that it was idle for them to meet such a force in the open field, they contented themselves with detaching 150 or 200 men to skirmish on their flanks, and to harass them according to the advantages of the ground ; but, if they saw no more than 500 or 1000 in the hostile column, they then issued in equal or superior numbers, in the certainty of beating them, striking an effectual panic into their hearts, and also of profiting largely by plunder and by ransom.

In so small and select a community, where so much must continually depend upon individual qualities and personal heroism, it may readily be supposed that the women would play an important part ; in fact, " the women carry arms and " fight bravely. When the men go to war, the women bring

" them food and provisions ; when they see their strength " declining in combat, they run to their assistance, and fight " along with them ; but, if by any chance their husbands " behave with cowardice, they snatch their arms from them " and abuse them, calling them mean and unworthy of having " a wife." Upon these feelings there has even been built a law in Suli which must deeply interest the pride of women in the martial honour of their husbands. Agreeably to this law, any woman whose husband has distinguished himself in battle, upon going to a fountain to draw water, has the liberty to drive away another woman whose husband is tainted with the reproach of cowardice ; and all who succeed her, "from dawn to dewy eve," unless under the ban of the same withering stigma, have the same privilege of taunting her with her husband's baseness, and of stepping between her and her cattle until their own wants are fully supplied.

This social consideration of the female sex, in right of their husbands' military honours, is made available for no trifling purposes : on one occasion it proved the absolute salvation of the tribe. In one of the most desperate assaults made by Ali Pacha upon Suli,—when that tyrant was himself present at the head of 8000 picked men, animated with the promise of 500 piastres a man to as many as should enter Suli,—after ten hours' fighting under an enfeebling sun, and many of the Suliote muskets being rendered useless by continual discharges, a large body of the enemy had actually succeeded in occupying the sacred interior of Suli itself. At that critical moment, when Ali was in the very paroxysms of frantic exultation, the Suliote women, seeing that the general fate hinged upon the next five minutes, turned upon the Turks *en masse*, and with such a rapture of sudden fury that the conquering army was instantly broken, thrown into panic, pursued, and in that state of ruinous disorder was met and flanked by the men, who were now recovering from their defeat. The consequences, from the nature of the ground, were fatal to the Turkish army and enterprise. The whole camp equipage was captured ; none saved their lives but by throwing away their arms ; one-third of the Turks (one-half by some accounts) perished on the retreat ; the rest returned at intervals as an unarmed mob ; and the bloody, perfidious

Pacha himself saved his life only by killing two horses in his haste. So total was the rout, and so bitter the mortification of Ali, who had seen a small band of heroic women snatch the long-sought prize out of his very grasp, that for some weeks he shut himself up in his palace at Yannina, would receive no visits, and issued a proclamation imposing instant death upon any man detected in looking out at a window or other aperture—as being *presumably* engaged in noticing the various expressions of his defeat which were continually returning to Yannina.

The wars, in which the adventurous courage of the Suliotes (together with their menacing position) could not fail to involve them, were in all eleven. The first eight of these occurred in times before the French Revolution, and with Pachas who have left no memorials behind them of the terrific energy or hellish perfidy which marked the character of Ali Pacha. These Pachas, who brought armies at the lowest of 5000, and at the most of 12,000 men, were uniformly beaten, and apparently were content to be beaten. Sometimes a Pacha was even made prisoner[1]; but, as the simple Suliotes little understood the art of improving advantages, the ransom was sure to be proportioned to the value of the said Pacha's sword-arm in battle rather than to his rank and ability to pay; so that the terms of liberation were made ludicrously easy to the Turkish chiefs.

These eight wars naturally had no other ultimate effect than to extend the military power, experience, and renown, of the Suliotes. But their ninth war placed them in collision with a new and far more perilous enemy than any they had yet tried; above all, he was so obstinate and unrelenting an enemy that, excepting the all-conquering mace of death, it was certain that no obstacles born of man ever availed to turn him aside from an object once resolved on. The reader will understand, of course, that this enemy was

[1] On the same occasion the Pacha's son, and sixty officers of the rank of *Aga*, were also made prisoners by a truly rustic mode of assault. The Turks had shut themselves up in a church: into this, by night, the Suliotes threw a number of hives full of bees, whose insufferable stings soon brought the haughty Moslems into the proper surrendering mood. The whole body were afterwards ransomed for so trifling a sum as 1000 sequins.

Ali Pacha. Their ninth war was with him ; and he, like all before him, was beaten ; but *not* like all before him did Ali sit down in resignation under his defeat. His hatred had now become fiendish ; no other prosperity or success had any grace in his eyes so long as Suli stood, by which he had been overthrown, trampled on, and signally humbled. Life itself was odious to him if he must continue to witness the triumphant existence of the abhorred little mountain village which had wrung laughter at his expense from every nook of Epirus. *Delenda est Carthago ! Suli must be exterminated !* became, therefore, from this time, the master watchword of his secret policy. And on the 1st of June, in the year 1792, he commenced his second war against the Suliotes at the head of 22,000 men. This was the second war of Suli with Ali Pacha ; but it was the tenth war on their annals ; and, as far as their own exertions were concerned, it had the same result as all the rest. But, about the sixth year of the war, in an indirect way Ali made one step towards his final purpose, which first manifested its disastrous tendency in the new circumstances which succeeding years brought forward. In 1797 the French made a lodgment in Corfu ; and, agreeably to their general spirit of intrigue, they had made advances to Ali Pacha and to all other independent powers in or about Epirus. Amongst other states, in an evil hour for that ill-fated city, they wormed themselves into an alliance with Prevesa ; and in the following year their own quarrel with Ali Pacha gave that crafty robber a pretence, which he had long courted in vain, for attacking the place with his overwhelming cavalry before they could agree upon the mode of defence, and long before *any* mode could have been tolerably matured. The result was one universal massacre, which raged for three days, and involved every living Prevesan, excepting some few who had wisely made their escape in time, and excepting those who were reserved to be tortured for Ali's special gratification, or to be sold for slaves in the shambles. This dreadful catastrophe, which in a few hours rooted from the earth an old and flourishing community, was due in about equal degrees to the fatal intriguing of the interloping French, and to the rankest treachery in a quarter where it could least have been held possible,—namely, in a

Suliote, and a very distinguished Suliote, Captain George Botzari; but the miserable man yielded up his honour and his patriotism to Ali's bribe of one hundred purses (perhaps at that time equal to £2500 sterling). The way in which this catastrophe operated upon Ali's final views was obvious to everybody in that neighbourhood. Parga on the sea-coast was an indispensable ally to Suli: now Prevesa stood in the same relation to Parga, as an almost indispensable ally, that Parga occupied towards Suli.

This shocking tragedy had been perpetrated in the October of 1798; and in less than two years from that date,—namely, on the 2d of June 1800,—commenced the eleventh war of the Suliotes, being their third with Ali, and the last which, from their own guileless simplicity, meeting with the craft of the most perfidious amongst princes, they were ever destined to wage. For two years, that is until the middle of 1802, the war, as managed by the Suliotes, rather resembles a romance or some legend of Paladins than any grave chapter in modern history. Amongst the earliest victims it is satisfactory to mention the traitor George Botzari; who, being in the power of the Pacha, was absolutely compelled to march with about 200 of his kinsmen, whom he had seduced from Suli, against his own countrymen, under whose avenging swords the majority of them fell, whilst the arch-traitor himself soon died of grief and mortification. After this Ali himself led a great and well-appointed army in various lines of assault against Suli. But so furious was the reception given to the Turks, so deadly and so uniform their defeat, that panic seized on the whole army, who declared unanimously to Ali that they would no more attempt to contend with the Suliotes,—"who," said they, "neither sit nor sleep, but are born only for the destruction of men." Ali was actually obliged to submit to this strange resolution of his army; but, by way of compromise, he built a chain of forts pretty nearly encircling Suli, and simply exacted of his troops that, being for ever released from the dangers of the open field, they should henceforward shut themselves up in these forts and constitute themselves a permanent blockading force, for the purpose of bridling the marauding excursions of the Suliotes. It was hoped that from the close succession of

these forts the Suliotes would find it impossible to slip between the cross fires of the Turkish musketry, and that, being thus absolutely cut off from their common resources of plunder, they must at length be reduced by mere starvation. That termination of the contest was in fact repeatedly within a trifle of being accomplished; the poor Suliotes were reduced to a diet of acorns, and even of this food had so slender a quantity that many died, and the rest wore the appearance of blackened skeletons. All this misery, however, had no effect to abate one jot of their zeal and their undying hatred to the perfidious enemy who was bending every sinew to their destruction. It is melancholy to record that such perfect heroes, from whom force the most disproportioned, nor misery the most absolute, had ever wrung the slightest concession or advantage, were at length entrapped by the craft of their enemy, and by their own foolish confidence in the oaths of one who had never been known to keep any engagement which he had a momentary interest in breaking. Ali contrived first of all to trepan the matchless leader of the Suliotes, Captain Foto Giavella, who was a hero after the most exquisite model of ancient Greece,—Epaminondas, or Timoleon,—and whose counsels were uniformly wise and honest. After that loss all harmony of plan went to wreck amongst the Suliotes; and at length, about the middle of December 1803, this immortal little independent state of Suli solemnly renounced by treaty to Ali Pacha its sacred territory, its thrice-famous little towns, and those unconquerable positions among the crests of wooded inaccessible mountains which had baffled all the armies of the crescent, led by the most eminent of the Ottoman Pachas, and not seldom amounting to 20,000, 25,000, and, in one instance, even to more than 30,000 men. The articles of a treaty which on one side there never was an intention of executing are scarcely worth repeating: the amount was, that the Suliotes had perfect liberty to go whither they chose, retaining the whole of their arms and property, and with a title to payment in cash for every sort of warlike store which could not be carried off. In excuse for the poor Suliotes in trusting to treaties of any kind with an enemy whom no oaths could bind for an hour, it is but fair to mention that they

were now absolutely without supplies either of ammunition or provisions, and that for seven days they had suffered under a total deprivation of water, the sources of which were now in the hands of the enemy and turned into new channels. The winding up of the memorable tale is soon told :—The main body of the fighting Suliotes, agreeably to the treaty, immediately took the route to Parga, where they were sure of a hospitable reception,—that city having all along made common cause with Suli against their common enemy Ali. The son of Ali, who had concluded the treaty, and who inherited all his father's treachery, as fast as possible despatched 4000 Turks in pursuit, with orders to massacre the whole. But in this instance, through the gallant assistance of the Parghiotes, and the energetic haste of the Suliotes, the accursed wretch was disappointed of his prey. As to all the other detachments of the Suliotes, who were scattered at different points, and were necessarily thrown everywhere upon their own resources without warning or preparation of any kind, they, by the terms of the treaty, had liberty to go away or to reside peaceably in any part of Ali's dominions. But, as these were mere windy words, it being well understood that Ali's fixed intention was to cut every throat among the Suliotes, whether of man, woman, or child,—nay, as he thought himself dismally ill-used by every hour's delay which interfered with the execution of that purpose,—what rational plan awaited the choice of the poor Suliotes, finding themselves in the centre of a whole hostile nation, and their own slender divisions cut off from communication with each other? What could people so circumstanced propose to themselves as a suitable resolution for their situation? Hope there was none; sublime despair was all that their case allowed; and, considering the unrivalled splendours of their past history for more than one hundred and sixty years, perhaps most readers would reply in the famous words of Corneille, *Qu'ils mourussent.* That was their own reply to the question now so imperatively forced upon them; and die they all did. It is an argument of some great original nobility in the minds of these poor people that none disgraced themselves by useless submissions, and that all alike, women as well as men, devoted themselves in the "high Roman

fashion" to the now expiring cause of their country. The first case which occurred exhibits the very perfection of *non-chalance* in circumstances the most appalling. Samuel, a Suliote monk of somewhat mixed and capricious character, and at times even liable to much suspicion amongst his countrymen, but of great name and of unquestionable merit in his military character, was in the act of delivering over to authorized Turkish agents a small outpost which had greatly annoyed the forces of Ali, together with such military stores as it still contained. By the treaty, Samuel was perfectly free, and under the solemn protection of Ali; but the Turks, with the utter shamelessness to which they had been brought by daily familiarity with treachery the most barefaced, were openly descanting to Samuel upon the unheard-of tortures which must be looked for at the hands of Ali by a soldier who had given so much trouble to that Pacha as himself. Samuel listened coolly; he was then seated on a chest of gunpowder, and powder was scattered about in all directions. He watched in a careless way until he observed that all the Turks, exulting in their own damnable perfidies, were assembled under the roof of the building. He then coolly took the burning snuff of a candle, and threw it into a heap of combustibles, still keeping his seat upon the chest of powder. It is unnecessary to add that the little fort, and all whom it contained, were blown to atoms. And, with respect to Samuel in particular, no fragment of his skeleton could ever be discovered.[1] After this followed as many separate tragedies as there were separate parties of Suliotes. When all hope and all retreat were clearly cut off, then the women led the great scene of self-immolation, by throwing their children headlong from the summit of precipices,—which done, they and their husbands, their fathers and their sons, hand in hand, ran up to the brink of the declivity, and followed those whom they had sent before. In other situations, where there was a possibility of fighting with effect, they made a long and bloody resistance, until the Turkish

[1] The deposition of two Suliote sentinels at the door, and of a third person who escaped with a dreadful scorching, sufficiently established the facts: otherwise the whole would have been ascribed to the treachery of Ali or his son.

cavalry, finding an opening for their operations, made all further union impossible ; upon which they all plunged into the nearest river, without distinction of age or sex, and were swallowed up by the merciful waters. Thus, in a few days from the signing of that treaty which nominally secured to them peaceable possession of their property and paternal treatment from the perfidious Pacha, none remained to claim his promises or to experience his abominable cruelties.

In their native mountains of Epirus the name of Suliote was now blotted from the books of life, and was heard no more in those wild sylvan haunts where once it had filled every echo with the breath of panic to the quailing hearts of the Moslems. In the most "palmy" days of Suli she had never counted more than 2500 fighting men ; and of these no considerable body escaped, excepting the corps who hastily fought their way to Parga. From that city they gradually transported themselves to Corfu, then occupied by the Russians. Into the service of the Russian Czar, as the sole means left to a perishing corps of soldiers for earning daily bread, they naturally entered ; and, when Corfu afterwards passed from Russian to English masters, it was equally inevitable that for the same urgent purposes they should enter the military service of England. In that service they received the usual honourable treatment, and such attention as circumstances would allow to their national habits and prejudices. They were placed also, we believe, under the popular command of Sir R. Church ; who, though unfortunate as a supreme leader, made himself beloved in a lower station by all the foreigners under his authority. These Suliotes have since then returned to Epirus and to Greece,—the Peace of 1815 having, perhaps, dissolved their connexion with England ; and they were even persuaded to enter the service of their arch-enemy, Ali Pacha. Since his death their diminished numbers, and the altered circumstances of their situation, should naturally have led to the extinction of their political importance. Yet we find them, in 1832, still attracting (or rather concentrating) the wrath of the Turkish Sultan, made the object of a separate war, and valued (as in all former cases) on the footing of a distinct and independent nation. On the winding up of this war, we find part of

them at least an object of indulgent solicitude to the British Government, and under their protection transferred to Cephalonia. Yet again others of their scanty clan meet us at different points of the War in Greece, especially at the first decisive action with Ibrahim, when, in the rescue of Costa Botzaris, every Suliote of his blood perished on the spot; and again, in the fatal battle of Athens (May 6, 1827), Mr. Gordon assures us that "almost all the Suliotes were exterminated." We understand him to speak not generally of the Suliotes as of the total clan who bear that name, but of those only who happened to be present at that dire catastrophe. Still, even with this limitation, such a long succession of heavy losses descending upon a people who never numbered above 2500 fighting men, and who had passed through the furnace seven times heated of Ali Pacha's wrath, and suffered those many and dismal tragedies which we have just recorded, cannot but have brought them latterly to the brink of utter extinction.

MODERN GREECE[1]

WHAT are the nuisances special to Greece which repel tourists from that country? They are three—robbers, fleas, and dogs. It is remarkable that all are, in one sense, respectable nuisances: they are ancient, and of classical descent. The monuments still existing from pre-Christian ages in memory of honest travellers assassinated by brigands or klephts (Κλεπται) show that the old respectable calling of freebooters by sea and land,—which Thucydides, in a well-known passage, describes as so reputable an investment for capital during the times preceding his own, and, as to northern Greece, even during his own,—had never entirely languished, as with us it has done for two generations on the heaths of Bagshot, Hounslow, or Finchley. Well situated as these grounds were for doing business, lying at such convenient distances from the metropolis, and studying the convenience of all parties (since, if a man were destined to lose a burden on his road, surely it was pleasing to his feelings that he had not been suffered to act as porter over ninety or a hundred miles, in the service of one who would neither pay him nor thank him): yet, finally, what through banks, and what through policemen, the concern has dwindled to nothing. In England, we believe, this concern was technically known amongst men of business and "family men" as the "Low Toby."

[1] In *Blackwood's Magazine* for July 1842, in the form of a review of "*Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands. By William Mure of Caldwell. In two volumes,* 1842." Reprinted in 1860 in the fourteenth volume of De Quincey's Collected Writings.—M.

In Greece it was called λῃστεια; and, Homerically speaking, it was perhaps the only profession thoroughly respectable. A few other callings are mentioned in the Odyssey as furnishing regular bread to decent men: viz. the doctor's, the fortune-teller's or conjurer's, and the armourer's. Indeed it is clear, from the offer made to Ulysses of a job in the way of hedging and ditching, that sturdy big-boned beggars, or what used to be called "Abraham men" in southern England, were not held to have forfeited any heraldic dignity attached to the rank of pauper (which was considerable) by taking a farmer's pay when mendicancy happened to be "looking downwards." Even honest labour was tolerated, though, of course, disgraceful. But the Corinthian order of society, to borrow Burke's image, was the bold sea-rover, the buccaneer, or (if you will call him so) the robber in all his varieties. Titles were at that time not much in use—honorary titles we mean; but, had our prefix of "Right Honourable" existed, it would have been assigned to burglars, and by no means to privy-councillors; as again our English prefix of "Venerable" would have been settled, not on so sheepish a character as the archdeacon, but on the spirited appropriator of church plate. We were surprised lately to find, in a German work of some authority, so gross a misconception of Thucydides as that of supposing him to be in jest. Nothing of the sort. The question which he represents as once current, on speaking a ship in the Mediterranean, "Pray, gentlemen, are you robbers?" actually occurs in Homer; and to Homer, no doubt, the historian alludes. It neither was, nor could be conceived as, other than complimentary; for the alternative supposition presumed him that mean and well-known character—the merchant, who basely paid for what he took. It was plainly asking, Are you a knight grand-cross of some martial order, or a sort of costermonger? And we give it as no hasty or fanciful opinion, that the South Sea Islands, (which Bougainville held to be in a state of considerable civilisation) had, in fact, reached the precise stage of Homeric Greece. The power of levying war, as yet not sequestered by the ruling power of each community, was a private right inherent in every individual of any one state against all individuals of any other. Captain Cook's ship, the Resolution,

and her consort, the Adventure, were as much independent states and objects of lawful war to the Islanders as Owyhee, in the Sandwich group, was to Tongataboo in the Friendly group. So that to have taken an Old Bailey view of the thefts committed on the deck was unjust, and, besides, ineffectual; the true remedy being by way of treaty or convention with the chiefs of every island. And perhaps, if Homer had tried it, the same remedy (in effect, regular payments of *black-mail*) might have been found available in *his* day.

It is too late to suggest *that* idea now. The princely pirates are gone; and the last dividend has been paid upon their booty; so that, whether he gained or lost by them, Homer's estate is not liable to any future inquisitions from commissioners of bankruptcy or other sharks. He, whether amongst the plundered, or, as is more probable, a considerable shareholder in the joint-stock privateers from Tenedos, &c., is safe both from further funding or refunding. We are not. And the first question of moment to any future tourist is, What may be the present value, at a British insurance office, of any given life risked upon a tour in Greece? Much will, of course, depend upon the extent and the particular route. A late prime minister of Greece, under the reigning king Otho, actually perished by means of one day's pleasure excursion from Athens, though meeting neither thief nor robber. He lost his way; and, this being scandalous in an ex-chancellor of the exchequer having ladies under his guidance,—who were obliged, like those in the Midsummer Night's Dream, to pass the night in an Athenian wood,—his excellency died of vexation. Where may not men find a death? But we ask after the calculation of any office which takes extra risks; and, as a basis for such a calculation, we submit the range of tour sketched by Pausanias, more than sixteen centuries back — that Παυσανιακη περιοδος, as Colonel Leake describes it, which carries a man through the heart of all that can chiefly interest in Greece. Where are the chances, upon such a compass of Greek travelling, having only the ordinary escort and arms, or having *no* arms (which the learned agree in thinking the safer plan at present), that a given traveller will revisit the glimpses of an English

moon, or again embrace his "placens uxor"? As, with regard to Ireland, it is one stock trick of Whiggery to treat the chances of assassination in the light of an English hypochondriacal chimera, so for a different reason it has been with regard to Italy, and soon will be for Greece. Twenty years ago it was a fine subject for jesting—the English idea of stilettoes in Rome, and masqued bravos, and assassins who charged so much an inch for the depth of their wounds. But all the laughter did not save a youthful English marriage-party from being atrociously massacred; a grave English professional man with his wife from being carried off to a mountainous captivity, and reserved from slaughter only by the prospect of ransom; a British nobleman's son from death or the consequences of Italian barbarity; or a prince, made such by the Universal Father of Christendom, the brother of Napoleon, from having the security of his mansion violated, and the most valuable captives carried off by daylight from his household. In Greece apparently the state of things is worse, because absolutely worse under a far slighter temptation. But Mr. Mure is of opinion that Greek robbers have private reasons as yet for sparing English tourists.

So far then is certain: viz. that the positive danger is greater in poverty-stricken Greece than in rich and splendid Italy. But, as to the valuation of the danger, positively and not relatively, it is probably as yet imperfect from mere defect of experience: the total amount of travellers is unknown. And it may be argued that at least Colonel Leake, Mr. Dodwell, and our present Mr. Mure, with as many more as have written books, cannot be among the killed, wounded, and missing. There is evidence in octavo that they are yet "to the fore." Still, with respect to books, after all, they may have been posthumous works: or, to put the case in another form, who knows how many excellent works in medium quarto, not less than crown octavo, may have been suppressed and intercepted in their rudiments by these expurgatorial ruffians? Mr. Mure mentions as the exquisite reason for the present fashion of shooting from an ambush first, and settling accounts afterwards, that by this means they evade the chances of a contest. The Greek robber, it

seems, knows as well as Cicero that "non semper viator a latrone, nonnunquam etiam latro a viatore occiditur"—a disappointment that makes one laugh exceedingly. Now, this rule as to armed travellers is likely to bear hard upon our countrymen; who, being rich (else how come they in Greece?), will surely be brilliantly armed; and thus again it may be said, in a sense somewhat different from Juvenal's,

"Et *vacuus* cantat coram latrone viator,"—

vacuus not of money, but of pistols. Yet, on the other hand, though possibly sound law for the thickets of Mount Cithæron, this would be too unsafe a policy as a general rule: too often it is the exposure of a helpless exterior which first suggests the outrage. And perhaps the best suggestion for the present would be that travellers should carry in their hands an apparent telescope or a reputed walking-cane; which peaceful and natural part of his appointments will first operate to draw out his lurking forest friend from his advantage; and, on closer colloquy, if this friend should turn restive, then the "Tuscan artist's tube," contrived of course a double debt to pay, will suddenly reveal another sort of tube, insinuating an argument sufficient for the refutation of any sophism whatever. This is the best compromise which we can put forward with the present dilemma in Greece, where it seems that to be armed or to be unarmed is almost equally perilous—to be armed is to insure a shot from an ambush. But our secret opinion is that in all countries alike the only absolute safeguard against highway robbery is—a railway; for then the tables are turned; not he who is stopped incurs the risk, but he who stops: we question whether Samson himself could have pulled up his namesake on the Liverpool Railway. Recently, indeed, in the Court of Common Pleas, on a motion to show cause by Sergeant Bompas, in Hewitt *v.* Price, Tindal (Chief-Justice) said—"We cannot call a railway a public security,[1] I think" (*laughter*); but *we* think otherwise. In

[1] Chief-Justice squinted probably at the Versailles affair, where parties were incinerated; for which, in Yorkshire, there is a local word—*crozelled*, applied to those who lie down upon a treacherous lime-pit, whose crust gives way to their weight. But, if he meant security in the sense of public funds, Chief-Justice was still more in

spite of "laughter," we consider it a specific against the "Low Toby." And, *en attendant*, there is but one step towards amelioration of things for Greece; which lies in summary ejecting of the Bavarian locusts. Where all offices of profit or honour are engrossed by needy aliens, you cannot expect a cheerful temper in the people. And, unhappily, from moody discontent in Greece to the taking of purses is short transition.

Thus have we disposed of "St. Nicholas's Clerks." Next we come to fleas and dogs. Have we a remedy for these? We have: but, as to fleas, applicable or not, according to the purpose with which a man travels. If, as happened at times to Mr. Mure, a natural, and, for his readers, a beneficial, anxiety to see something of domestic habits overcomes all sense of personal inconvenience, he will wish, at any cost, to sleep in Grecian bedrooms, and to sit by German hearths. On the other hand, though sensible of the honour attached to being bit by a flea lineally descended from an Athenian flea that in one day may possibly have bit three such men as Pericles, Phidias, and Euripides, many quiet, unambitious travellers might choose to dispense with "glory," and content themselves with a view of Greek *external* nature. To these persons we would recommend the plan of carrying amongst their baggage a tent, with portable camp-beds: one of those, as originally invented upon the encouragement of the Peninsular campaigns from 1809 to 1814, and subsequently improved, would meet all ordinary wants. It is objected, indeed, that by this time the Grecian fleas must have colonized the very hills and woods: as once, we remember, upon Westminster Bridge, to a person who proposed bathing in the Thames by way of a ready ablution from the July dust, another replied, "My dear sir, by no means; the river itself is dusty. Consider what it is to have received the dust of London for nineteen hundred years since Cæsar's invasion, without having once been swept." But in any case the water-cups in which the bed-posts rest forbid the transit of

error, as he will soon learn. For the British Railways now yield a regular income of three millions per annum—one-tenth of the interest of the national debt; offer as steady an investment as the three per cent consols; and will soon be quoted in other securities.

creatures not able to swim or to fly. A flea indeed leaps; and, by all report, in a way that far beats a tiger—taking the standard of measurement from the bodies of the competitors. But even this may be remedied: given the maximum leap of a normal flea, it is always easy to raise the bed indefinitely from the ground — space upwards is unlimited—and the supporters of the bed may be made to meet in one pillar, coated with so viscous a substance as to put even a flea into chancery.

As to dogs, the case is not so easily settled; and, before the reader is in a condition to judge of our remedy, he ought to understand the evil in its whole extent. After all allowances for vermin that waken you before your time, or assassins that send you to sleep before your time, no single Greek nuisance can be placed on the same scale with the dogs attached to every *ménage*, whether household or pastoral. Surely as a stranger approaches to any inhospitable door of the peasantry, often before he knows of such a door as *in rerum natura*, out bounds upon him by huge careering leaps a horrid infuriated ruffian of a dog—oftentimes a huge *moloss*, big as an English cow, active as a leopard, fierce as a hyena, but more powerful by much, and quite as little disposed to hear reason. So situated—seeing an enemy in motion with whom it would be as idle to negotiate as with an earthquake —what is the bravest man to do? Shoot him? Ay; that was pretty much the course taken by a young man who lived before Troy: and see what came of it. This man, in fact a boy of seventeen, had walked out to see the city of Mycenæ—which in those days was as fashionable as Baden-Baden—leaving his elder cousin at the hotel sipping his wine. Out sprang a huge dog from the principal house in what you might call the High Street of Mycenæ; the young man's heart began to palpitate; he was in that state of excitement which affects most people when fear mingles with excessive anger. What was he to do? Pistols he had none, not even Colt's revolvers. And, as nobody came out to his aid, he put his hand to the ground; seized a *chermadion* (or paving-stone), smashed the skull of the odious brute,—and with quite as much merit as Count Robert of Paris was entitled to have claimed from his lucky hit in the dungeon,

—then walked off to report his little exploit to his cousin at the hotel? But what followed? The wretches in the house, who never cared to show themselves so long as it might only be the dog killing a boy, all came tumbling out by crowds when once it became clear that a boy had killed the dog. "*A la lanterne!*" they yelled out; valiantly charged *en masse*; and among them they managed to kill the boy. But there was a reckoning to pay for this. Had they known who it was that sat drinking at the hotel, they would have thought twice before they backed their brute. That cousin, whom the poor boy had left at his wine, happened to be an ugly customer—Hercules *incog.* It is needless to specify the result. The child unborn had reason to rue the murder of the boy. For his cousin proved quite as deaf to all argument or submission as their own foul thief of a dog or themselves. Suffice it that the royal house of Mycenæ, in the language of Napoleon's edicts, ceased to reign. But here is the evil: few men leave a Hercules at their hotel; and all will have to stand the vindictive fury of the natives for their canine friends, if you should happen to pistol them. Be it in deliverance of your own life, or even of a lady's by your side, no apology would be listened to. In fact, besides the disproportionate annoyance to a traveller's nerves that he shall be kept uneasy at every turn of the road in mere anxiety as to the next recurrence of struggles so desperate, it arms the indignation of a bold Briton beforehand that a horrid brute shall be thought entitled to kill *him*, and, if he *does*, it is pronounced an accident, but if he, a son of the mighty island, kills the brute, instantly a little hybrid Greek peasant shall treat it as murder.

Many years ago, we experienced the selfsame annoyance in the North of England. Let no man talk of courage in such cases. Most justly did Maréchal Saxe ask an officer sneeringly, who protested that he had never known the sensation of fear, and could not well imagine what it was like, had he never snuffed a candle with his fingers? "Because, in that case," said the veteran, "I fancy you must have felt afraid of burning your thumb." A brave man, on a service of known danger, braces up his mind by a distinct effort to the necessities of his duty. The great

sentiment that it is his duty, the sentiments of honour and of country, reconcile him to the service while it lasts. No use, besides, in ducking before shot, or dodging, or skulking; he that faces the storm most cheerfully has after all the best chance of escaping—were that the object of consideration. But, as soon as this trial is over, and the energy called forth by a high tension of duty has relaxed, the very same man often shrinks from ordinary trials of his prowess. Having, perhaps, little reason for confidence in his own bodily strength, seeing no honour in the struggle, and sure that no duty would be hallowed by any result, he shrinks from it in a way which surprises those who have heard of his martial character. Brave men in extremities are many times the most nervous and the shyest under perils of a mean order. We, without claiming the benefit of these particular distinctions, happened to be specially "soft" on this one danger from dogs. Not from the mere terror of a bite, but from the shocking doubt besieging such a case for four or five months that hydrophobia may supervene. Think, excellent reader, if we should suddenly prove hydrophobous in the middle of this paper, how would you distinguish the hydrophobous from the non-hydrophobous parts? You would say, as Voltaire of Rousseau, "Sa plume apparemment brûlera le papier." Such being the horror ever before our mind — images of eyeballs starting from their sockets, spasms suffocating the throat—we could not see a dog starting off into a yell of sudden discovery bound for the foot of our legs, but that undoubtedly a mixed sensation of panic and fury overshadowed us: a χερμαδιον was not always at hand; and without practice we could have little confidence in our power of sending it home,—else many is the head we should have crushed. Sometimes, where more than one dog happened to be accomplices in the outrage, we were not altogether out of danger. "Euripides," we said, "was really torn to pieces by the dogs of a sovereign prince; in Hounslow, but a month since, a little girl was all but worried by the buck-hounds of a greater sovereign than Archelaus; and why not we by the dogs of a farmer?" The scene lay in Westmoreland and Cumberland. Oftentimes it would happen that in summer we had turned aside from the road, or perhaps the

road itself forced us to pass a farm-house from which the family might be absent in the hay-field. Unhappily the dogs in such a case are often left behind. And many have been the fierce contests in which we have embarked; for, as to retreating, be it known that there (as in Greece) the murderous savages will pursue you—sometimes far into the highroad. That result it was which uniformly brought us back to a sense of our own wrong, and finally of our rights. "Come," we used to say, "this is too much; here at least is the king's highway, and things are come to a pretty pass indeed, if we, who partake of a common nature with the king, and write good Latin, whereas all the world knows what sort of Latin is found among dogs, may not have as good a right to standing-room as a low-bred quadruped with a tail, like you." "Non usque adeo summis permiscuit ima longa dies," &c. We remember no instance which ever so powerfully illustrated the courage given by the consciousness of rectitude. So long as we felt that we were trespassing on the grounds of a stranger, we certainly sneaked; we seek not to deny it. But, once landed on the highroad, where we knew our own title to be as good as the dog's, not all the world should have persuaded us to budge one foot.

Our reason for going back to these old Cumbrian remembrances will be found in what follows. Deeply incensed at the insults we had been obliged to put up with for years, brooding oftentimes over

"Wrongs unredressed and insults unavenged,"

we asked ourselves—Is vengeance hopeless? And at length we hit upon the following scheme of retribution. This it is—useless to myself as it happened on English ground—which we propose as applicable to Greece. Well acquainted with the indomitable spirit of the bull-dog, and the fidelity of the mastiff, we determined to obtain two such companions; to re-traverse all our old ground; to make a point, like Tulus, of visiting every house where we had been grossly insulted by dogs; and to commit our cause to the management of these new allies. "Let us see," said we, "if they will speak in the same bullying tone *this* time." "But with

what ulterior views?" the dispassionate reader asks. The same, we answer, which Mr. Pitt professed as the objects of the Revolutionary War—"Indemnity for the past, and security for the future." Years, however, passed on; Charles X fell from his throne; the Reform Bill passed; other things occurred; and at last this change struck us—that the dogs on whom our vengeance would alight, generally speaking, must belong to a second generation, or even a third, in descent from our personal enemies. Now, this vengeance "by procuration" seemed no vengeance at all. But a plan which failed as regarded our own past wrongs may yet apply admirably to a wrong current and in progress. If we Englishmen may not pistol Greek canine ruffians, at any rate we suppose an English bull-dog has a right to make a tour in Greece. A mastiff, if he pays for his food and lodgings, possesses as good a title to see Athens and the Peloponnesus as a Bavarian, perhaps even as Themistocles in times of old, and a better than a Turk; and, if he cannot be suffered to pass quietly along the roads on his own private affairs, the more is the pity. But assuredly the consequences will not fall on *him*: we know enough of the sublime courage bestowed on that heroic animal to be satisfied that he will shake the life out of any enemy that Greece can show. The embassy sent by Napoleon to the Shah of Persia about the year 1810 complained much and often of the huge dogs scattered over all parts of Western Asia, whether Turkish or Persian; and, by later travels amongst the Himalayas, it seems that the same gigantic ruffians prevail in Central Asia. But the noble English bull-dogs, who, being but three in number, did not hesitate for one instant to rush upon the enormous lion at Warwick, will face any enemy in the world, and will come off victors, unless hyperbolically overweighted: a peril which need not be apprehended, except perhaps in Laconia or Messenia.

Here, therefore, we should be disposed to leave the subject. But, as it is curious for itself, is confessedly of importance to the traveller, and has thrown light upon a passage in the Odyssey that had previously been unintelligible, we go on to one other suggestion furnished by the author before us. It is really a discovery, and is more

worthy of a place in annotations upon Homer than nine in ten of all that we read :—

"Among the numerous points of resemblance with which "the classical traveller cannot fail to be struck between the "habits of pastoral and agricultural life as still exemplified "in Greece and those which formerly prevailed in the same "country, there is none more calculated to arrest his atten- "tion than the correspondence of the shepherds' encamp- "ments, scattered on the face of the less cultivated districts, "with the settlements of the same kind whose concerns are "so frequently brought forward in the imagery of the Iliad "and Odyssey. Accordingly, the passage of Homer to which "the existing peculiarity above described [viz. of pelting off "dogs by large jagged stones] affords the most appropriate "commentary is the scene where Ulysses, disguised as a "beggar, in approaching the farm of the swineherd, is fiercely "assaulted by the dogs, but delivered by the master of the "establishment. Pope's translation, with the exception of "one or two expressions [amongst which Mr. Mure notices "*mastiff* as not a good term for a sheep-dog], here conveys "with tolerable fidelity the spirit of the original :—

> "Soon as Ulysses near the enclosure drew
> With open mouths the furious mastiffs flew ;
> Down sate the sage ; and, cautious to withstand,
> Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand.
> Sudden the master runs—aloud he calls ;
> And from his hasty hand the leather falls ;
> With showers of stones he drives them far away ;
> The scattered dogs around at distance bay.
> ODYSS. xiv. 29."

First, however, let us state the personal adventure which occasions this reference to Homer, as it illustrates a feature in Greek scenery, and in the composition of Greek society :— In the early part of his travels, on a day when Mr. Mure was within a few hours of the immortal Missolonghi, he (as better mounted) had ridden ahead of his suite. Suddenly he came upon "an encampment of small, low, reed wig- wams," which in form resembled "the pastoral capanne of the Roman plain," but were "vastly inferior in size and structure." Women and children were sitting outside : but

finally there crawled forth from the little miserable hovels two or three male figures of such gigantic dimensions as seemed beyond the capacity of the entire dwellings. Several others joined them, all remarkable for size and beauty. And one, whose air of authority bespoke his real rank of chief, Mr. Mure pronounces "a most magnificent-looking barbarian." This was a nomad tribe of Wallachian shepherds, descended (it is supposed) from the Dacian colonies, Romans intermingled with natives, founded by the later Cæsars. The prevalent features of their faces are, it seems, Italian; their language is powerfully veined with Latin; their dress, differing from that of all their Albanian neighbours, resembles the dress of Dacian captives sculptured on the triumphal monuments of Rome; and, lastly, their peculiar name, *Vlack Wallachian*, indicates in the Slavonic language pretty much the same relation to a foreign origin as in German is indicated by the word *Welsh*: an affinity of which word is said to exist in our word *Walnut*, where *wall* (as the late Mr. Coleridge thinks) means *alien*, *outlandish*. The evidence, therefore, is as direct for their non-Grecian descent as could be desired. But they are interesting to Greece at this time, because annually migrating from Thessaly in the summer, and diffusing themselves in the patriarchal style, with their wives, their children, and their flocks, over the sunny vales of Bœotia, of Peloponnesus, and in general of southern Greece. Their men are huge, but they are the mildest of the human race. Their dogs are huge also; so far the parallel holds. We regret that strict regard to truth forbids us to pursue the comparison.

"I found myself on a sudden," says Mr. Mure, "sur-
" rounded by a fierce pack of dogs, of size proportioned to
" that of their masters, and which rushed forth on every side
" as if bent on devouring both myself and beast: being alto-
" gether unprovided with any means of defence but the rope-
" end of the same halter that supplied my stirrups, I was (I
" confess) not a little disconcerted by the assault of so un-
" expected an enemy." From this he was soon delivered at the moment by some of the gentle giants, who "pelted off the animals with the large loose stones that lay scattered over the rocky surface of the heath." But upon the char-

acter of the nuisance, and upon the particular remedy employed, both of which are classical, and older than Troy, Mr. Mure makes the following explanations :—

"The number and ferocity of the dogs that guard the "Greek hamlets and sheepfolds, as compared with those kept "for similar purposes in other parts of the world, is one of "the peculiarities of this country, which not only first "attracts the attention of the tourist, but is chiefly calcu- "lated to excite his alarm, and call into exercise his prowess "or presence of mind. It is also amongst the features of "modern Greek life that supply the most curious illustra- "tions of classical antiquity. Their attacks are not con- "fined to those who approach the premises of which they "are the appointed guardians ; they do not limit themselves "to defensive war : in many districts they are in the habit "of rushing from a considerable distance to torment the "traveller passing along the public track : and, when the "pastoral colonies, as is often the case, occur at frequent "intervals, the nuisance becomes quite intolerable." But, in cases where the succession is less continuous, we should imagine that the nuisance was in the same proportion more dangerous ; and Mr. Mure acknowledges that under certain circumstances, to a solitary stranger, the risk would be serious ; though generally, and in the case of cavalcades, the dogs fasten chiefly upon the horses.

But endless are the compensations which we find in the distributions of nature. Is there a bane ? Near it lies an antidote. Is there a disease ? Look for a specific in that same neighbourhood. Here, also, the universal rule prevails. As it was destined that Greece in all ages should be scourged by this intestine enemy, it was provided that a twofold specific should travel concurrently with the evil. And, because the vegetable specific, in the shape of oaken cudgels, was liable to local failure (at this moment, in fact, from the wreck of her woods by means of incendiary armies, Greece is, for a season, disafforested), there exists a second specific of a mineral character, which (please Heaven !) shall never fail, so long as Greece is Greece. "The usual weapons "of defence employed in such cases by the natives are the "large loose stones with which the soil is *everywhere* strewed,

" —a natural feature of this region, to which also belongs " its own proper share of classic interest." The character of the rocks prevailing in those mountain ridges which intersect the whole of Greece is that, whilst in its interior texture " of iron-hard consistency," yet at the surface it is " broken into detached fragments of infinitely varied dimensions." Balls, bullets, grape, and canister shot, have all been " parked " in inexhaustible magazines; whilst the leading feature which strikes the mind with amazement in this natural artillery is its fine *retail* distribution. Everywhere you may meet an enemy: stoop, and everywhere there is shot piled for use. We see a Leibnitzian pre-established harmony between the character of the stratification and the character of the dogs.

Cardinal de Retz explains why that war in the minority of Louis XIV was called the *Fronde*; and it seems that in Greece, where an immortal *fronde* was inevitable, an immortal magazine was supplied for it—one which has been and will continue to be under all revolutions; for the uncultured tracts present the missiles equally diffused, and the first rudiments of culture show themselves in collections of missiles along the roads. Hence, in fact, a general mistake of tourists. "It is certain," says Mr. Mure, "that many " of the circular mounds which are noticed in the itineraries " under the rubric of *ancient tumulus* have been heaped up " in this manner. It is to these stones that travellers, and " the population at large, instinctively have recourse as the " most effectual weapon against the assaults of the dogs." The small shot of pebbles, however, or even stones equal to pigeons' eggs, would avail nothing: "those selected are " seldom smaller than what a man, exerting his whole force, " can conveniently lift and throw with one hand." Thence, in fact, and from no other cause, comes (as Mr. Mure observes) the Homeric designation of such stones, viz. *chermadion*, or handful; of which he also cites the definition given by Lucian, λιθος χειροπληθης, *a hand-filling stone.* Ninety generations have passed since the Trojan war, and each of the ninety has used the same bountiful magazine. All readers of the *Iliad* must remember how often Ajax or Hector took up *chermadia*, "such as twice five men in our

degenerate days could barely lift," launching them at light-armed foes, who positively would not come nearer to take their just share of the sword or spear. "The weapon is "the more effectual, owing to the nature of the rock itself, "broken as it is in its whole surface into angular and sharp-"pointed inequalities, which add greatly to the severity of "the wound inflicted. Hence, as most travellers will have "experienced, a fall amongst the Greek rocks is unusually "painful." It is pleasing to find Homer familiar not only with the use of the weapon, but with its finest external "developments." Not only the stone must be a bouncer, a *chermadion*, with some of the properties (we believe) marking a good cricket-ball, but it ought to be ὀκριοεις—such is the Homeric epithet of endearment, his caressing description of a good brainer, viz. *splinting-jagged.*

This fact of the *chermadic* weight attached to the good war-stone explains, as Mr. Mure ingeniously remarks, a simile of Homer's which ought to have been pure nonsense for Pope and Cowper, viz. that, in describing a dense mist, such as we foolishly imagine peculiar to our own British climate, and meaning to say that a man could scarcely descry an object somewhat ahead of his own station, he says, τοσσον τις τ' ἐπι λευσσει ὁσον τ' ἐπι λααν ἱησι: *so far does man see as he hurls a stone.* Now, in the skirmish of "bickering," this would argue no great limitation of eye-sight. "Why, man, how far *would* you see? Would you see round a corner?" "A shot of several hundred yards," says Mr. Mure, "were no great feat for a country lad well skilled in the art of stone-throwing." But this is not Homer's meaning—"The cloud of dust [which went before an army advancing, and which it is that Homer compares to a mist on the hills perplexing the shepherd] was certainly much denser than to admit of the view extending to such a distance. In the Homeric sense, as allusive to the hurling of the ponderous *chermadion*, the figure is correct and expressive." And here, as everywhere, we see the Horatian parenthesis upon Homer, as one *qui nil molitur inepte*, who never speaks vaguely, never wants a reason, and never loses sight of a reality, amply sustained. Here, then, is a local resource to the British tourist besides the imported one of

the bull-dog; and it is remarkable that, except where the dogs are preternaturally audacious, a mere hint of the chermadion suffices. Late in our own experience, too late for glory, we made the discovery that all dogs have a mysterious reverence for a trundling stone. It calls off attention from the human object, and strikes alarm into the caitiff's mind. He thinks the stone alive. Upon this hint we thought it possible to improve. Stooping down, we "made believe" to launch a stone, when in fact we had none; and the effect generally followed. So well is this understood in Greece that, according to a popular opinion reported by Mr. Mure, the prevailing habit in Grecian dogs, as well as bitches, of absenting themselves from church, grows out of the frequent bowing and genuflexions practised in the course of the service. The congregation, one and all, simultaneously stoop; the dog's wickedness has made him well acquainted with the meaning of that act; it is a symbol but too significant to his conscience; and he takes to his heels with the belief that a whole salvo of one hundred and one *chermadia* are fastening on his devoted "hurdies."

Here, therefore, is a suggestion at once practically useful, and which furnishes more than one important elucidation to passages in Homer hitherto unintelligible. For the sake of one other such passage, we shall, before dismissing the subject, pause upon a novel fact communicated by Mr. Mure, which is equally seasonable as a new Homeric light, and as a serviceable hint in a situation of extremity.

In the passage already quoted under Pope's version from *Odyssey*, xiv. 29, what is the meaning of that singular couplet—

> "Down sate the sage; and, cautious to withstand,
> Let fall the offensive truncheon from his hand."[1]

Mr. Mure's very singular explanation will remind the

[1] As respects the *elegance* of this translation, there is good reason to warn the reader that much of the *Odyssey* was let off by contract, like any poor-house proposal for "clods" and "stickings" of beef, to low undertakers, such as Broome and Fenton. Considering the ample fortune which Pope drew from the whole work, we have often been struck by the inexplicable indulgence with which this scandalous partition is treated by Pope's biographers. It is simply the lowest act of self-degradation ever connected with literature.

naturalist of something resembling it in the habits of buffaloes. Dampier mentions a case which he witnessed in some oriental island with a Malay population, where a herd of buffaloes continued to describe concentric circles, continually narrowing around a party of sailors, and at last submitted only to the control of children *not too far beyond the state of infancy.* The white breed of wild cattle, once so well known at Lord Tankerville's, in Northumberland, and at one point in the south-west of Scotland, had a similar instinct for regulating the fury of their own attack; but it was understood that when the final circle had been woven the spell was perfect, and that the herd would "do business" most effectually. As respects the Homeric case, "I," says Mr. Mure, "am "probably not the only reader who has been puzzled to under- "stand the object of this manœuvre [the sitting down] on the "part of the hero. I was first led to appreciate its full value "in the following manner:—At Argos one evening, at the "table of General Gordon [then commanding-in-chief through- out the Morea, and the best historian of the Greek Revolution, but who subsequently resigned, and died in the spring "of 1841 at his seat in Aberdeenshire] the conversation "happened to turn, as it frequently does where tourists are "in company, on this very subject of the number and fierce- "ness of the Grecian dogs, when one of the company "remarked that he knew of a very simple expedient for "appeasing their fury. Happening on a journey to miss his "road, and being overtaken by darkness, he sought refuge "for the night at a pastoral settlement by the wayside. As "he approached, the dogs rushed out upon him, and the "consequences might have been serious had he not been "rescued by an old shepherd (the Eumeus of the fold), who, "after pelting off his assailants, gave him a hospitable recep- "tion in his hut. The guest made some remark on the zeal "of his dogs, and on the danger to which he had been ex- "posed from their attack. The old man replied that it was "his own fault, from not taking the customary precaution in "such an emergency: that he ought to have stopped, and "*sate down* until some person came to protect him." Here we have the very act of Ulysses, with the necessary circumstance that he laid aside his arms; after which the two

parties were under a provisional treaty. And Adam Smith's doubtful assumption that dogs are incapable of exchange, or of any reciprocal understanding, seems still more doubtful. As this expedient was new to the traveller, "he made some "further inquiries; and was assured that, if any person in "such a predicament will simply seat himself on the ground, "laying aside his weapon of defence, the dogs will also squat "in a circle round him; that, as long as he remains quiet, "they will follow his example; but that, as soon as he rises "and moves forward, they will renew their assault. This "story, though told without the least reference to the *Odyssey*, "at once brought home to my own mind the scene at the "fold of Eumeus with the most vivid reality. The existence "of the custom was confirmed by other persons present, "from their own observation or experience." Yet, what if the night were such as is often found even in Southern Greece during winter—a black frost; and that all the belligerents were found in the morning symmetrically grouped as petrifactions? However, here again we have the Homer *qui nil molitur inepte*, who addressed a people of known habits. Yet *quære*—as a matter of some moment for Homeric disputes—Were these habits of Ionian colonies, or exclusively of Greece Proper, on which Homer may, after all, not be so good an authority as Murray, price 8s. 6d.?

But enough of the repulsive features in Greek travelling. We, for our part, have endeavoured to meet them with remedies both good and novel. Now let us turn to a different question. What are the positive attractions of Greece? What motives are there to a tour so costly? What are the *pros*, supposing the *cons* dismissed? This is a more difficult question than is imagined: so difficult that most people set out without waiting for the answer; they travel first and leave to providential contingencies the chance that, on a review of the tour in its course, some adequate motive may suggest itself. Certainly it may be said that the word Greece already in itself contains an adequate motive; and we do not deny that a young man, full of animal ardour and high classical recollections, may, without blame, give way to the mere instincts of wandering. It is a fine thing to bundle up your traps at an hour's warning, and, fixing your eye upon

some bright particular star, to say, "I will travel after thee; I will have no other mark; I will chase thy rising or thy setting"; that is, on Mr. Wordsworth's hint derived from a Scottish lake, to move on a general object of *stepping westwards* or *stepping eastwards*. But there are few men qualified to travel who stand in this free "unhoused" condition of licence to spend money, to lose time, or to court peril. In balancing the pretensions of different regions to a distinction so costly as an *effectual* tour, money it is, simply the consideration of cost, which furnishes the chief or sole ground of administration. Having but £100 disposable in any one summer, a man finds his field of choice circumscribed at once; and rare is the household that can allow twice that sum annually. He contents himself with the Rhine, or possibly, if more adventurous, he may explore the passes of the Pyrenees; he may unthread the mazes of romantic Auvergne, or make a stretch even to the Western Alps of Savoy.

But, for the Mediterranean, and especially for the Levant —these he resigns to richer men; to those who can command from £300 to £500. And next, having submitted to this preliminary limitation of radius, he is guided in selecting from what remains by some indistinct prejudice of his early reading. Many are they in England who start with a blind faith, inherited from Mrs. Radcliffe's romances and thousands beside, that in Southern France or in Italy, from the Milanese down to the furthest nook of the Sicilies, it is physically impossible for the tourist to go wrong. And thus it happens that a spectacle somewhat painful to good sense is annually renewed of confiding households leaving a real Calabria in Montgomeryshire or Devonshire, for dreary, sunburned flats in Bavaria, in Provence, in Languedoc, or in the "Legations" of the Papal territory. "Vintagers",—at a distance how romantic a sound! Hops, on the other hand, how mercenary, nay, how culinary, by the feeling connected with their use, or their taxation! Arcadian shepherds again, or Sicilian from the "bank of delicate Galesus",—can these be other than poetic? The hunter of the Alpine ibex—can he be other than picturesque? A sandalled monk mysteriously cowled, and in the *distance* (but be sure of *that!*) a band of

robbers reposing at noon amidst some Salvator-Rosa-looking solitudes of Calabria—how often have such elements, semi-consciously grouped, and flashing upon the indistinct mirrors lighted up by early reading, seduced English good sense into undertakings terminating in angry disappointment? We acknowledge that the English are the only nation under this romantic delusion; but, so saying, we pronounce a very mixed censure upon our country. In itself it is certainly a folly which other nations (Germany excepted) are not above, but very far below; a folly which presupposes a most remarkable distinction for our literature, significant in a high moral degree. The plain truth is that Southern Europe has no romance in its household literature; has not an organ for comprehending what it is that we mean by Radcliffian romance. The old ancestral romance of knightly adventure, the *Sangréal*, the *Round Table*, &c., exists for Southern Europe as an antiquarian subject; or, if treated æsthetically, simply as a subject adapted to the ludicrous. And the secondary romance of our later literature is to the south unintelligible. No Frenchman, Spaniard, or Italian, at all comprehends the grand poetic feeling employed and nursed by narrative fictions through the last seventy years in England, though connected by us with their own foolishly exaggerated scenery.

Generally, in speaking of Southern Europe, it may be affirmed that the idea of heightening any of the grander passions by association with the shadowy and darker forms of natural scenery, heaths, mountainous recesses, "forests drear," or the sad desolation of a silent sea-shore, of the desert, or of the ocean, is an idea not developed amongst them, nor capable of combining with their serious feelings. By the evidence of their literature,—viz. of their poetry, their drama, their novels,—it is an interest to which the whole race is deaf and blind. A Frenchman or an Italian (for the Italian, in many features of Gallic insensibility, will be found ultra-Gallican) can understand a state in which the moving principle is sympathy with the world of conscience. Not that his own country will furnish him with any grand exemplification of such an interest; but, merely as a human being, he cannot escape from a certain degree of human

sympathy with the dread tumults going on in that vast theatre—a conscience-haunted mind. So far he stands on common ground with ourselves; but how this mode of shedding terror can borrow any alliance from chapels, from ruins, from monastic piles, from Inquisition dungeons inscrutable to human justice, or dread confessionals,—all this is unfathomably mysterious to Southern Europe. The Southern imagination is passively and abjectly dependent on *social* interests; and these must conform to modern types.

Hence, partly, the reason that only the British travel. The German is generally too poor. The Frenchman desires nothing but what he finds at home: having Paris at hand, why should he seek an inferior Paris in distant lands? To an Englishman this demur could seldom exist. He may think, and, with introductions into the higher modes of aristocratic life, he may know, that London and St. Petersburg are far more magnificent capitals than Paris; but *that* will not repel his travelling instincts. A superior London he does not credit or desire; but what he seeks is not a superior, it is a different, life: not new degrees of old things, but new kinds of experience, are what he asks. His scale of conception is ampler; whereas, generally, the Frenchman is absorbed into one ideal. Why else is it that, after you have allowed for a few Frenchmen carried of necessity into foreign lands by the diplomatic concerns of so vast a country, and for a few artists travelling in quest of gain or improvement, we hear of no French travellers as a class? And why is it that, except as regards Egypt, where there happens to lurk a secret political object in reversion for France, German Literature builds its historic or antiquarian researches almost exclusively upon English travellers? Our travellers may happen or not to be professional; but they are never found travelling for professional objects. Some have been merchants or bankers, many have been ecclesiastics; but neither commercial nor clerical or religious purposes have furnished any working motive, unless where, as express missionaries, they have prepared their readers to expect such a bias to their researches. Colonel Leake, the most accurate of travellers, is a soldier; and in reviewing

the field of Marathon, of Platæa, and others deriving their interest from later wars, he makes a casual use of his soldiership. Captain Beaufort, again, as a sailor, uses his nautical skill where it is properly called for. But in the larger proportions of their works even the professional are not professional; whilst such is our academic discipline that all alike are scholars. And in this quality of merit the author before us holds a distinguished rank. He is no artist, though manifesting the eye learned in art and in landscape. He is not professionally a soldier; he is so only by that secondary tie which, in our island, connects the landed aristocracy with the landed militia; yet, though not, in a technical sense, military, he disputes, with such as *are*, difficult questions of Greek martial history. He is no regular agriculturist; yet he conveys a good general impression of the Greek condition with relation to landed wealth or landed skill, as modified at this moment by the unfortunate restraints on a soil handed over, in its best parts, by a Turkish aristocracy that had engrossed them to a Bavarian that cannot use them. In short, Mr. Mure is simply a territorial gentleman: elevated enough to have stood a contest for the representation of a great Scottish county; of general information: and, in particular, he is an excellent Greek scholar; which latter fact we gather, not from anything we have heard, but from these three indications meeting together:—1, That his verbal use of Greek, in trying the true meaning of names (such as Mycene, the island of Asteris, &c.), is original as well as accurate. 2, That his display of reading (not volunteered or selected, but determined by accidents of local suggestion) is ample. 3, That the frugality of his Greek citations is as remarkable as their pertinence. He is never tempted into trite references; nor ever allows his page to be encumbered by more of such learning than is severely needed.

With regard to the general motives for travelling, *his* for Greece had naturally some relation to his previous reading; but perhaps an occasional cause, making his true motives operative, may have been his casual proximity to Greece at starting—for he was then residing in Italy. Others, however, amongst those qualified to succeed him, wanting this advantage, will desire some positive objects of a high value,

in a tour both difficult as regards hardships, and costly and too tedious, even with the aids of steam, for those whose starting-point is England. These objects, real or imaginary, in a Greek tour co-extensive with the new limits of Greek jurisdiction, let us now review :—

I. *The Greek People.*—It is with a view to the Greeks personally,—the men, women, and children who, in one sense at least, viz. as occupants of the Greek soil, represent the ancient classical Greeks,—that the traveller will undertake this labour. Representatives in one sense! Why, how now? are they not such in all senses? Do they not trace their descent from the classical Greeks? We are sorry to say *not*; or in so doubtful a way that the interest derived from that source is too languid to sustain itself against the opposing considerations. Some authors have peremptorily denied that one drop of genuine Grecian blood, transmitted from the countrymen of Pericles, now flows in the veins of any Greek subject. Falmereyer, the German, is at the head (we believe) of those who take that view. And many who think Falmereyer in excess make these unpleasant concessions: viz. 1*st*, That in Athens and throughout Attica, where, by special preference, one would wish to see the Grecian cast of face predominating, *there*, to a single family almost, you may affirm all to be Albanian. Well; but what is Albanian? For the Albanian race, as having its head-quarters in regions once undoubtedly occupied by a Greek race,—Epirus, for instance, Acarnania, &c.,—may still be Grecian by descent. But unfortunately it is not so. The Albanians are no more Grecian, and notoriously no more represent the old legitimate Greeks who thumped the Persians and whom the Romans thumped, than the modern English represent the Britons, or the modern Lowland Scotch represent the Scoti, of the centuries immediately following the Christian era. Both English and Lowland Scotch, for the first five centuries after the Christian era, were ranging the forests of North Germany or of Southern Sweden. The men who fought with Cæsar, if now represented at all, are so in Wales, in Cornwall, or other western recesses of the island. And the Albanians are held to be a Slavonic race—such at least is the accredited theory; so that modern Greece is connected

with Russia not merely by the bond of a common Church, but also by blood, since the Russian people is the supreme branch of the Slavonic race. This is the first concession made which limits any remnant of the true Greek blood to parts of the ancient Hellas not foremost in general interest, nor most likely to be visited.

A second is that, if any claim to a true Grecian descent does exist extensively, it must be looked for amongst Mahometan clans, descended from renegades of former days, now confounded with our Mussulmans ejected from Greece, and living in Thrace or other regions under the Sultan's sceptre. But even here the purity of the descent is in the last degree uncertain.

This case is remarkable. From the stationary character of all things in the East, there was a probability beforehand that several nations—as in particular, four that we will mention: the Greeks, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Affghans—should have presented the same purity of descent, untainted by alien blood, which we find in the children of Ishmael, and the children of his half-brother, the patriarch Isaac. Yet, in that case, where would have been the miraculous unity of race predicted for these two nations exclusively by the Scriptures? The fact is, the four nations mentioned have been so profoundly changed by deluges of foreign conquest or foreign intrusion, that at this day, perhaps, no solitary individual could be found whose ancestral line had not been confounded with other bloods. The Arabs only, and the Jews, are under no suspicion of this hybrid mixture. Vast deserts, which insulate one side of the Arabian peninsula,—the sea, which insulates the other sides,—have, with other causes, preserved the Arab blood from all general attaint of its purity. Ceremonies, institutions, awful scruples of conscience, and, through many centuries, misery and legal persecution, have maintained a still more impassable gulf between the Jews and other races. Spain is the only Christian land where the native blood was at any time intermingled with the Jewish; and hence one cause for the early vigilance of the Inquisition in that country more than elsewhere; hence also the horror of a Jewish taint in the Spanish hidalgo. Judaism masking itself in Christianity was so keenly suspected, or so haughtily

disclaimed, simply because so largely it existed. It was, however, under a very peculiar state of society that, even during an interval, and in a corner, Jews *could* have intermarried with Christians. Generally, the intensity of reciprocated hatred, long oppression upon the one side, deep degradation upon the other, perpetuated the alienation, had the repulsion of creeds even relaxed. And hence, at this day, the intense purity of the Jewish blood through probably more than six millions of individuals.

But, with respect to the Grecians, as no barrier has ever existed between them and any other race than the Turks [1]—and these only in the shape of religious scruples, which on one side had the highest political temptation to give way,—there was no pledge stronger than individual character, there could be no national or corporate pledge, for the maintenance of this insulation. As, therefore, in many recorded cases, the strongest barrier (viz. that against Mahometan alliances) is known to have given way,—as in other cases (innumerable, but forgotten) it must be presumed to have given way,—this inference follows, viz. that, if anywhere the Grecian blood remains in purity, the fact will be entirely without evidence, and for us the result will be the same as if the fact had no existence. Simply as a matter of curiosity, if our own opinion were asked as to the probability that in any situation a true-blooded population yet survives at this day, we should answer that, if anywhere, it will be found in the most sterile of the Greek Islands. Yet, even there the bare probability of such a result will have been open to many disturbances; and especially if the island happen to be much in the way of navigators, or the harbours happen to be convenient, or if it happen to furnish a good stage in a succession of stages (according to the ancient usages of Mediterranean seamanship), or if it possessed towns containing accumulations of provisions or other stores, or offered good watering-places. Under any of these endow-

[1] Some will urge the intolerance of the Greeks for Christians of the Latin Church. But that did not hinder alliances, and ambitious attempts at such alliances, with their Venetian masters in the most distinguished of the Greek houses. Witness the infernal atrocities by which the Venetian Government avenged at times what they viewed as unpardonable presumption. See their own records.

ments, an island might be tempting to pirates, or to roving adventurers, or to remote over-peopled parts of Italy, Africa, Asia Minor, &c. ; in short, to any vicious city where but one man amongst the poorer classes knew the local invitations to murderous aggressions. Under so many contingencies operative through so many centuries and revolutions so vast upon nations so multiplied, we believe that even a poor unproductive soil is no absolute pledge for non-molestation to the most obscure of recesses.

For instance, the poorest district of the large island Crete might (if any could) be presumed to have a true Greek population. There is little to be found in that district beyond the means of bare subsistence ; and (considering the prodigious advantages of the ground for defensive war) little to be looked for by an invader but hard knocks, "more kicks than halfpence," so long as there was any indigenous population to stand up and kick. But often it must have happened in a course of centuries that plague, smallpox, cholera, the sweating-sickness, or other scourges of universal Europe and Asia, would absolutely depopulate a region no larger than an island ; as, in fact, within our brief knowledge of the New Hollanders, has happened through smallpox alone to entire tribes of those savages ; and, upon a scale still more awful, to the American Indians. In such cases, mere strangers would oftentimes enter upon the lands as a derelict. The Sfakians, in that recess of Crete which we have noticed, are not supposed by scholars to be a true Grecian race ; nor do we account them such. And one reason of our own, superadded to the common reasons against allowing a Greek origin, is this :—The Sfakians are a large-limbed, fine-looking race, more resembling the Wallachians whom we have already noticed than the other races of Crete, or the other Greek Islanders, and, like the Wallachians, are often of colossal stature. But the classical Greeks, we are pretty certain, were a race of little men. We have more arguments than one for this belief. But one will be sufficient.

The Athenian painter who recorded the Battle of Marathon in fresco upon the walls of a portico was fined for representing the Persians as conspicuously taller than the Greeks. But why ? Why should any artist have ascribed such an

advantage to the enemy, unless because it was a fact? What plausible motive, other than the notoriety of the fact, can be imagined in the painter? In reality, this artist proceeded on a general rule amongst the Greeks, and a rule strictly, if not almost superstitiously, observed, and of ancient establishment, —which was that all conquerors in any contest, or at any games, olympic, or whatsoever they might be, were memorialized by statues exactly representing the living man in the year of victory, taken even with their personal defects. The dimensions were preserved with such painful fidelity, as though the object had been to collect and preserve for posterity a series from every generation of those men who might be presumed by their trophies to have been the models by natural prefiguration for that particular gymnastic accomplishment in which they had severally excelled. (See the *Acad. des Inscriptions*, about the year 1725.) At the time of Marathon, fought against the lieutenant of Darius, the Olympic games had existed for two hundred years, *minus* thirteen; and at the closing battle of Platæa, fought against the lieutenant of Xerxes, for two hundred, *minus* only two. During all this period, it is known for certain, perhaps even from far older times, that this rule of exact *portraiture*, a rigid demand for duplicates or facsimiles of the individual men, had prevailed in Greece. The enormous amount of Persian corpses buried by the Greeks (or perhaps by Persian prisoners) in the Polyandrium on the field of battle, would be measured and observed by the artists against the public application for their services. And the armour of those select men-at-arms, or ὁπλιται, who *had* regular suits of armour, would remain for many centuries suspended as consecrated ἀναθηματα in the Grecian temples; so that Greek artists would never want sure records of the Persian dimensions. Were it not for this rule, applied sternly to all real conflicts, it might have been open to imagine that the artist had exaggerated the persons of the enemy by way of exalting to posterity the terrors which their ancestors had faced,—a more logical vanity than that inverse artifice imputed to Alexander, of burying in the Punjab gigantic mangers and hyperbolical suits of armour, under the conceit of impressing remote ages with a romantic idea of the bodily proportions

in the men and horses composing the *élite* of the Macedonian army. This was the true secret for disenchanting the martial pretensions of his army. Were you indeed such colossal men? In that case, the less is your merit; of which most part belongs manifestly to a *physical* advantage: and in the ages of no gunpowder the advantage was less equivocal than it is at present. In the other direction, the logic of the Greek artist who painted Marathon is more cogent. The Persians were numerically superior, though doubtless this superiority has been greatly exaggerated,—not wilfully so much as from natural mistakes incident to the oriental composition of armies, and still more, on the Grecian side, from extreme inaccuracy in the original reports; which was so great that even Herodotus, who stood removed from Platæa at the time of commencing his labours by pretty much the same interval as we in 1842 from Waterloo, is rightly observed by Colonel Leake (*Travels in Greece*) to have stated the Greek numbers on the great day of Platæa rather from the basis of fixed rateable contingents which each state was bound to furnish than of any positive return that he could allege. However, on the whole, it seems undeniable that even at Platæa, much more at Marathon, the Persians had the advantage in numbers. If, besides this numerical advantage, they had another in qualities of bodily structure, the inference was the greater to the Grecian merit. So far from slighting a Persian advantage which really existed, a Greek painter might rather be suspected of inventing one which did not. We apprehend, however, that he invented nothing. For, besides that subsequent intercourse with Persians would have defeated the effect of his representation had it reposed on a fiction, it is known that the Greeks did not rightly appreciate tallness. "Procerity," to use Dr. Johnson's tall word in speaking of the Prussian regiment, was underrated in Greece: perhaps for this reason, that in some principal gymnastic contests, running, leaping, horsemanship, and charioteering, it really *was* a disadvantage. The best jockeys at Newmarket and Doncaster are always little men. And hence possibly arose a fact which has been often noticed with surprise, viz. that the legendary Hercules was never delineated by the Greek artists as more than an athletic man of the

ordinary standard with respect to height and bulk. The Greek imagination was extravagantly mastered by physical excellence; this is proved by the almost inconceivable value attached to gymnastic merit. Nowhere, except in Greece, could a lyrical enthusiasm have been made available in such a service. But amongst physical qualities they did not adequately value that of lofty stature. At all events, the rule of portraiture—the whole portrait and nothing but the portrait—which we have mentioned as absolute for Greece, coerced the painter into the advantageous distinction for the Persians which we have mentioned. And this rule, *as servile to the fact*, is decisive for the Greek proportions of body in comparison with the Persian.

But were not some tribes amongst the Greeks celebrated for their stature? Yes; the Daulians, for instance, both men and women: and in some modern tourist we remember a distinction of the same kind claimed for the *present* occupants of Daulis. But the ancient claim had reference only to the Grecian scale. Tall, were they? Yes, but tall for Grecians. The Romans were possibly a shade taller than the Greeks, but they also were a little race of men. This is certain. And, if a man were incautious enough to plead in answer the standard of the modern Italians, who are often both tall and athletic, he must be reminded that to Tramontanes, in fact,—such as Goths, Heruli, Scythæ, Lombards, and other tribes of the Rhine, Lech, or Danube,—Italy is indebted for the improved breed of her carcases.[1] Man, instead of degenerating, according to the scandalous folly of books, very slowly improves everywhere; and the carcases of the existing

[1] It may be remarked, as a general prevailing tendency amongst the great Italian masters of painting, that there is the same conspicuous leaning to regard the gigantic as a vulgar straining after effect. Witness St. Paul before Agrippa and St. Paul at Athens, Alexander the Great, or the Archangel Michael. Nowhere throughout the whole world is the opposite defect carried to a more intolerable excess than amongst the low (but we regret to add—and in all but the very highest) of London artists. Many things which the wretched Von Raumer said of English art were abominable and malicious falsehoods; circulated not for London, but for Berlin and Dresden, where English engravers and landscape-painters are too justly prized by the wealthy purchasers not to be hated by the needy sellers. Indeed, to hear Von Raumer's

generation, weighed off, million for million, against the carcases of any pre-Christian generation, we feel confident, would be found to have the advantage by many thousands of stones (the butcher's stone is eight pounds) upon each million. And universally the best *prima facie* title to a pure Greek descent will be an elegantly formed, but somewhat under-sized, person, with a lively, animated, and intelligent physiognomy; of which last may be said that, if never in the highest sense rising to the noble, on the other hand it never sinks to the brutal. At Liverpool we used to see in one day many hundreds of Greek sailors from all parts of the Levant: these were amongst the most probable descendants from the children of Ion or of Œolus, and the character of their person was what we describe: short but symmetrical figures, and faces, upon the whole, delicately chiselled. These men generally came from the Greek Islands.

Meantime, what is Mr. Mure's opinion upon this much-vexed question? Into the general problem he declines to enter; not, we may be sure, from want of ability to treat it with novelty and truth. But we collect that he sees no reason for disputing the general impression that an Albanian or hybrid population is mainly in possession of the soil, and that perhaps he would say *lis est de paupere regno*; for, if there is no beauty concerned in the decision, nor any of the quality of physical superiority, the less seems the value of the dispute. To appropriate a set of plain faces, to identify the descent of ordinary bodies, seems labour lost. And in the race now nominally claiming to be Grecian Mr. Mure evidently finds only plain faces and ordinary bodies. Those whom at any time he commends for beauty or other advan-

account of our water-colour exhibitions, you would suppose that such men as Turner, Dewint, Prout, and many others, had no merit whatever, and no name except in London. Raumer is not an honest man. But, had he fixed his charges on the book-decorators amongst us, what an unlimited field for ridicule the most reasonable! In most sentimental poems the musing young gentlemen and ladies usually run to seven and eight feet high. And, in a late popular novel, connected with the Tower of London, by Mr. Ainsworth (which really pushes its falsifications of history to an unpardonable length, as *e.g.* in the case of the gentle victim Lady Jane Grey), the Spanish ambassador seems to us at least fourteen feet high, and his legs meant for some ambassador who happened to be twenty-seven feet high.

tages of person are tribes confessedly alien; and, on the other hand, with respect to those claiming to be Greek, he pronounces a pointed condemnation by disparaging their women. It is notoriously a duty of the female sex to be beautiful, if they can, with a view to the recreation of us males—whom Lily's Grammar affirms to be "of the worthier gender." Sitting at breakfast (which consisted "of red herrings and Gruyère cheese") upon the shore of Megara, Mr. Mure beheld the Megarensian lasses mustering in force for a general ablution of the Megarensian linen. The nymphs had not turned out upon the usual principles of female gatherings—

"Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipsæ";

and yet, between them, the two parties reciprocated the functions. Each to the other was a true spectacle. A long Scotsman,

"Qui sicca solus secum spatiatur arena,"

and holding in his dexter mauley a red herring, whilst a white table-cloth (the centre of his motions) would proclaim some mysterious rite, must to the young ladies have seemed a merman suddenly come up from the sea, without sound of conch; whilst to him the large deputation from female Megara furnished an extra theatre for the inspection of Greek beauty. "There was no river mouth visible, the operation being performed in the briny sea itself"; and, so far from this being unusual, Mr. Mure notices it as a question of embarrassment to the men of Plutarch's age why the Phæacian princess in the Odyssey did *not* wash in the sea, but mysteriously preferred the river (*Sympos. I. qu.* 9); but as to beauty, says Mr. Mure, "I looked in vain for a figure which either "as to face or form could claim even a remote resemblance "to Nausicaä. The modern Greek woman indeed appeared "to me, upon the whole, about the most ill-favoured I have "met with in any country." And it attests the self-consistency of Mr. Mure that in Arácova, the only place where he notices the women as having any pretensions to beauty, he and others agree that their countenances are not true to the national type; they are generally reputed to offer something much nearer to the bloom and the *embonpoint* of female

rustics in Germany; and, accordingly, it is by the Bavarian officers of King Otho's army that these fair Arácovites have been chiefly raised into celebrity. We cannot immediately find the passage in Mr. Mure's book relating to Arácova; but we remember that, although admitting the men to be a tolerably handsome race, he was disappointed in the females. Tall they are, and stout, but not, he thinks, beautiful.

Yet, in dismissing this subject of personal appearance, as the most plausible test now surviving for the claim of a pure Greek descent, we must not forget to explain that it is far from our design to countenance the hypothesis of any *abrupt* supersession, at any period or by any means, to the old Grecian blood. The very phrase of "national type," which we used in the last paragraph, and the diffusion of a language essentially Greek, argue at once a slow and gradational transition of the population into its present physical condition. Mr. Mure somewhere describes, as amongst the characteristics of the present race, swarthiness and leanness. These we suspect to have been also characteristic of the old original *ton d' apameibomenoi* Greeks. If so, the fact would seem to argue that the changes, after all, had not been on a scale sufficient to obliterate the primitive type of Hellenic nature; whilst the existence of any *diffused* type marks a tendency to national unity, and shows that some one element has so much predominated as to fuse the rest into a homogeneous whole. Indeed, it is pretty certain that a powerful cross in any human breed, whatever effects it may have in other respects, leaves the intellect improved—if not in the very highest qualities, yet in mobility, activity, and pertinacity of attention. The Greek nation has also shown itself morally improved. Their Revolutionary War evoked and tried, as in a furnace, the very finest qualities of courage, both adventurous and enduring; and we heartily agree in the sentiment, delivered so ably by Mr. Mure, that the struggles of these poor shepherds and herdsmen, driven into caves and thickets, and having no great rallying principle but the banner of the Cross against the Crescent, were as much more truly sublime in suffering and in daring than the classical struggles against the Persians as they are and will be more obscure in the page of General History. We do not at all question

great stamina and noble elements in the modern Greek character—generations of independence will carry this character to excellence; but still we affirm that he who looks for direct descendants from the race of Miltiades, Pericles, or Epaminondas is likely to be disappointed; and most disappointed in that Athens, which for all of us alike (as appealing to our imaginative feelings) still continues to be what it was for Cicero—true and very Greece; in which, therefore, of all cities locally recalling the classical times, we can least brook a disappointment.

II.—If not the People of Greece, is it then the NATURAL SCENERY of Greece which can justify the tourist in this preference? Upon this subject it is difficult to dispute. What a man is likely to relish in scenery, what style or mode of the natural picturesque, and, *secondly*, what weight or value he will allow to his own preferences—are questions exceedingly variable. And the latter of these questions is the more important; for the objection is far less likely to arise against this mode of scenery or that, since every *characteristic* mode is relished as a change, than universally against all modes alike as adequate indemnifications for the toils of travelling. Female travellers are apt to talk of "scenery" as all in all, but men require a social interest superadded. Mere scenery palls upon the mind where it is the sole and ever-present attraction relied on. It should come unbidden and unthought of, like the warbling of birds, to sustain itself in power. And at feeding-time we observe that men of all nations and languages, *Tros Tyriusve*, grow savage if, by a fine scene, you endeavour to make amends for a bad beefsteak. The scenery of the Himalaya will not "draw houses" till it finds itself on a line of good hotels.

This difference, noted above, between the knowledge and the power of a scenery-hunter may be often seen illustrated in the fields of art. How common is the old sapless connoisseur in pictures who retains his learned eye and his distinguished skill, but whose sensibilities are as dry as summer dust to the interests of the art? On the other hand, daily you see young people whose hearts and souls are in the forests and the hills, but for whom the eye is perfectly untutored. If, now, to the differences in this respect you add the

extensive differences which prevail as to the kinds of scenery, it is easy to understand how rich in the materials for schism must be every party that starts up on the excitement of mere scenery. Some laud the Caucasus; some the northern and eastern valleys of Spain; some the Alpine scenery; some the Pyrenean. All these are different; and from all alike differs again what Mr. Mure classes as the classical character of scenery. For this he thinks a regular education of the eye requisite. Such an education he himself had obtained from a residence in Italy. And, subject to that condition, he supposes the scenery on the Eurotas (to the eastern side of the Peloponnesus) the most delightful in Europe. We know not. It may be so. For ourselves, the obscure sense of being or moving under a vast superincumbency of some great natural power, as of a mighty forest or a trackless succession of mountainous labyrinths, has a charm of secret force far better than any distinct scenes to which we are introduced. Such things ought not to be; but still so it is, that tours in search of the picturesque are particularly apt to break up in quarrels,—perhaps on the same principle which has caused a fact generally noticed, viz. that conchologists, butterfly-fanciers, &c., are unusually prone to commit felonies, because too little of a human interest circulates through their arid pursuits. The morbid irritation accumulates until the amateur rushes out with a knife, lets blood in some quarter, and so restores his own connexion with the vitalities of human nature. In any case, we advise the Greek tourist to have at least two strings to his bow besides scenery.

III.—Is it, then, the monuments of the antique, the memorials of Pericles and Phidias, which a man should seek in Greece? If so, no great use in going beyond Athens. Because, though more solemn images survive in other places, associated with powers more mysterious and ages more remote, as the gate of Lions at Mycenæ, or the relics yet standing (and perhaps to stand for ever) of Cyclopean cities,—forms of art that for thousands of years have been dying away through dimness of outlines and vegetable overgrowth into forms of nature,—yet in Athens only is there a great open museum of such monuments. The Athenian buildings, though none of them Homeric in point of origin, are old enough for us.

Two-and-a-half millennia satisfy our grovelling aspirations. And Mr. Mure himself, whilst insisting on their too youthful character, admits that they are "superior in number, variety, and elegance to those which the united cities of Greece can now show." Yet even these pure monuments have been combined with modern aftergrowths, as in the case of the Propylæa, of which multitudes doubt (Mr. Mure in particular) whether they can now be detached from the connexion with effect. For more reasons than one, it will, perhaps, be advisable to leave them in their present condition; and that is as hybrid as the population. But, with respect to Athenian buildings, it strikes our feelings that finish and harmony are essential conditions to their effect. Ruins are becoming to Gothic buildings; decay is there seen in a graceful form; but to an Attic building decay is more expressive of disease: it is scrofula; it is phagedænic ulcer. And, unless the Bavarian government can do more than is now held out or hoped towards the restoration and *disengagement* of the public buildings surmounting the city, we doubt whether there will not be as much of pain as of an artist's pleasure in a visit to the Athenian capital, though now raised to the rank of metropolis for universal Greece.

IV.—There are, however, mixed monuments, not artificial in their origin, but which gradually come to act upon the feelings as such from their use and habitual connexion with human purposes. Such, for instance, is the Acro-Corinthus; of which Mr. Mure says that it "is by far the most striking "object that I have ever seen, either abroad or at home. "Neither the Acropolis of Athens, nor the Larissa of Argos, "nor even Gibraltar, can enter into the remotest competition "with this gigantic citadel." Indeed, when a man is aware of the impression produced by a perpendicular rock over six hundred feet high, he may judge of the stupendous effect from a citadel rising almost insulated in the centre of a plain sloping to the sea and ascending to the height of nineteen hundred feet.

Objects of this class, together with the mournful Pelasgic remains, the ruins or ruined plans which point back to Egypt, and to Phœnicia,—these may serve as a further bribe to the tourist in Greece. If a collection of all the objects in every

class, according to the best order of succession for the traveller, were arranged skilfully, we believe that a maritime circuit of Greece, with a few landings and short excursions, would bring the whole of what is first-rate within a brief period of weeks and an easy effort. As to the people, they will become more or less entitled to a separate interest, according to the improvement and improved popularity of their government. And upon that will depend much of the comfort, much even of the safety, to be looked for by tourists. The prospects at present are not brilliant. A Government and a Court drawn from a needy aristocracy like the Bavarian are not suited to a needy people, struggling with the difficulties of a new colony. However, we will hope for the best. And, for the tourist in *Greece as it is*, perhaps Mr. Mure's work is the best fitted for popularity. He touches all things sufficiently, but exhausts none. And we add, very sincerely, this antithesis, as due to him : that of what may be called personal guides, or those who maintain a current of personal interest in their adventures, or in the selecting from their private experience, he is the most learned ; whilst of learned guides he is, in the sense explained, the most amusingly personal.

REVOLT OF THE TARTARS

OR, FLIGHT OF THE KALMUCK KHAN AND HIS PEOPLE FROM THE RUSSIAN TERRITORIES TO THE FRONTIERS OF CHINA [1]

THERE is no great event in modern history, or, perhaps it may be said more broadly, none in all history from its earliest records, less generally known, or more striking to the imagination, than the flight eastwards of a principal Tartar nation across the boundless *steppes* of Asia in the latter half of the last century. The *terminus a quo* of this flight, and the *terminus ad quem*, are equally magnificent; the mightiest of Christian thrones being the one, the mightiest of Pagan the other. And the grandeur of these two terminal objects is harmoniously supported by the romantic circumstances of the flight. In the abruptness of its commencement, and the fierce velocity of its execution, we read the wild barbaric character of those who conducted the movement. In the unity of purpose connecting this myriad of wills, and in the blind but unerring aim at a mark so remote, there is something which recalls to the mind those almighty instincts that propel the migrations of the swallow and the leeming,[2] or the life-withering marches of the locust. Then, again, in the gloomy vengeance of Russia and her vast artillery, which hung upon the rear and the skirts of the fugitive vassals, we are reminded of Miltonic images—such, for instance, as that

[1] From *Blackwood's Magazine* for July 1837: reprinted by De Quincey, with but slight verbal changes, in 1854, in the fourth volume of his Collected Writings.—M.

[2] "*And the leeming*":—These words are an addition in the reprint of 1854.—M.

of the solitary hand pursuing through desert spaces and through ancient chaos a rebellious host, and overtaking with volleying thunders those who believed themselves already within the security of darkness and of distance.

I shall have occasion, farther on, to compare this event with other great national catastrophes as to the magnitude of the suffering. But it may also challenge a comparison with similar events under another relation, viz. as to its dramatic capabilities. Few cases, perhaps, in romance or history, can sustain a close collation with this as to the *complexity* of its separate interests. The great outline of the enterprise, taken in connexion with the operative motives, hidden or avowed, and the religious sanctions under which it was pursued, give to the case a triple character :—1st, That of a *conspiracy*, with as close a unity in the incidents, and as much of a personal interest in the moving characters, with fine dramatic contrasts, as belongs to "Venice Preserved," or to the "Fiesco" of Schiller. 2dly, That of a great *military expedition*, offering the same romantic features of vast distances to be traversed, vast reverses to be sustained, untried routes, enemies obscurely ascertained, and hardships too vaguely prefigured, which mark the Egyptian expedition of Cambyses—which mark the anabasis of the younger Cyrus, and the subsequent retreat of the ten thousand—which mark the Parthian expeditions of the Romans, especially those of Crassus and Julian—or (as more disastrous than any of them, and, in point of space as well as in amount of forces, more extensive) the Russian anabasis and katabasis of Napoleon.[1] 3dly, That of a religious *Exodus*, authorised by an oracle venerated throughout many nations of Asia,—an Exodus, therefore, in so far resembling the great Scriptural Exodus of the Israelites, under Moses and Joshua, as well as in the very peculiar distinction of carrying along with them their entire families, women, children, slaves, their herd of cattle and of sheep, their horses and their camels.

This triple character of the enterprise naturally invests it with a more comprehensive interest. But the dramatic interest which I have ascribed to it, or its fitness for a stage

[1] *Anabasis*, an ascent or expedition inwards ; *katabasis*, a descent or (in this case) retreat or expedition backwards.—M.

representation, depends partly upon the marked variety and the strength of the personal agencies concerned, and partly upon the succession of scenical situations. Even the *steppes*, the camels, the tents, the snowy and the sandy deserts, are not beyond the scale of our modern representative powers, as often called into action in the theatres both of Paris and London ; and the series of situations unfolded,—beginning with the general conflagration on the Wolga—passing thence to the disastrous scenes of the flight (as it *literally* was in its commencement)—to the Tartar siege of the Russian fortress Koulagina—the bloody engagement with the Cossacks in the mountain passes at Ouchim—the surprisal by the Bashkirs, and the advanced posts of the Russian army at Torgau—the private conspiracy at this point against the Khan—the long succession of running fights—the parting massacres at the Lake of Tengis under the eyes of the Chinese—and, finally, the tragical retribution to Zebek-Dorchi at the hunting lodge of the Chinese Emperor ;—all these situations communicate a *scenical* animation to the wild romance, if treated dramatically ; whilst a higher and a philosophic interest belongs to it as a case of authentic history, commemorating a great revolution for good and for evil in the fortunes of a whole people—a people semi-barbarous, but simple-hearted, and of ancient descent.

On the 21st of January 1761 the young Prince Oubacha assumed the sceptre of the Kalmucks upon the death of his father. Some part of the power attached to this dignity he had already wielded since his fourteenth year, in quality of Vice-Khan, by the express appointment and with the avowed support of the Russian Government. He was now about eighteen years of age, amiable in his personal character, and not without titles to respect in his public character as a sovereign prince. In times more peaceable, and amongst a people more entirely civilised, or more humanised by religion, it is even probable that he might have discharged his high duties with considerable distinction. But his lot was thrown upon stormy times, and a most difficult crisis amongst tribes whose native ferocity was exasperated by debasing forms of superstition, and by a nationality as well as an inflated conceit of their own merit absolutely unparalleled, whilst the

circumstances of their hard and trying position under the jealous *surveillance* of an irresistible lord paramount, in the person of the Russian Czar, gave a fiercer edge to the natural unamiableness of the Kalmuck disposition, and irritated its gloomier qualities into action under the restless impulses of suspicion and permanent distrust. No prince could hope for a cordial allegiance from his subjects or a peaceful reign under the circumstances of the case ; for the dilemma in which a Kalmuck ruler stood at present was of this nature : *wanting* the sanction and support of the Czar, he was inevitably too weak from without to command confidence from his subjects, or resistance to his competitors ; on the other hand, *with* this kind of support, and deriving his title in any degree from the favour of the Imperial Court, he became almost in that extent an object of hatred at home, and within the whole compass of his own territory. He was at once an object of hatred for the past, being a living monument of national independence ignominiously surrendered, and an object of jealousy for the future, as one who had already advertised himself to be a fitting tool for the ultimate purposes (whatsoever those might prove to be) of the Russian Court. Coming himself to the Kalmuck sceptre under the heaviest weight of prejudice from the unfortunate circumstances of his position, it might have been expected that Oubacha would have been pre-eminently an object of detestation ; for, besides his known dependence upon the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, the direct line of succession had been set aside, and the principle of inheritance violently suspended, in favour of his own father, so recently as nineteen years before the era of his own accession, consequently within the lively remembrance of the existing generation. He therefore, almost equally with his father, stood within the full current of the national prejudices, and might have anticipated the most pointed hostility. But it was not so : such are the caprices in human affairs that he was even, in a moderate sense, popular—a benefit which wore the more cheering aspect, and the promises of permanence, inasmuch as he owed it exclusively to his personal qualities of kindness and affability, as well as to the beneficence of his government. On the other hand, to balance this unlooked-for prosperity at the outset of his reign, he met with a rival

in popular favour—almost a competitor—in the person of Zebek-Dorchi, a prince with considerable pretensions to the throne, and perhaps, it might be said, with equal pretensions. Zebek-Dorchi was a direct descendant of the same royal house as himself, through a different branch. On public grounds, his claim stood, perhaps, on a footing equally good with that of Oubacha, whilst his personal qualities, even in those aspects which seemed to a philosophical observer most odious and repulsive, promised the most effectual aid to the dark purposes of an intriguer or a conspirator, and were generally fitted to win a popular support precisely in those points where Oubacha was most defective. He was much superior in external appearance to his rival on the throne, and so far better qualified to win the good opinion of a semi-barbarous people; whilst his dark intellectual qualities of Machiavelian dissimulation, profound hypocrisy, and perfidy which knew no touch of remorse, were admirably calculated to sustain any ground which he might win from the simple hearted people with whom he had to deal, and from the frank carelessness of his unconscious competitor.

At the very outset of his treacherous career, Zebek-Dorchi was sagacious enough to perceive that nothing could be gained by open declaration of hostility to the reigning prince: the choice had been a deliberate act on the part of Russia, and Elizabeth Petrowna[1] was not the person to recall her own favours with levity, or upon slight grounds. Openly, therefore, to have declared his emnity towards his relative on the throne could have had no effect but that of arming suspicions against his own ulterior purposes in a quarter where it was most essential to his interest that, for the present, all suspicion should be hoodwinked. Accordingly, after much meditation, the course he took for opening his snares was this:—He raised a rumour that his own life was in danger from the plots of several Saissang (that is, Kalmuck nobles), who were leagued together, under an oath, to assassinate him; and immediately after, assuming a well-counterfeited alarm, he fled to Tcherkask, followed by sixty-five tents. From this place he kept up a correspondence with

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, was Empress of Russia from 1741 to 1762.—M.

the Imperial Court; and, by way of soliciting his cause more effectually, he soon repaired in person to St. Petersburg. Once admitted to personal conferences with the cabinet, he found no difficulty in winning over the Russian counsels to a concurrence with some of his political views, and thus covertly introducing the point of that wedge which was finally to accomplish his purposes. In particular, he persuaded the Russian Government to make a very important alteration in the constitution of the Kalmuck State Council which in effect reorganised the whole political condition of the state, and disturbed the balance of power as previously adjusted. Of this council—in the Kalmuck language called Sarga—there were eight members, called Sargatchi; and hitherto it had been the custom that these eight members should be entirely subordinate to the Khan; holding, in fact, the ministerial character of secretaries and assistants, but in no respect acting as co-ordinate authorities. That had produced some inconveniences in former reigns; and it was easy for Zebek-Dorchi to point the jealousy of the Russian Court to others more serious, which might arise in future circumstances of war or other contingencies. It was resolved, therefore, to place the Sargatchi henceforwards on a footing of perfect independence, and therefore (as regarded responsibility) on a footing of equality with the Khan. Their independence, however, had respect only to their own sovereign; for towards Russia they were placed in a new attitude of direct duty and accountability, by the creation in their favour of small pensions (300 roubles a-year), which, however, to a Kalmuck of that day were more considerable than might be supposed, and had a farther value as marks of honorary distinction emanating from a great empress. Thus far the purposes of Zebek-Dorchi were served effectually for the moment: but, apparently, it was only for the moment; since, in the further development of his plots, this very dependency upon Russian influence would be the most serious obstacle in his way. There was, however, another point carried which outweighed all inferior considerations, as it gave him a power of setting aside discretionally whatsoever should arise to disturb his plots: he was himself appointed President and Controller of the Sargatchi. The Russian

Court had been aware of his high pretensions by birth, and hoped by this promotion to satisfy the ambition which, in some degree, was acknowledged to be a reasonable passion for any man occupying his situation.

Having thus completely blindfolded the Cabinet of Russia, Zebek-Dorchi proceeded in his new character to fulfil his political mission with the Khan of the Kalmucks. So artfully did he prepare the road for his favourable reception at the court of this prince that he was at once and universally welcomed as a benefactor. The pensions of the councillors were so much additional wealth poured into the Tartar exchequer; as to the ties of dependency thus created, experience had not yet enlightened these simple tribes as to that result. And that he himself should be the chief of these mercenary councillors was so far from being charged upon Zebek as any offence or any ground of suspicion that his relative the Khan returned him hearty thanks for his services, under the belief that he could have accepted this appointment only with a view to keep out other and more unwelcome pretenders, who would not have had the same motives of consanguinity or friendship for executing its duties in a spirit of kindness to the Kalmucks. The first use which he made of his new functions about the Khan's person was to attack the Court of Russia, by a romantic villainy not easy to be credited, for those very acts of interference with the council which he himself had prompted. This was a dangerous step: but it was indispensable to his further advance upon the gloomy path which he had traced out for himself. A triple vengeance was what he meditated: 1, upon the Russian Cabinet for having undervalued his own pretensions to the throne; 2, upon his amiable rival for having supplanted him; and, 3, upon all those of the nobility who had manifested their sense of his weakness by their neglect, or their sense of his perfidious character by their suspicions. Here was a colossal outline of wickedness; and by one in his situation, feeble (as it might seem) for the accomplishment of its humblest parts, how was the total edifice to be reared in its comprehensive grandeur? He, a worm as he was, could he venture to assail the mighty behemoth of Muscovy, the potentate who counted three hundred languages around the footsteps of his

throne, and from whose "lion ramp" recoiled alike "baptized and infidel"—Christendom on the one side, strong by her intellect and her organisation, and the "Barbaric East" on the other, with her unnumbered numbers? The match was a monstrous one; but in its very monstrosity there lay this germ of encouragement, that it could not be suspected. The very hopelessness of the scheme grounded his hope, and he resolved to execute a vengeance which should involve, as it were, in the unity of a well-laid tragic fable, all whom he judged to be his enemies. That vengeance lay in detaching from the Russian Empire the whole Kalmuck nation, and breaking up that system of intercourse which had thus far been beneficial to both. This last was a consideration which moved him but little. True it was, that Russia to the Kalmucks had secured lands and extensive pasturage; true it was, that the Kalmucks reciprocally to Russia had furnished a powerful cavalry. But the latter loss would be part of his triumph, and the former might be more than compensated in other climates under other sovereigns. Here was a scheme which, in its final accomplishment, would avenge him bitterly on the Czarina, and in the course of its accomplishment might furnish him with ample occasions for removing his other enemies. It may be readily supposed, indeed, that he who could deliberately raise his eyes to the Russian autocrat as an antagonist in single duel with himself was not likely to feel much anxiety about Kalmuck enemies of whatever rank. He took his resolution, therefore, sternly and irrevocably, to effect this astonishing translation of an ancient people across the pathless deserts of Central Asia, intersected continually by rapid rivers, rarely furnished with bridges, and of which the fords were known only to those who might think it for their interest to conceal them, through many nations inhospitable or hostile: frost and snow around them (from the necessity of commencing their flight in winter), famine in their front, and the sabre, or even the artillery of an offended and mighty empress, hanging upon their rear for thousands of miles. But what was to be their final mark—the port of shelter after so fearful a course of wandering? Two things were evident: it must be some power at a great distance from Russia, so as to make return even in that view

hopeless; and it must be a power of sufficient rank to insure them protection from any hostile efforts on the part of the Czarina for reclaiming them, or for chastising their revolt. Both conditions were united obviously in the person of Kien Long, the reigning Emperor of China,[1] who was further recommended to them by his respect for the head of their religion. To China, therefore, and, as their first rendezvous, to the shadow of the great Chinese Wall, it was settled by Zebek that they should direct their flight.

Next came the question of time—*when* should the flight commence? and, finally, the more delicate question as to the choice of accomplices. To extend the knowledge of the conspiracy too far was to insure its betrayal to the Russian Government. Yet, at some stage of the preparations, it was evident that a very extensive confidence must be made, because in no other way could the mass of the Kalmuck population be persuaded to furnish their families with the requisite equipments for so long a migration. This critical step, however, it was resolved to defer up to the latest possible moment, and, at all events, to make no general communication on the subject until the time of departure should be definitely settled. In the meantime, Zebek admitted only three persons to his confidence; of whom Oubacha, the reigning prince, was almost necessarily one; but him, from his yielding and somewhat feeble character, he viewed rather in the light of a tool than as one of his active accomplices. Those whom (if anybody) he admitted to an unreserved participation in his counsels were two only: the great Lama among the Kalmucks,[2] and his own father-in-law, Erempel, a ruling prince of some tribe in the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea, recommended to his favour not so much by any strength of talent corresponding to the occasion as by his blind devotion to himself, and his passionate anxiety to promote the elevation of his daughter and his son-in-law to

[1] Kien-long, Emperor of China from 1735 to 1796, was the fourth Chinese Emperor of the Mantchoo-Tartar dynasty, and a man of the highest reputation for ability and accomplishment.—M.

[2] *Lama* is a Tibetan word for "spiritual lord"; the clergy of the Tibetans and other Mongolians are called *Lamas*; and their religion, which is a kind of Buddhism, is called *Lamaism*.—M.

the throne of a sovereign prince. A titular prince Zebek already was: but this dignity, without the substantial accompaniment of a sceptre, seemed but an empty sound to both of these ambitious rebels. The other accomplice, whose name was Loosan-Dchaltzan, and whose rank was that of Lama, or Kalmuck pontiff, was a person of far more distinguished pretensions; he had something of the same gloomy and terrific pride which marked the character of Zebek himself, manifesting also the same energy, accompanied by the same unfaltering cruelty, and a natural facility of dissimulation even more profound. It was by this man that the other question was settled, as to the time for giving effect to their designs. His own pontifical character had suggested to him that, in order to strengthen their influence with the vast mob of simple-minded men whom they were to lead into a howling wilderness, after persuading them to lay desolate their own ancient hearths, it was indispensable that they should be able, in cases of extremity, to plead the express sanction of God for their entire enterprise. This could only be done by addressing themselves to the great head of their religion, the Dalai-Lama of Tibet.[1] Him they easily persuaded to countenance their schemes: and an oracle was delivered solemnly at Tibet, to the effect that no ultimate prosperity would attend this great Exodus unless it were pursued through the years of the *tiger* and the *hare*. Now, the Kalmuck custom is to distinguish their years by attaching to each a denomination taken from one of twelve animals, the exact order of succession being absolutely fixed, so that the cycle revolves of course through a period of a dozen years. Consequently, if the approaching year of the *tiger* were suffered to escape them, in that case the expedition must be delayed for twelve years more; within which period, even were no other unfavourable changes to arise, it was pretty well foreseen that the Russian Government would take the most effectual means for bridling their vagrant propensities by a ring-fence of forts or military posts; to say nothing of the still readier plan for securing their fidelity (a

[1] There are nominally two Popes of the Lamaist religion; but the really supreme Pope is the *Dalai-Lama, i.e.* "Ocean Priest," residing at Potala, near Lassa, in Tibet.—M.

plan already talked of in all quarters) by exacting a large body of hostages selected from the families of the most influential nobles. On these cogent considerations, it was solemnly determined that this terrific experiment should be made in the next year of the *tiger*, which happened to fall upon the Christian year 1771. With respect to the month, there was, unhappily for the Kalmucks, even less latitude allowed to their choice than with respect to the year. It was absolutely necessary, or it was thought so, that the different divisions of the nation which pastured their flocks on both banks of the Wolga should have the means of effecting an instantaneous junction; because the danger of being intercepted by flying columns of the imperial armies was precisely the greatest at the outset. Now, from the want of bridges, or sufficient river craft for transporting so vast a body of men, the sole means which could be depended upon (especially where so many women, children, and camels were concerned) was *ice*: and this, in a state of sufficient firmness, could not be absolutely counted upon before the month of January. Hence it happened that this astonishing Exodus of a whole nation, before so much as a whisper of the design had begun to circulate amongst those whom it most interested, before it was even suspected that any man's wishes pointed in that direction, had been definitely appointed for January of the year 1771. And almost up to the Christmas of 1770 the poor simple Kalmuck herdsmen and their families were going nightly to their peaceful beds, without even dreaming that the *fiat* had already gone forth from their rulers which consigned those quiet abodes, together with the peace and comfort which reigned within them, to a withering desolation, now close at hand.

Meantime war raged on a great scale between Russia and the Sultan;[1] and, until the time arrived for throwing off their vassalage, it was necessary that Oubacha should contribute his usual contingent of martial aid. Nay, it had unfortunately become prudent that he should contribute much more than his usual aid. Human experience gives ample evidence that in some mysterious and unaccountable

[1] The war was begun in 1768, when Mustapha III was Sultan of Turkey; and it was continued till 1774.—M.

way no great design is ever agitated, no matter how few or how faithful may be the participators, but that some presentiment—some dim misgiving—is kindled amongst those whom it is chiefly important to blind. And, however it might have happened, certain it is that already, when as yet no syllable of the conspiracy had been breathed to any man whose very existence was not staked upon its concealment, nevertheless, some vague and uneasy jealousy had arisen in the Russian Cabinet as to the future schemes of the Kalmuck Khan: and very probable it is that, but for the war then raging, and the consequent prudence of conciliating a very important vassal, or, at least, of abstaining from what would powerfully alienate him, even at that moment such measures would have been adopted as must for ever have intercepted the Kalmuck schemes. Slight as were the jealousies of the Imperial Court, they had not escaped the Machiavelian eyes of Zebek and the Lama. And under their guidance Oubacha, bending to the circumstances of the moment, and meeting the jealousy of the Russian Court with a policy corresponding to their own, strove by unusual zeal to efface the Czarina's unfavourable impressions. He enlarged the scale of his contributions, and *that* so prodigiously that he absolutely carried to head-quarters a force of 35,000 cavalry fully equipped: some go further, and rate the amount beyond 40,000; but the smaller estimate is, at all events, *within* the truth.

With this magnificent array of cavalry, heavy as well as light, the Khan went into the field under great expectations; and these he more than realised. Having the good fortune to be concerned with so ill-organised and disorderly a description of force as that which at all times composed the bulk of a Turkish army, he carried victory along with his banners; gained many partial successes; and at last, in a pitched battle, overthrew the Turkish force opposed to him with a loss of 5000 men left upon the field.[1]

These splendid achievements seemed likely to operate in various ways against the impending revolt. Oubacha had now a strong motive, in the martial glory acquired, for continuing his connexion with the empire in whose service he

[1] It will be difficult, I think, to find record, in the history of the Russo-Turkish war begun in 1768, of any battle answering to this.—M.

had won it, and by whom only it could be fully appreciated. He was now a great marshal of a great empire, one of the Paladins around the imperial throne ; in China he would be nobody, or (worse than that) a mendicant alien, prostrate at the feet, and soliciting the precarious alms, of a prince with whom he had no connexion. Besides, it might reasonably be expected that the Czarina, grateful for the really efficient aid given by the Tartar prince, would confer upon him such eminent rewards as might be sufficient to anchor his hopes upon Russia, and to wean him from every possible seduction. These were the obvious suggestions of prudence and good sense to every man who stood neutral in the case. But they were disappointed. The Czarina knew her obligations to the Khan, but she did not acknowledge them. Wherefore ? That is a mystery, perhaps never to be explained. So it was, however. The Khan went unhonoured ; no *ukase* ever proclaimed his merits ; and perhaps, had he even been abundantly recompensed by Russia, there were others who would have defeated these tendencies to reconciliation. Erempel, Zebek, and Loosang the Lama, were pledged life-deep to prevent any accommodation ; and their efforts were unfortunately seconded by those of their deadliest enemies. In the Russian Court there were at that time some great nobles preoccupied with feelings of hatred and blind malice towards the Kalmucks, quite as strong as any which the Kalmucks could harbour towards Russia, and not, perhaps, so well founded. Just as much as the Kalmucks hated the Russian yoke, their galling assumption of authority, the marked air of disdain, as towards a nation of ugly, stupid, and filthy barbarians, which too generally marked the Russian bearing and language, but, above all, the insolent contempt, or even outrages, which the Russian governors or great military commandants tolerated in their followers towards the barbarous religion and superstitious mummeries of the Kalmuck priesthood—precisely in that extent did the ferocity of the Russian resentment, and their wrath at seeing the trampled worm turn or attempt a feeble retaliation, react upon the unfortunate Kalmucks. At this crisis, it is probable that envy and wounded pride, upon witnessing the splendid victories of Oubacha and Momot-

bacha over the Turks and Bashkirs, contributed strength to the Russian irritation. And it must have been through the intrigues of those nobles about her person who chiefly smarted under these feelings that the Czarina could ever have lent herself to the unwise and ungrateful policy pursued at this critical period towards the Kalmuck Khan. That Czarina was no longer Elizabeth Petrowna; it was Catherine II [1]—a princess who did not often err so injuriously (injuriously for herself as much as for others) in the measures of her government. She had soon ample reason for repenting of her false policy. Meantime, how much it must have co-operated with the other motives previously acting upon Oubacha in sustaining his determination to revolt, and how powerfully it must have assisted the efforts of all the Tartar chieftains in preparing the minds of their people to feel the necessity of this difficult enterprise, by arming their pride and their suspicions against the Russian Government, through the keenness of their sympathy with the wrongs of their insulted prince, may be readily imagined. It is a fact, and it has been confessed by candid Russians themselves, when treating of this great dismemberment, that the conduct of the Russian Cabinet throughout the period of suspense and during the crisis of hesitation in the Kalmuck Council was exactly such as was most desirable for the purposes of the conspirators; it was such, in fact, as to set the seal to all their machinations, by supplying distinct evidences and official vouchers for what could otherwise have been, at the most, matters of doubtful suspicion and indirect presumption.

Nevertheless, in the face of all these arguments, and even allowing their weight so far as not at all to deny the injustice or the impolicy of the imperial ministers, it is contended by many persons who have reviewed the affair with a command of all the documents bearing on the case, more especially the letters or minutes of council subsequently discovered in the handwriting of Zebek-Dorchi, and the important evidence of

[1] Elizabeth had been succeeded in 1762 by her nephew Peter III, who had reigned but a few months when he was dethroned by a conspiracy of Russian nobles headed by his German wife Catherine. She became Empress in his stead, and reigned from 1762 to 1796 as Catherine II.—M.

the Russian captive Weseloff, who was carried off by the Kalmucks in their flight, that beyond all doubt Oubacha was powerless for any purpose of impeding or even of delaying the revolt. He himself, indeed, was under religious obligations of the most terrific solemnity never to flinch from the enterprise, or even to slacken in his zeal: for Zebek-Dorchi, distrusting the firmness of his resolution under any unusual pressure of alarm or difficulty, had, in the very earliest stage of the conspiracy, availed himself of the Khan's well-known superstition to engage him, by means of previous concert with the priests and their head the Lama, in some dark and mysterious rites of consecration, terminating in oaths under such terrific sanctions as no Kalmuck would have courage to violate. As far, therefore, as regarded the personal share of the Khan in what was to come, Zebek was entirely at his ease; he knew him to be so deeply pledged by religious terrors to the prosecution of the conspiracy that no honours within the Czarina's gift could have possibly shaken his adhesion: and then, as to threats from the same quarter, he knew him to be sealed against those fears by others of a gloomier character, and better adapted to his peculiar temperament. For Oubacha was a brave man as respected all bodily enemies or the dangers of human warfare, but was as sensitive and as timid as the most superstitious of old women in facing the frowns of a priest, or under the vague anticipations of ghostly retributions. But, had it been otherwise, and had there been any reason to apprehend an unsteady demeanour on the part of this prince at the approach of the critical moment, such were the changes already effected in the state of their domestic politics amongst the Tartars, by the undermining arts of Zebek-Dorchi and his ally the Lama, that very little importance would have attached to that doubt. All power was now effectually lodged in the hands of Zebek-Dorchi. He was the true and absolute wielder of the Kalmuck sceptre; all measures of importance were submitted to his discretion; and nothing was finally resolved but under his dictation. This result he had brought about, in a year or two, by means sufficiently simple: first of all, by availing himself of the prejudice in his favour, so largely diffused amongst the lowest of the

Kalmucks, that his own title to the throne, in quality of great-grandson in a direct line from Ajouka, the most illustrious of all the Kalmuck Khans,[1] stood upon a better basis than that of Oubacha, who derived from a collateral branch; secondly, with respect to that sole advantage which Oubacha possessed above himself in the ratification of his title, by improving this difference between their situations to the disadvantage of his competitor, as one who had not scrupled to accept that triumph from an alien power at the price of his independence which he himself (as he would have it understood) disdained to court; thirdly, by his own talents and address, coupled with the ferocious energy of his moral character; fourthly—and perhaps in an equal degree—by the criminal facility and good-nature of Oubacha; finally (which is remarkable enough, as illustrating the character of the man), by that very new modelling of the Sarga or Privy Council which he had used as a principal topic of abuse and malicious insinuation against the Russian Government, whilst, in reality, he first had suggested the alteration to the Empress, and he chiefly appropriated the political advantages which it was fitted to yield. For, as he was himself appointed the chief of the Sargatchi, and as the pensions to the inferior Sargatchi passed through his hands, whilst in effect they owed their appointments to his nomination, it may be easily supposed that, whatever power existed in the state capable of controlling the Khan being held by the Sarga under its new organisation, and this body being completely under his influence, the final result was to throw all the functions of the state, whether nominally in the prince or in the council, substantially into the hands of this one man; whilst, at the same time, from the strict league which he maintained with the Lama, all the thunders of the spiritual power were always ready to come in aid of the magistrate, or to supply his incapacity in cases which he could not reach.

But the time was now rapidly approaching for the mighty experiment. The day was drawing near on which the signal was to be given for raising the standard of revolt, and by a combined movement on both sides of the Wolga for spreading

[1] See appended Editorial Note.—M.

the smoke of one vast conflagration, that should wrap in a common blaze their own huts and the stately cities of their enemies, over the breadth and length of those great provinces in which their flocks were dispersed. The year of the *tiger* was now within one little month of its commencement; the fifth morning of that year was fixed for the fatal day when the fortunes and happiness of a whole nation were to be put upon the hazard of a dicer's throw; and as yet that nation was in profound ignorance of the whole plan. The Khan, such was the kindness of his nature, could not bring himself to make the revelation so urgently required. It was clear, however, that this could not be delayed; and Zebek-Dorchi took the task willingly upon himself. But where or how should this notification be made, so as to exclude Russian hearers? After some deliberation, the following plan was adopted:—Couriers, it was contrived, should arrive in furious haste, one upon the heels of another, reporting a sudden inroad of the Kirghises and Bashkirs upon the Kalmuck lands, at a point distant about 120 miles. Thither all the Kalmuck families, according to immemorial custom, were required to send a separate representative; and there accordingly, within three days, all appeared. The distance, the solitary ground appointed for the rendezvous, the rapidity of the march, all tended to make it almost certain that no Russian could be present. Zebek-Dorchi then came forward. He did not waste many words upon rhetoric. He unfurled an immense sheet of parchment, visible from the uttermost distance at which any of this vast crowd could stand; the total number amounted to 80,000; all saw, and many heard. They were told of the oppressions of Russia; of her pride and haughty disdain evidenced towards them by a thousand acts; of her contempt for their religion; of her determination to reduce them to absolute slavery; of the preliminary measures she had already taken by erecting forts upon many of the great rivers in their neighbourhood; of the ulterior intentions she thus announced to circumscribe their pastoral lands, until they would all be obliged to renounce their flocks, and to collect in towns like Sarepta, there to pursue mechanical and servile trades of shoemaker, tailor, and weaver, such as the free-born Tartar had always

disdained. "Then, again," said the subtle prince, "she increases her military levies upon our population every year; we pour out our blood as young men in her defence, or more often in support of her insolent aggressions; and, as old men, we reap nothing from our sufferings, nor benefit by our survivorship where so many are sacrificed." At this point of his harangue, Zebek produced several papers (forged, as it is generally believed, by himself and the Lama), containing projects of the Russian court for a general transfer of the eldest sons, taken *en masse* from the greatest Kalmuck families, to the imperial court. "Now let this be once accomplished," he argued, "and there is an end of all useful resistance from that day forwards. Petitions we might make, or even remonstrances; as men of words we might play a bold part; but for deeds, for that sort of language by which our ancestors were used to speak—holding us by such a chain, Russia would make a jest of our wishes, knowing full well that we should not dare to make any effectual movement."

Having thus sufficiently roused the angry passions of his vast audience, and having alarmed their fears by this pretended scheme against their first-born (an artifice which was indispensable to his purpose, because it met beforehand *every* form of amendment to his proposal coming from the more moderate nobles, who would not otherwise have failed to insist upon trying the effect of bold addresses to the Empress before resorting to any desperate extremity), Zebek-Dorchi opened his scheme of revolt, and, if so, of instant revolt; since any preparations reported at St. Petersburg would be a signal for the armies of Russia to cross into such positions from all parts of Asia as would effectually intercept their march. It is remarkable, however, that, with all his audacity and his reliance upon the momentary excitement of the Kalmucks, the subtle prince did not venture, at this stage of his seduction, to make so startling a proposal as that of a flight to China. All that he held out for the present was a rapid march to the Temba or some other great river, which they were to cross, and to take up a strong position on the farther bank, from which, as from a post of conscious security, they could hold a bolder language to the Czarina, and one which

would have a better chance of winning a favourable audience.

These things, in the irritated condition of the simple Tartars, passed by acclamation; and all returned homewards to push forward with the most furious speed the preparations for their awful undertaking. Rapid and energetic these of necessity were; and in that degree they became noticeable and manifest to the Russians who happened to be intermingled with the different hordes, either on commercial errands, or as agents officially from the Russian Government, some in a financial, others in a diplomatic character.

Amongst these last (indeed at the head of them) was a Russian of some distinction, by name Kichinskoi, a man memorable for his vanity, and memorable also as one of the many victims to the Tartar revolution. This Kichinskoi had been sent by the Empress as her envoy to overlook the conduct of the Kalmucks; he was styled the Grand Pristaw, or Great Commissioner, and was universally known amongst the Tartar tribes by this title. His mixed character of ambassador and of political *surveillant*, combined with the dependent state of the Kalmucks, gave him a real weight in the Tartar councils, and might have given him a far greater, had not his outrageous self-conceit, and his arrogant confidence in his own authority as due chiefly to his personal qualities for command, led him into such harsh displays of power, and menaces so odious to the Tartar pride, as very soon made him an object of their profoundest malice. He had publicly insulted the Khan; and, upon making a communication to him to the effect that some reports began to circulate, and even to reach the Empress, of a design in agitation to fly from the imperial dominions, he had ventured to say, "But this you dare not attempt; I laugh at such rumours; yes, Khan, I laugh at them to the Empress; for you are a chained bear, and that you know." The Khan turned away on his heel with marked disdain; and the Pristaw, foaming at the mouth, continued to utter, amongst those of the Khan's attendants who staid behind to catch his real sentiments in a moment of unguarded passion, all that the blindest frenzy of rage could suggest to the most presumptuous of fools. It was now ascertained that suspicions

had arisen; but at the same time it was ascertained that the Pristaw spoke no more than the truth in representing himself to have discredited these suspicions. The fact was that the mere infatuation of vanity made him believe that nothing could go on undetected by his all-piercing sagacity, and that no rebellion could prosper when rebuked by his commanding presence. The Tartars, therefore, pursued their preparations, confiding in the obstinate blindness of the Grand Pristaw as in their perfect safeguard; and such it proved—to his own ruin as well as that of myriads beside.

Christmas arrived; and, a little before that time, courier upon courier came dropping in, one upon the very heels of another, to St. Petersburg, assuring the Czarina that beyond all doubt the Kalmucks were in the very crisis of departure. These despatches came from the Governor of Astrachan, and copies were instantly forwarded to Kichinskoi. Now, it happened that between this governor—a Russian named Beketoff—and the Pristaw had been an ancient feud. The very name of Beketoff inflamed his resentment; and no sooner did he see that hated name attached to the despatch than he felt himself confirmed in his former views with tenfold bigotry, and wrote instantly, in terms of the most pointed ridicule, against the new alarmist, pledging his own head upon the visionariness of his alarms. Beketoff, however, was not to be put down by a few hard words, or by ridicule: he persisted in his statements; the Russian ministry were confounded by the obstinacy of the disputants; and some were beginning even to treat the Governor of Astrachan as a bore, and as the dupe of his own nervous terrors, when the memorable day arrived, the fatal 5th of January, which for ever terminated the dispute, and put a seal upon the earthly hopes and fortunes of unnumbered myriads. The Governor of Astrachan was the first to hear the news. Stung by the mixed furies of jealousy, of triumphant vengeance, and of anxious ambition, he sprang into his sledge, and, at the rate of 300 miles a-day, pursued his route to St. Petersburg—rushed into the Imperial presence—announced the total realisation of his worst predictions; and, upon the confirmation of this intelligence by subsequent despatches from many different posts on the Wolga, he received an imperial com-

mission to seize the person of his deluded enemy, and to keep him in strict captivity. These orders were eagerly fulfilled; and the unfortunate Kichinskoi soon afterwards expired of grief and mortification in the gloomy solitude of a dungeon—a victim to his own immeasurable vanity, and the blinding self-delusions of a presumption that refused all warning.

The Governor of Astrachan had been but too faithful a prophet. Perhaps even *he* was surprised at the suddenness with which the verification followed his reports. Precisely on the 5th of January, the day so solemnly appointed under religious sanctions by the Lama, the Kalmucks on the east bank of the Wolga were seen at the earliest dawn of day assembling by troops and squadrons, and in the tumultuous movement of some great morning of battle. Tens of thousands continued moving off the ground at every half-hour's interval. Women and children, to the amount of two hundred thousand and upwards, were placed upon waggons, or upon camels, and drew off by masses of twenty thousand at once—placed under suitable escorts, and continually swelled in numbers by other outlying bodies of the horde, who kept falling in at various distances upon the first and second day's march. From sixty to eighty thousand of those who were the best mounted staid behind the rest of the tribes, with purposes of devastation and plunder more violent than prudence justified, or the amiable character of the Khan could be supposed to approve. But in this, as in other instances, he was completely overruled by the malignant counsels of Zebek-Dorchi. The first tempest of the desolating fury of the Tartars discharged itself upon their own habitations. But this, as cutting off all infirm looking backward from the hardships of their march, had been thought so necessary a measure by all the chieftains that even Oubacha himself was the first to authorise the act by his own example. He seized a torch previously prepared with materials the most durable as well as combustible, and steadily applied it to the timbers of his own palace. Nothing was saved from the general wreck except the portable part of the domestic utensils, and that part of the wood-work which could be applied to the manufacture of the

long Tartar lances. This chapter in their memorable day's work being finished, and the whole of their villages throughout a district of ten thousand square miles in one simultaneous blaze, the Tartars waited for further orders.

These, it was intended, should have taken a character of valedictory vengeance, and thus have left behind to the Czarina a dreadful commentary upon the main motives of their flight. It was the purpose of Zebek-Dorchi that all the Russian towns, churches, and buildings of every description, should be given up to pillage and destruction, and such treatment applied to the defenceless inhabitants as might naturally be expected from a fierce people already infuriated by the spectacle of their own outrages, and by the bloody retaliations which they must necessarily have provoked. This part of the tragedy, however, was happily intercepted by a providential disappointment at the very crisis of departure. It has been mentioned already that the motive for selecting the depth of winter as the season of flight (which otherwise was obviously the very worst possible) had been the impossibility of effecting a junction sufficiently rapid with the tribes on the west of the Wolga, in the absence of bridges, unless by a natural bridge of ice. For this one advantage, the Kalmuck leaders had consented to aggravate by a thousandfold the calamities inevitable to a rapid flight over boundless tracts of country, with women, children, and herds of cattle—for this one single advantage; and yet, after all, it was lost. The reason never has been explained satisfactorily, but the fact was such. Some have said that the signals were not properly concerted for marking the moment of absolute departure—that is, for signifying whether the settled intention of the Eastern Kalmucks might not have been suddenly interrupted by adverse intelligence. Others have supposed that the ice might not be equally strong on both sides of the river, and might even be generally insecure for the treading of heavy and heavily-laden animals such as camels. But the prevailing notion is that some accidental movements on the 3d and 4th of January of Russian troops in the neighbourhood of the Western Kalmucks, though really having no reference to them or their plans, had been construed into certain signs that all was discovered; and that the prudence of the Western chief-

tains, who, from situation, had never been exposed to those intrigues by which Zebek-Dorchi had practised upon the pride of the Eastern tribes, now stepped in to save their people from ruin. Be the cause what it might, it is certain that the Western Kalmucks were in some way prevented from forming the intended junction with their brethren of the opposite bank; and the result was that at least one hundred thousand of these Tartars were left behind in Russia. This accident it was which saved their Russian neighbours universally from the desolation which else awaited them. One general massacre and conflagration would assuredly have surprised them, to the utter extermination of their property, their houses, and themselves, had it not been for this disappointment. But the Eastern chieftains did not dare to put to hazard the safety of their brethren under the first impulse of the Czarina's vengeance for so dreadful a tragedy; for, as they were well aware of too many circumstances by which she might discover the concurrence of the Western people in the general scheme of revolt, they justly feared that she would thence infer their concurrence also in the bloody events which marked its outset.

Little did the Western Kalmucks guess what reasons they also had for gratitude on account of an interposition so unexpected, and which at the moment they so generally deplored. Could they but have witnessed the thousandth part of the sufferings which overtook their Eastern brethren in the first month of their sad flight, they would have blessed Heaven for their own narrow escape; and yet these sufferings of the first month were but a prelude or foretaste comparatively slight of those which afterwards succeeded.

For now began to unroll the most awful series of calamities, and the most extensive, which is anywhere recorded to have visited the sons and daughters of men. It is possible that the sudden inroads of destroying nations, such as the Huns, or the Avars, or the Mongol Tartars,[1] may have in-

[1] The inroads of the *Huns* into Europe extended from the third century into the fifth; those of the *Avars* from the sixth century to the eighth or ninth; the first great conquests of the *Mongol Tartars* were by Genghis-Khan, the founder of a Mongol empire which stretched, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, from China to Poland.—M.

flicted misery as extensive ; but there the misery and the desolation would be sudden, like the flight of volleying lightning. Those who were spared at first would generally be spared to the end ; those who perished at all would perish at once. It is possible that the French retreat from Moscow may have made some nearer approach to this calamity in duration, though still a feeble and miniature approach ; for the French sufferings did not commence in good earnest until about one month from the time of leaving Moscow [1] ; and, though it is true that afterwards the vials of wrath were emptied upon the devoted army for six or seven weeks in succession, yet what is that to this Kalmuck tragedy, which lasted for more than as many months ? But the main feature of horror by which the Tartar march was distinguished from the French lies in the accompaniment of women [2] and children. There were both, it is true, with the French army, but not so many as to bear any marked proportion to the total numbers concerned. The French, in short, were merely an army—a host of professional destroyers, whose regular trade was bloodshed, and whose regular element was danger and suffering. But the Tartars were a nation carrying along with them more than two hundred and fifty thousand women and children, utterly unequal, for the most part, to any contest with the calamities before them. The Children of Israel were in the same circumstances as to the accompaniment of their families ; but they were released from the pursuit of their enemies in a very early stage of their flight ; and their subsequent residence in the Desert was not a march, but a continued halt, and under a continued interposition of Heaven for their comfortable support.

[1] Napoleon's retreat from Moscow began on the 19th of October 1812, when his army consisted of 120,000 men. At Smolensk, on the 14th of November, he had about 40,000 fighting men left ; and he crossed the Beresina on the 27th of that month with no more than 25,000.—M.

[2] Singular it is, and not generally known, that Grecian women accompanied the *anabasis* of the younger Cyrus and the subsequent Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Xenophon affirms that there were "many" women in the Greek army—πολλαὶ ἦσαν ἑταῖραι ἐν τῷ στρατεύματι ; and in a late stage of that trying expedition it is evident that women were amongst the survivors.

Earthquakes, again, however comprehensive in their ravages, are shocks of a moment's duration. A much nearer approach made to the wide range and the long duration of the Kalmuck tragedy may have been in a pestilence such as that which visited Athens in the Peloponnesian War, or London in the reign of Charles II. There also the martyrs were counted by myriads, and the period of the desolation was counted by months. But, after all, the total amount of destruction was on a smaller scale ; and there was this feature of alleviation to the *conscious* pressure of the calamity—that the misery was withdrawn from public notice into private chambers and hospitals. The siege of Jerusalem by Vespasian and his son, taken in its entire circumstances, comes nearest of all—for breadth and depth of suffering, for duration, for the exasperation of the suffering from without by internal feuds, and, finally, for that last most appalling expression of the furnace-heat of the anguish in its power to extinguish the natural affections even of maternal love. But, after all, each case had circumstances of romantic misery peculiar to itself—circumstances without precedent, and (wherever human nature is ennobled by Christianity), it may be confidently hoped, never to be repeated.

The first point to be reached, before any hope of repose could be encouraged, was the river Jaik. This was not above 300 miles from the main point of departure on the Wolga ; and, if the march thither was to be a forced one, and a severe one, it was alleged, on the other hand, that the suffering would be the more brief and transient ; one summary exertion, not to be repeated, and all was achieved. Forced the march was, and severe beyond example : there the forewarning proved correct ; but the promised rest proved a mere phantom of the wilderness—a visionary rainbow, which fled before their hope-sick eyes, across these interminable solitudes, for seven months of hardship and calamity, without a pause. These sufferings, by their very nature, and the circumstances under which they arose, were (like the scenery of the steppes) somewhat monotonous in their colouring and external features ; what variety, however, there was will be most naturally exhibited by tracing historically the successive stages of the general misery, exactly as it unfolded

itself under the double agency of weakness still increasing from within and hostile pressure from without. Viewed in this manner, under the real order of development, it is remarkable that these sufferings of the Tartars, though under the moulding hands of accident, arrange themselves almost with a scenical propriety. They seem combined as with the skill of an artist; the intensity of the misery advancing regularly with the advances of the march, and the stages of the calamity corresponding to the stages of the route; so that, upon raising the curtain which veils the great catastrophe, we behold one vast climax of anguish, towering upwards by regular gradations, as if constructed artificially for picturesque effect—a result which might not have been surprising had it been reasonable to anticipate the same rate of speed, and even an accelerated rate, as prevailing through the later stages of the expedition. But it seemed, on the contrary, most reasonable to calculate upon a continual decrement in the rate of motion according to the increasing distance from the head-quarters of the pursuing enemy. This calculation, however, was defeated by the extraordinary circumstance that the Russian armies did not begin to close in very fiercely upon the Kalmucks until after they had accomplished a distance of full 2000 miles: 1000 miles farther on the assaults became even more tumultuous and murderous: and already the great shadows of the Chinese Wall were dimly descried when the frenzy and *acharnement* of the pursuers, and the bloody desperation of the miserable fugitives, had reached its uttermost extremity. Let us briefly rehearse the main stages of the misery, and trace the ascending steps of the tragedy, according to the great divisions of the route marked out by the central rivers of Asia.

The first stage, we have already said, was from the Wolga to the Jaik; the distance about 300 miles; the time allowed seven days. For the first week, therefore, the rate of marching averaged about 43 English miles a-day. The weather was cold, but bracing; and, at a more moderate pace, this part of the journey might have been accomplished without much distress by a people as hardy as the Kalmucks: as it was, the cattle suffered greatly from over-driving; milk began to fail even for the children; the sheep perished by wholesale;

and the children themselves were saved only by the innumerable camels.

The Cossacks, who dwelt upon the banks of the Jaik, were the first among the subjects of Russia to come into collision with the Kalmucks. Great was their surprise at the suddenness of the irruption, and great also their consternation ; for, according to their settled custom, by far the greater part of their number was absent during the winter months at the fisheries upon the Caspian. Some who were liable to surprise at the most exposed points fled in crowds to the fortress of Koulagina, which was immediately invested and summoned by Oubacha. He had, however, in his train only a few light pieces of artillery ; and the Russian commandant at Koulagina, being aware of the hurried circumstances in which the Khan was placed, and that he stood upon the very edge, as it were, of a renewed flight, felt encouraged by these considerations to a more obstinate resistance than might else have been advisable, with an enemy so little disposed to observe the usages of civilised warfare. The period of his anxiety was not long: on the fifth day of the siege he descried from the walls a succession of Tartar couriers, mounted upon fleet Bactrian camels, crossing the vast plains around the fortress at a furious pace, and riding into the Kalmuck encampment at various points. Great agitation appeared immediately to follow: orders were soon after despatched in all directions: and it became speedily known that upon a distant flank of the Kalmuck movement a bloody and exterminating battle had been fought the day before, in which one entire tribe of the Khan's dependants, numbering not less than 9000 fighting men, had perished to the last man. This was the *ouloss*, or clan, called Feka-Zechorr, between whom and the Cossacks there was a feud of ancient standing. In selecting, therefore, the points of attack, on occasion of the present hasty inroad, the Cossack chiefs were naturally eager so to direct their efforts as to combine with the service of the Empress some gratification to their own party hatreds: more especially as the present was likely to be their final opportunity for revenge, if the Kalmuck evasion should prosper. Having, therefore, concentrated as large a body of Cossack cavalry as circumstances allowed, they attacked

the hostile *ouloss* with a precipitation which denied to it all means for communicating with Oubacha ; for the necessity of commanding an ample range of pasturage, to meet the necessities of their vast flocks and herds, had separated this *ouloss* from the Khan's head-quarters by an interval of 80 miles ; and thus it was, and not from oversight, that it came to be thrown entirely upon its own resources. These had proved insufficient : retreat, from the exhausted state of their horses and camels, no less than from the prodigious encumbrances of their live stock, was absolutely out of the question : quarter was disdained on the one side, and would not have been granted on the other : and thus it had happened that the setting sun of that one day (the thirteenth from the first opening of the revolt) threw his parting rays upon the final agonies of an ancient *ouloss*, stretched upon a bloody field, who on that day's dawning had held and styled themselves an independent nation.

Universal consternation was diffused through the wide borders of the Khan's encampment by this disastrous intelligence ; not so much on account of the numbers slain, or the total extinction of a powerful ally, as because the position of the Cossack force was likely to put to hazard the future advances of the Kalmucks, or at least to retard and hold them in check until the heavier columns of the Russian army should arrive upon their flanks. The siege of Koulagina was instantly raised ; and that signal, so fatal to the happiness of the women and their children, once again resounded through the tents—the signal for flight, and this time for a flight more rapid than ever. About 150 miles ahead of their present position, there arose a tract of hilly country, forming a sort of margin to the vast sea-like expanse of champaign savannahs, steppes, and occasionally of sandy deserts, which stretched away on each side of this margin both eastwards and westwards. Pretty nearly in the centre of this hilly range lay a narrow defile, through which passed the nearest and the most practicable route to the river Torgai (the farther bank of which river offered the next great station of security for a general halt). It was the more essential to gain this pass before the Cossacks, inasmuch as not only would the delay in forcing the pass give time to the Russian pursuing

columns for combining their attacks, and for bringing up their artillery, but also because (even if all enemies in pursuit were thrown out of the question) it was held by those best acquainted with the difficult and obscure geography of these pathless steppes—that the loss of this one narrow strait amongst the hills would have the effect of throwing them (as their only alternative in a case where so wide a sweep of pasturage was required) upon a circuit of at least 500 miles extra; besides that, after all, this circuitous route would carry them to the Torgai at a point ill fitted for the passage of their heavy baggage. The defile in the hills, therefore, it was resolved to gain; and yet, unless they moved upon it with the velocity of light cavalry, there was little chance but it would be found preoccupied by the Cossacks. They also, it is true, had suffered greatly in the bloody action with the defeated *ouloss*; but the excitement of victory, and the intense sympathy with their unexampled triumph, had again swelled their ranks, and would probably act with the force of a vortex to draw in their simple countrymen from the Caspian. The question, therefore, of preoccupation was reduced to a race. The Cossacks were marching upon an oblique line not above 50 miles longer than that which led to the same point from the Kalmuck head-quarters before Koulagina; and therefore, without the most furious haste on the part of the Kalmucks, there was not a chance for them, burdened and "trashed"[1] as they were, to anticipate so agile a light cavalry as the Cossacks in seizing this important pass.

Dreadful were the feelings of the poor women on hearing this exposition of the case. For they easily understood that too capital an interest (the *summa rerum*) was now at stake, to allow of any regard to minor interests, or what would be considered such in their present circumstances. The dreadful week already passed—their inauguration in misery—was yet fresh in their remembrance. The scars of suffering were impressed not only upon their memories, but upon their very persons and the persons of their children. And they knew

[1] "*Trashed*":—This is an expressive word used by Beaumont and Fletcher in their "Bonduca," &c., to describe the case of a person retarded and embarrassed in flight, or in pursuit, by some encumbrance, whether thing or person, too valuable to be left behind.

that, where no speed had much chance of meeting the cravings of the chieftains, no test would be accepted, short of absolute exhaustion, that as much had been accomplished as could have been accomplished. Weseloff, the Russian captive, has recorded the silent wretchedness with which the women and elder boys assisted in drawing the tent-ropes. On the 5th of January all had been animation, and the joyousness of indefinite expectation; now, on the contrary, a brief but bitter experience had taught them to take an amended calculation of what it was that lay before them.

One whole day and far into the succeeding night had the renewed flight continued; the sufferings had been greater than before; for the cold had been more intense; and many perished out of the living creatures through every class, except only the camels—whose powers of endurance seemed equally adapted to cold and to heat. The second morning, however, brought an alleviation to the distress. Snow had begun to fall, and, though not deep at present, it was easily foreseen that it soon would be so; and that, as a halt would in that case become unavoidable, no plan could be better than that of staying where they were; especially as the same cause would check the advance of the Cossacks. Here then was the last interval of comfort which gleamed upon the unhappy nation during their whole migration. For ten days the snow continued to fall with little intermission. At the end of that time keen, bright, frosty weather succeeded; the drifting had ceased; in three days the smooth expanse became firm enough to support the treading of the camels; and the flight was recommenced. But during the halt much domestic comfort had been enjoyed; and for the last time universal plenty. The cows and oxen had perished in such vast numbers on the previous marches that an order was now issued to turn what remained to account by slaughtering the whole, and salting whatever part should be found to exceed the immediate consumption. This measure led to a scene of general banqueting and even of festivity amongst all who were not incapacitated for joyous emotions by distress of mind, by grief for the unhappy experience of the few last days, and by anxiety for the too gloomy future. Seventy thousand persons of all ages had already perished, exclusively

of the many thousand allies who had been cut down by the Cossack sabre. And the losses in reversion were likely to be many more. For rumours began now to arrive from all quarters, by the mounted couriers whom the Khan had despatched to the rear and to each flank as well as in advance, that large masses of the imperial troops were converging from all parts of Central Asia to the fords of the River Torgai, as the most convenient point for intercepting the flying tribes; and it was by this time well known that a powerful division was close in their rear, and was retarded only by the numerous artillery which had been judged necessary to support their operations. New motives were thus daily arising for quickening the motions of the wretched Kalmucks, and for exhausting those who were already but too much exhausted.

It was not until the 2d day of February that the Khan's advanced guard came in sight of Ouchim, the defile among the hills of Mougaldchares, in which they anticipated so bloody an opposition from the Cossacks. A pretty large body of these light cavalry had, in fact, preoccupied the pass by some hours; but the Khan, having two great advantages—namely, a strong body of infantry, who had been conveyed by sections of five on about 200 camels, and some pieces of light artillery which he had not yet been forced to abandon—soon began to make a serious impression upon this unsupported detachment; and they would probably at any rate have retired; but at the very moment when they were making some dispositions in that view Zebek-Dorchi appeared upon the rear with a body of trained riflemen, who had distinguished themselves in the war with Turkey. These men had contrived to crawl unobserved over the cliffs which skirted the ravine, availing themselves of the dry beds of the summer torrents, and other inequalities of the ground, to conceal their movement. Disorder and trepidation ensued instantly in the Cossack files; the Khan, who had been waiting with the *élite* of his heavy cavalry, charged furiously upon them; total overthrow followed to the Cossacks, and a slaughter such as in some measure avenged the recent bloody extermination of their allies, the ancient *ouloss* of Feka-Zechorr. The slight horses of the Cossacks were unable to

support the weight of heavy Polish dragoons and a body of trained *cameleers* (that is, cuirassiers mounted on camels); hardy they were, but not strong, nor a match for their antagonists in weight; and their extraordinary efforts through the last few days to gain their present position had greatly diminished their powers for effecting an escape. Very few, in fact, *did* escape; and the bloody day at Ouchim became as memorable amongst the Cossacks as that which, about twenty days before, had signalised the complete annihilation of the Feka-Zechorr.[1]

The road was now open to the river Irgitch, and as yet even far beyond it to the Torgau; but how long this state of things would continue was every day more doubtful. Certain intelligence was now received that a large Russian army, well appointed in every arm, was advancing upon the Torgau, under the command of General Traubenberg. This officer was to be joined on his route by ten thousand Bashkirs, and pretty nearly the same amount of Kirghises—both hereditary enemies of the Kalmucks, both exasperated to a point of madness by the bloody trophies which Oubacha and Momotbacha had, in late years, won from such of their compatriots as served under the Sultan. The Czarina's yoke these wild nations bore with submissive patience, but not the hands by which it had been imposed; and, accordingly, catching with eagerness at the present occasion offered to their vengeance, they sent an assurance to the Czarina of their perfect obedience to her commands, and at the same time a message significantly declaring in what spirit they

[1] There was another *ouloss* equally strong with that of Feka-Zechorr, viz. that of Erketunn, under the government of Assarcho and Machi, whom some obligations of treaty or other hidden motives drew into the general conspiracy of revolt. But fortunately the two chieftains found means to assure the Governor of Astrachan, on the first outbreak of the insurrection, that their real wishes were for maintaining the old connection with Russia. The Cossacks, therefore, to whom the pursuit was intrusted, had instructions to act cautiously and according to circumstances on coming up with them. The result was, through the prudent management of Assarcho, that the clan, without compromising their pride or independence, made such moderate submissions as satisfied the Cossacks; and eventually both chiefs and people received from the Czarina the rewards and honours of exemplary fidelity.

meant to execute them, viz. "that they would not trouble her Majesty with prisoners."

Here then arose, as before with the Cossacks, a race for the Kalmucks with the regular armies of Russia, and concurrently with nations as fierce and semi-humanised as themselves, besides that they had been stung into threefold activity by the furies of mortified pride and military abasement, under the eyes of the Turkish Sultan. The forces, and more especially the artillery, of Russia were far too overwhelming to bear the thought of a regular opposition in pitched battles, even with a less dilapidated state of their resources than they could reasonably expect at the period of their arrival on the Torgau. In their speed lay their only hope—in strength of foot, as before, and not in strength of arm. Onward, therefore, the Kalmucks pressed, marking the lines of their wide-extending march over the sad solitudes of the steppes by a never-ending chain of corpses. The old and the young, the sick man on his couch, the mother with her baby—all were dropping fast. Such sights as these, with the many rueful aggravations incident to the helpless condition of infancy—of disease and of female weakness abandoned to the wolves amidst a howling wilderness, continued to track their course through a space of full two thousand miles; for so much, at the least, it was likely to prove, including the circuits to which they were often compelled by rivers or hostile tribes, from the point of starting on the Wolga, until they could reach their destined halting ground on the east bank of the Torgau. For the first seven weeks of this march their sufferings had been embittered by the excessive severity of the cold; and every night—so long as wood was to be had for fires, either from the lading of the camels, or from the desperate sacrifice of their baggage-waggons, or (as occasionally happened) from the forests which skirted the banks of the many rivers which crossed their path—no spectacle was more frequent than that of a circle, composed of men, women, and children, gathered by hundreds round a central fire, all dead and stiff at the return of morning light. Myriads were left behind from pure exhaustion, of whom none had a chance, under the combined evils which beset them, of surviving

through the next twenty-four hours. Frost, however, and snow at length ceased to persecute ; the vast extent of the march at length brought them into more genial latitudes, and the unusual duration of the march was gradually bringing them into more genial seasons of the year. Two thousand miles had at last been traversed ; February, March, April, were gone ; the balmy month of May had opened ; vernal sights and sounds came from every side to comfort the heart-weary travellers ; and at last, in the latter end of May, crossing the Torgau, they took up a position where they hoped to find liberty to repose themselves for many weeks in comfort as well as in security, and to draw such supplies from the fertile neighbourhood as might restore their shattered forces to a condition for executing, with less of wreck and ruin, the large remainder of the journey.

Yes ; it was true that two thousand miles of wandering had been completed, but in a period of nearly five months, and with the terrific sacrifice of at least two hundred and fifty thousand souls, to say nothing of herds and flocks past all reckoning. These had all perished : ox, cow, horse, mule, ass, sheep, or goat, not one survived—only the camels. These arid and adust creatures, looking like the mummies of some antediluvian animals, without the affections or sensibilities of flesh and blood—these only still erected their speaking eyes to the eastern heavens, and had to all appearance come out from this long tempest of trial unscathed and hardly diminished. The Khan, knowing how much he was individually answerable for the misery which had been sustained, must have wept tears even more bitter than those of Xerxes when he threw his eyes over the myriads whom he had assembled : for the tears of Xerxes were unmingled with remorse. Whatever amends were in his power the Khan resolved to make, by sacrifices to the general good of all personal regards ; and, accordingly, even at this point of their advance, he once more deliberately brought under review the whole question of the revolt. The question was formally debated before the Council whether, even at this point, they should untread their steps, and, throwing themselves upon the Czarina's mercy, return to their old allegiance. In that case, Oubacha professed himself willing to

become the scapegoat for the general transgression. This, he argued, was no fantastic scheme, but even easy of accomplishment; for the unlimited and sacred power of the Khan, so well known to the Empress, made it absolutely iniquitous to attribute any separate responsibility to the people—upon the Khan rested the guilt, upon the Khan would descend the imperial vengeance. This proposal was applauded for its generosity, but was energetically opposed by Zebek-Dorchi. Were they to lose the whole journey of two thousand miles? Was their misery to perish without fruit? True it was that they had yet reached only the half-way house; but, in that respect, the motives were evenly balanced for retreat or for advance. Either way they would have pretty nearly the same distance to traverse, but with this difference—that, forwards, their route lay through lands comparatively fertile; backwards, through a blasted wilderness, rich only in memorials of their sorrow, and hideous to Kalmuck eyes by the trophies of their calamity. Besides, though the Empress might accept an excuse for the past, would she the less forbear to suspect for the future? The Czarina's *pardon* they might obtain, but could they ever hope to recover her *confidence?* Doubtless there would now be a standing presumption against them, an immortal ground of jealousy; and a jealous government would be but another name for a harsh one. Finally, whatever motives there ever had been for the revolt surely remained unimpaired by anything that had occurred. In reality, the revolt was, after all, no revolt, but (strictly speaking) a return to their old allegiance; since, not above one hundred and fifty years ago (viz. in the year 1616), their ancestors had revolted from the Emperor of China. They had now tried both governments; and for them China was the land of promise, and Russia the house of bondage.[1]

Spite, however, of all that Zebek could say or do, the yearning of the people was strongly in behalf of the Khan's proposal; the pardon of their prince, they persuaded themselves, would be readily conceded by the Empress: and there is little doubt that they would at this time have thrown themselves gladly upon the imperial mercy; when suddenly

[1] See appended Editorial Note.—M.

all was defeated by the arrival of two envoys from Traubenberg. This general had reached the fortress of Orsk, after a very painful march, on the 12th of April; thence he set forwards towards Oriembourg; which he reached upon the 1st of June, having been joined on his route at various times during the month of May by the Kirghises and a corps of ten thousand Bashkirs. From Oriembourg he sent forward his official offers to the Khan, which were harsh and peremptory, holding out no specific stipulations as to pardon or impunity, and exacting unconditional submission as the preliminary price of any cessation from military operations. The personal character of Traubenberg, which was anything but energetic, and the condition of his army, disorganised in a great measure by the length and severity of the march, made it probable that, with a little time for negotiation, a more conciliatory tone would have been assumed. But, unhappily for all parties, sinister events occurred in the meantime, such as effectually put an end to every hope of the kind.

The two envoys sent forward by Traubenberg had reported to this officer that a distance of only ten days' march lay between his own head-quarters and those of the Khan. Upon this fact transpiring, the Kirghises, by their prince Nourali, and the Bashkirs, entreated the Russian general to advance without delay. Once having placed his cannon in position, so as to command the Kalmuck camp, the fate of the rebel Khan and his people would be in his own hands: and they would themselves form his advanced guard. Traubenberg, however (*why* has not been certainly explained), refused to march, grounding his refusal upon the condition of his army, and their absolute need of refreshment. Long and fierce was the altercation; but at length, seeing no chance of prevailing, and dreading above all other events the escape of their detested enemy, the ferocious Bashkirs went off in a body by forced marches. In six days they reached the Torgau, crossed by swimming their horses, and fell upon the Kalmucks, who were dispersed for many a league in search of food or provender for their camels. The first day's action was one vast succession of independent skirmishes, diffused over a field of thirty to forty miles in extent; one party often breaking up into three or four, and

again (according to the accidents of ground) three or four blending into one; flight and pursuit, rescue and total overthrow, going on simultaneously, under all varieties of form, in all quarters of the plain. The Bashkirs had found themselves obliged, by the scattered state of the Kalmucks, to split up into innumerable sections; and thus, for some hours, it had been impossible for the most practised eye to collect the general tendency of the day's fortune. Both the Khan and Zebek-Dorchi were at one moment made prisoners, and more than once in imminent danger of being cut down; but at length Zebek succeeded in rallying a strong column of infantry, which, with the support of the camel-corps on each flank, compelled the Bashkirs to retreat. Clouds, however, of these wild cavalry continued to arrive through the next two days and nights, followed or accompanied by the Kirghises. These being viewed as the advanced parties of Traubenberg's army, the Kalmuck chieftains saw no hope of safety but in flight; and in this way it happened that a retreat, which had so recently been brought to a pause, was resumed at the very moment when the unhappy fugitives were anticipating a deep repose without further molestation the whole summer through.

It seemed as though every variety of wretchedness were predestined to the Kalmucks, and as if their sufferings were incomplete unless they were rounded and matured by all that the most dreadful agencies of summer's heat could superadd to those of frost and winter. To this sequel of their story I shall immediately revert, after first noticing a little romantic episode which occurred at this point between Oubacha and his unprincipled cousin Zebek-Dorchi.

There was at the time of the Kalmuck flight from the Wolga a Russian gentleman of some rank at the court of the Khan, whom, for political reasons, it was thought necessary to carry along with them as a captive. For some weeks his confinement had been very strict, and in one or two instances cruel. But, as the increasing distance was continually diminishing the chances of escape, and perhaps, also, as the misery of the guards gradually withdrew their attention from all minor interests to their own personal sufferings, the vigilance of the custody grew more and more relaxed; until at length,

upon a petition to the Khan, Mr. Weseloff was formally restored to liberty; and it was understood that he might use his liberty in whatever way he chose, even for returning to Russia, if that should be his wish. Accordingly, he was making active preparations for his journey to St. Petersburg, when it occurred to Zebek-Dorchi that, not improbably, in some of the battles which were then anticipated with Traubenberg, it might happen to them to lose some prisoner of rank,—in which case the Russian Weseloff would be a pledge in their hands for negotiating an exchange. Upon this plea, to his own severe affliction, the Russian was detained until the further pleasure of the Khan. The Khan's name, indeed, was used through the whole affair; but, as it seemed, with so little concurrence on his part, that, when Weseloff in a private audience humbly remonstrated upon the injustice done him, and the cruelty of thus sporting with his feelings by setting him at liberty, and, as it were, tempting him into dreams of home and restored happiness only for the purpose of blighting them, the good-natured prince disclaimed all participation in the affair, and went so far in proving his sincerity as even to give him permission to effect his escape; and, as a ready means of commencing it without raising suspicion, the Khan mentioned to Mr. Weseloff that he had just then received a message from the Hetman of the Bashkirs, soliciting a private interview on the banks of the Torgau at a spot pointed out. That interview was arranged for the coming night; and Mr. Weseloff might go in the Khan's *suite*, which on either side was not to exceed three persons. Weseloff was a prudent man, acquainted with the world, and he read treachery in the very outline of this scheme, as stated by the Khan—treachery against the Khan's person. He mused a little, and then communicated so much of his suspicions to the Khan as might put him on his guard; but, upon further consideration, he begged leave to decline the honour of accompanying the Khan. The fact was that three Kalmucks, who had strong motives for returning to their countrymen on the west bank of the Wolga, guessing the intentions of Weseloff, had offered to join him in his escape. These men the Khan would probably find himself obliged to countenance in their project; so that it became a point of

honour with Weseloff to conceal their intentions, and therefore to accomplish the evasion from the camp (of which the first steps only would be hazardous) without risking the notice of the Khan.

The district in which they were now encamped abounded through many hundred miles with wild horses of a docile and beautiful breed. Each of the four fugitives had caught from seven to ten of these spirited creatures in the course of the last few days: this raised no suspicion, for the rest of the Kalmucks had been making the same sort of provision against the coming toils of their remaining route to China. These horses were secured by halters, and hidden about dusk in the thickets which lined the margin of the river. To these thickets, about ten at night, the four fugitives repaired; they took a circuitous path, which drew them as little as possible within danger of challenge from any of the outposts or of the patrols which had been established on the quarters where the Bashkirs lay; and in three-quarters of an hour they reached the rendezvous. The moon had now risen, the horses were unfastened, and they were in the act of mounting, when suddenly the deep silence of the woods was disturbed by a violent uproar and the clashing of arms. Weseloff fancied that he heard the voice of the Khan shouting for assistance. He remembered the communication made by that prince in the morning; and, requesting his companions to support him, he rode off in the direction of the sound. A very short distance brought him to an open glade within the wood, where he beheld four men contending with a party of at least nine or ten. Two of the four were dismounted at the very instant of Weseloff's arrival; one of these he recognised almost certainly as the Khan, who was fighting hand to hand, but at great disadvantage, with two of the adverse horsemen. Seeing that no time was to be lost, Weseloff fired and brought down one of the two. His companions discharged their carbines at the same moment, and then all rushed simultaneously into the little open area. The thundering sound of about thirty horses all rushing at once into a narrow space gave the impression that a whole troop of cavalry was coming down upon the assailants; who accordingly wheeled about and fled with one impulse. Weseloff

advanced to the dismounted cavalier, who, as he expected, proved to be the Khan. The man whom Weseloff had shot was lying dead ; and both were shocked, though Weseloff at least was not surprised, on stooping down and scrutinising his features, to recognise a well-known confidential servant of Zebek-Dorchi. Nothing was said by either party ; the Khan rode off escorted by Weseloff and his companions, and for some time a dead silence prevailed. The situation of Weseloff was delicate and critical ; to leave the Khan at this point was probably to cancel their recent services ; for he might be again crossed on his path, and again attacked by the very party from whom he had just been delivered. Yet, on the other hand, to return to the camp was to endanger the chances of accomplishing the escape. The Khan also was apparently revolving all this in his mind, for at length he broke silence, and said, "I comprehend your situation ; and under other circumstances I might feel it my duty to detain your companions. But it would ill become me to do so after the important service you have just rendered me. Let us turn a little to the left. There, where you see the watch-fire, is an outpost. Attend me so far. I am then safe. You may turn and pursue your enterprise ; for the circumstances under which you will appear, as my escort, are sufficient to shield you from all suspicion for the present. I regret having no better means at my disposal for testifying my gratitude. But tell me before we part—Was it accident only which led you to my rescue ? Or had you acquired any knowledge of the plot by which I was decoyed into this snare ?" Weseloff answered very candidly that mere accident had brought him to the spot at which he heard the uproar, but that, *having* heard it, and connecting it with the Khan's communication of the morning, he had then designedly gone after the sound in a way which he certainly should not have done at so critical a moment, unless in the expectation of finding the Khan assaulted by assassins. A few minutes after they reached the outpost at which it became safe to leave the Tartar chieftain ; and immediately the four fugitives commenced a flight which is perhaps without a parallel in the annals of travelling. Each of them led six or seven horses besides the one he rode ; and, by shifting from one to

the other (like the ancient Desultors of the Roman circus), so as never to burden the same horse for more than half an hour at a time, they continued to advance at the rate of 200 miles in the 24 hours for three days consecutively. After that time, conceiving themselves beyond pursuit, they proceeded less rapidly; though still with a velocity which staggered the belief of Weseloff's friends in after years. He was, however, a man of high principle, and always adhered firmly to the details of his printed report. One of the circumstances there stated is that they continued to pursue the route by which the Kalmucks had fled, never for an instant finding any difficulty in tracing it by the skeletons and other memorials of their calamities. In particular, he mentions vast heaps of money as part of the valuable property which it had been found necessary to sacrifice. These heaps were found lying still untouched in the deserts. From these Weseloff and his companions took as much as they could conveniently carry; and this it was, with the price of their beautiful horses, which they afterwards sold at one of the Russian military settlements for about £15 apiece, which eventually enabled them to pursue their journey in Russia. This journey, as regarded Weseloff in particular, was closed by a tragical catastrophe. He was at that time young, and the only child of a doating mother. Her affliction under the violent abduction of her son had been excessive, and probably had undermined her constitution. Still she had supported it. Weseloff, giving way to the natural impulses of his filial affection, had imprudently posted through Russia to his mother's house without warning of his approach. He rushed precipitately into her presence; and she, who had stood the shocks of sorrow, was found unequal to the shock of joy too sudden and too acute. She died upon the spot.

I now revert to the final scenes of the Kalmuck flight. These it would be useless to pursue circumstantially through the whole two thousand miles of suffering which remained; for the character of that suffering was even more monotonous than on the former half of the flight, and also more severe. Its main elements were excessive heat, with the accompaniments of famine and thirst, but aggravated at every step by

the murderous attacks of their cruel enemies the Bashkirs and the Kirghises.

These people, "more fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea," stuck to the unhappy Kalmucks like a swarm of enraged hornets. And very often, whilst *they* were attacking them in the rear, their advanced parties and flanks were attacked with almost equal fury by the people of the country which they were traversing; and with good reason, since the law of self-preservation had now obliged the fugitive Tartars to plunder provisions, and to forage wherever they passed. In this respect their condition was a constant oscillation of wretchedness; for sometimes, pressed by grinding famine, they took a circuit of perhaps a hundred miles, in order to strike into a land rich in the comforts of life; but in such a land they were sure to find a crowded population, of which every arm was raised in unrelenting hostility, with all the advantages of local knowledge, and with constant preoccupation of all the defensible positions, mountain passes, or bridges. Sometimes, again, wearied out with this mode of suffering, they took a circuit of perhaps a hundred miles, in order to strike into a land with few or no inhabitants. But in such a land they were sure to meet absolute starvation. Then, again, whether with or without this plague of starvation, whether with or without this plague of hostility in front, whatever might be the "fierce varieties" of their misery in this respect, no rest ever came to their unhappy rear; *post equitem sedet atra cura;* it was a torment like the undying worm of conscience. And, upon the whole, it presented a spectacle altogether unprecedented in the history of mankind. Private and personal malignity is not unfrequently immortal; but rare indeed is it to find the same pertinacity of malice in a nation. And what embittered the interest was that the malice was reciprocal. Thus far the parties met upon equal terms; but that equality only sharpened the sense of their dire inequality as to other circumstances. The Bashkirs were ready to fight "from morn to dewy eve." The Kalmucks, on the contrary, were always obliged to run. Was it *from* their enemies as creatures whom they feared? No; but *towards* their friends—towards that final haven of China—as what was hourly implored by

the prayers of their wives, and the tears of their children. But, though they fled unwillingly, too often they fled in vain —being unwillingly recalled. There lay the torment. Every day the Bashkirs fell upon them; every day the same unprofitable battle was renewed; as a matter of course, the Kalmucks recalled part of their advanced guard to fight them; every day the battle raged for hours, and uniformly with the same result. For no sooner did the Bashkirs find themselves too heavily pressed, and that the Kalmuck march had been retarded by some hours, than they retired into the boundless deserts, where all pursuit was hopeless. But, if the Kalmucks resolved to press forward, regardless of their enemies, in that case their attacks became so fierce and overwhelming that the general safety seemed likely to be brought into question; nor could any effectual remedy be applied to the case, even for each separate day, except by a most embarrassing halt, and by countermarches, that, to men in their circumstances, were almost worse than death. It will not be surprising that the irritation of such a systematic persecution, superadded to a previous and hereditary hatred, and accompanied by the stinging consciousness of utter impotence as regarded all effectual vengeance, should gradually have inflamed the Kalmuck animosity into the wildest expression of downright madness and frenzy. Indeed, long before the frontiers of China were approached, the hostility of both sides had assumed the appearance much more of a warfare amongst wild beasts than amongst creatures acknowledging the restraints of reason or the claims of a common nature. The spectacle became too atrocious; it was that of a host of lunatics pursued by a host of fiends.

On a fine morning in early autumn of the year 1771, Kien Long, the Emperor of China, was pursuing his amusements in a wild frontier district lying on the outside of the Great Wall. For many hundred square leagues the country was desolate of inhabitants, but rich in woods of ancient growth, and overrun with game of every description. In a central spot of this solitary region the Emperor had built a gorgeous hunting lodge, to which he resorted annually for

recreation and relief from the cares of government. Led onwards in pursuit of game, he had rambled to a distance of 200 miles or more from this lodge, followed at a little distance by a sufficient military escort, and every night pitching his tent in a different situation, until at length he had arrived on the very margin of the vast central deserts of Asia.[1] Here he was standing by accident at an opening of his pavilion, enjoying the morning sunshine, when suddenly to the westwards there arose a vast cloudy vapour, which by degrees expanded, mounted, and seemed to be slowly diffusing itself over the whole face of the heavens. By and by this vast sheet of mist began to thicken towards the horizon, and to roll forward in billowy volumes. The Emperor's suite assembled from all quarters. The silver trumpets were sounded in the rear, and from all the glades and forest avenues began to trot forward towards the pavilion the yagers—half cavalry, half huntsmen—who composed the imperial escort. Conjecture was on the stretch to divine the cause of this phenomenon, and the interest continually increased, in proportion as simple curiosity gradually deepened into the anxiety of uncertain danger. At first it had been imagined that some vast troops of deer, or other wild animals of the chase, had been disturbed in their forest haunts by the Emperor's movements, or possibly by wild beasts prowling for prey, and might be fetching a compass by way of re-entering the forest grounds at some remoter points secure from molestation. But this conjecture was dissipated by the slow increase of the cloud, and the steadiness of its motion. In the course of two hours the vast phenomenon had advanced to a point which was judged to be within five miles of the spectators, though all calculations of distance were difficult, and often fallacious, when applied to the endless expanses of the Tartar deserts. Through the next hour, during which the gentle morning breeze had a little

[1] All the circumstances are learned from a long state paper upon the subject of this Kalmuck migration drawn up in the Chinese language by the Emperor himself. Parts of this paper have been translated by the Jesuit missionaries. The Emperor states the whole motives of his conduct and the chief incidents at great length. [See appended Editorial Note.]

freshened, the dusty vapour had developed itself far and wide into the appearance of huge aerial draperies, hanging in mighty volumes from the sky to the earth; and at particular points, where the eddies of the breeze acted upon the pendulous skirts of these aerial curtains, rents were perceived, sometimes taking the form of regular arches, portals, and windows, through which began dimly to gleam the heads of camels "indorsed"[1] with human beings—and at intervals the moving of men and horses in tumultuous array—and then through other openings or vistas at far distant points the flashing of polished arms. But sometimes, as the wind slackened or died away, all those openings, of whatever form, in the cloudy pall would slowly close, and for a time the whole pageant was shut up from view; although the growing din, the clamours, shrieks, and groans, ascending from infuriated myriads, reported, in a language not to be misunderstood, what was going on behind the cloudy screen.

It was in fact the Kalmuck host, now in the last extremities of their exhaustion, and very fast approaching to that final stage of privation and killing misery, beyond which few or none could have lived, but also, happily for themselves, fast approaching (in a literal sense) that final stage of their long pilgrimage at which they would meet hospitality on a scale of royal magnificence, and full protection from their enemies. These enemies, however, as yet, were still hanging on their rear as fiercely as ever, though this day was destined to be the last of their hideous persecution. The Khan had, in fact, sent forward couriers with all the requisite statements and petitions, addressed to the Emperor of China. These had been duly received, and preparations made in consequence to welcome the Kalmucks with the most paternal benevolence. But, as these couriers had been despatched from the Torgau at the moment of arrival thither, and before the advance of Traubenberg had made it necessary for the Khan to order a hasty renewal of the flight, the Emperor had not looked for their arrival on his frontiers until full three months after the present time.

[1] *Camels "indorsed"*:—"And elephants indorsed with towers."—MILTON in "Paradise Regained" [iii. 329].

The Khan had indeed expressly notified his intention to pass the summer heats on the banks of the Torgau, and to recommence his retreat about the beginning of September. The subsequent change of plan, being unknown to Kien Long, left him for some time in doubt as to the true interpretation to be put upon this mighty apparition in the desert; but at length the savage clamours of hostile fury, and the clangour of weapons, unveiled to the Emperor the true nature of those unexpected calamities which had so prematurely precipitated the Kalmuck measures.

Apprehending the real state of affairs, the Emperor instantly perceived that the first act of his fatherly care for these erring children (as he esteemed them), now returning to their ancient obedience, must be—to deliver them from their pursuers. And this was less difficult than might have been supposed. Not many miles in the rear was a body of well-appointed cavalry, with a strong detachment of artillery, who always attended the Emperor's motions. These were hastily summoned. Meantime it occurred to the train of courtiers that some danger might arise to the Emperor's person from the proximity of a lawless enemy; and accordingly he was induced to retire a little to the rear. It soon appeared, however, to those who watched the vapoury shroud in the desert, that its motion was not such as would argue the direction of the march to be exactly upon the pavilion, but rather in a diagonal line, making an angle of full 45 degrees with that line in which the imperial *cortége* had been standing, and therefore with a distance continually increasing. Those who knew the country judged that the Kalmucks were making for a large fresh-water lake about seven or eight miles distant. They were right; and to that point the imperial cavalry was ordered up; and it was precisely in that spot, and about three hours after, and at noonday on the 8th of September, that the great Exodus of the Kalmuck Tartars was brought to a final close, and with a scene of such memorable and hellish fury as formed an appropriate winding up to an expedition in all its parts and details so awfully disastrous. The Emperor was not personally present, or at least he saw whatever he *did* see from too great a distance to discriminate its individual features; but

he records in his written memorial the report made to him of this scene by some of his own officers.

The lake of Tengis, near the dreadful desert of Kobi, lay in a hollow amongst hills of a moderate height, ranging generally from two to three thousand feet high. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the Chinese cavalry reached the summit of a road which led through a cradle-like dip in the mountains right down upon the margin of the lake. From this pass, elevated about two thousand feet above the level of the water, they continued to descend, by a very winding and difficult road, for an hour and a half; and during the whole of this descent they were compelled to be inactive spectators of the fiendish spectacle below. The Kalmucks, reduced by this time from about six hundred thousand souls to two hundred and sixty thousand, and after enduring for so long a time the miseries I have previously described — outrageous heat, famine, and the destroying scimitar of the Kirghises and the Bashkirs—had for the last ten days been traversing a hideous desert, where no vestiges were seen of vegetation, and no drop of water could be found. Camels and men were already so overladen that it was a mere impossibility that they should carry a tolerable sufficiency for the passage of this frightful wilderness. On the eighth day, the wretched daily allowance, which had been continually diminishing, failed entirely ; and thus, for two days of insupportable fatigue, the horrors of thirst had been carried to the fiercest extremity. Upon this last morning, at the sight of the hills and the forest scenery, which announced to those who acted as guides the neighbourhood of the lake of Tengis, all the people rushed along with maddening eagerness to the anticipated solace. The day grew hotter and hotter, the people more and more exhausted, and gradually, in the general rush forwards to the lake, all discipline and command were lost—all attempts to preserve a rearguard were neglected—the wild Bashkirs rode in amongst the encumbered people, and slaughtered them by wholesale, and almost without resistance. Screams and tumultuous shouts proclaimed the progress of the massacre ; but none heeded—none halted ; all alike, pauper or noble, continued to rush on with maniacal haste to the

waters—all with faces blackened by the heat preying upon the liver, and with tongue drooping from the mouth. The cruel Bashkir was affected by the same misery, and manifested the same symptoms of his misery as the wretched Kalmuck ; the murderer was oftentimes in the same frantic misery as his murdered victim—many indeed (an ordinary effect of thirst) in both nations had become lunatic, and in this state, whilst mere multitude and condensation of bodies alone opposed any check to the destroying scimitar and the trampling hoof, the lake was reached ; and into that the whole vast body of enemies together rushed, and together continued to rush, forgetful of all things at that moment but of one almighty instinct. This absorption of the thoughts in one maddening appetite lasted for a single half-hour ; but in the next arose the final scene of parting vengeance. Far and wide the waters of the solitary lake were instantly dyed red with blood and gore : here rode a party of savage Bashkirs, hewing off heads as fast as the swathes fall before the mower's scythe ; there stood unarmed Kalmucks in a death-grapple with their detested foes, both up to the middle in water, and oftentimes both sinking together below the surface, from weakness or from struggles, and perishing in each other's arms. Did the Bashkirs at any point collect into a cluster for the sake of giving impetus to the assault ? Thither were the camels driven in fiercely by those who rode them, generally women or boys ; and even these quiet creatures were forced into a share in this carnival of murder, by trampling down as many as they could strike prostrate with the lash of their fore-legs. Every moment the water grew more polluted ; and yet every moment fresh myriads came up to the lake and rushed in, not able to resist their frantic thirst, and swallowing large draughts of water, visibly contaminated with the blood of their slaughtered compatriots. Wheresoever the lake was shallow enough to allow of men raising their heads above the water, there, for scores of acres, were to be seen all forms of ghastly fear, of agonising struggle, of spasm, of death, and the fear of death —revenge, and the lunacy of revenge—until the neutral spectators, of whom there were not a few, now descending the eastern side of the lake, at length averted their eyes in

horror. This horror, which seemed incapable of further addition, was, however, increased by an unexpected incident. The Bashkirs, beginning to perceive here and there the approach of the Chinese cavalry, felt it prudent—wheresoever they were sufficiently at leisure from the passions of the murderous scene—to gather into bodies. This was noticed by the governor of a small Chinese fort, built upon an eminence above the lake; and immediately he threw in a broadside, which spread havoc amongst the Bashkir tribe. As often as the Bashkirs collected into "*globes*" and "*turms*," as their only means of meeting the long lines of descending Chinese cavalry—so often did the Chinese governor of the fort pour in his exterminating broadside; until at length the lake, at its lower end, became one vast seething caldron of human bloodshed and carnage. The Chinese cavalry had reached the foot of the hills: the Bashkirs, attentive to *their* movements, had formed; skirmishes had been fought: and, with a quick sense that the contest was henceforwards rapidly becoming hopeless, the Bashkirs and Kirghises began to retire. The pursuit was not as vigorous as the Kalmuck hatred would have desired. But, at the same time, the very gloomiest hatred could not but find, in their own dreadful experience of the Asiatic deserts, and in the certainty that these wretched Bashkirs had to repeat that same experience a second time, for thousands of miles, as the price exacted by a retributory Providence for their vindictive cruelty—not the very gloomiest of the Kalmucks, or the least reflecting, but found in all this a retaliatory chastisement more complete and absolute than any which their swords and lances could have obtained, or human vengeance have devised.

Here ends the tale of the Kalmuck wanderings in the Desert; for any subsequent marches which awaited them were neither long nor painful. Every possible alleviation and refreshment for their exhausted bodies had been already provided by Kien Long with the most princely munificence; and lands of great fertility were immediately assigned to them in ample extent along the river Ily, not very far from the point at which they had first emerged from the wilder-

ness of Kobi. But the beneficent attention of the Chinese Emperor may be best stated in his own words, as translated into French by one of the Jesuit missionaries :—"La nation des Torgotes (*savoir les Kalmuques*) arriva à Ily, toute delabrée, n'ayant ni de quoi vivre, ni de quoi se vêtir. Je l'avais prévu ; et j'avais ordonné de faire en tout genre les provisions nécessaires pour pouvoir les secourir promptement : c'est ce qui a été exécuté. On a fait la division des terres ; et on a assigné à chaque famille une portion suffisante pour pouvoir servir à son entretien, soit en la cultivant, soit en y nourissant des bestiaux. On a donné à chaque particulier des étoffes pour l'habiller, des grains pour se nourrir pendant l'espace d'une année, des ustensiles pour le ménage, et d'autres choses nécessaires : et outre cela plusieurs onces d'argent, pour se pourvoir de ce qu'on aurait pu oublier. On a designé des lieux particuliers, fertiles en pâturages ; et on leur a donné des bœufs, moutons, etc., pour qu'ils pussent dans la suite travailler par eux-mêmes à leur entretien et à leur bien-être."[1]

These are the words of the Emperor himself speaking in his own person of his own parental cares ; but another Chinese, treating the same subject, records the munificence of this prince in terms which proclaim still more forcibly the disinterested generosity which prompted, and the delicate

[1] "The nation of the Torgouths (*to wit the Kalmucks*) arrived at Ily wholly shattered, having neither victuals to live on nor clothes to wear. I had foreseen this, and had given orders for making every kind of preparation necessary for their prompt relief ; which was duly done. The distribution of lands was made ; and there was assigned to each family a portion sufficient to serve for its support, whether by cultivating it or by feeding cattle on it. There were given to each individual materials for his clothing, corn for his sustenance for the space of one year, utensils for household purposes, and other things necessary ; besides some ounces of silver wherewith to provide himself with anything that might have been forgotten. Particular places were marked out for them, fertile in pasture ; and cattle and sheep, etc., were given them, that they might be able for the future to work for their own support and well-being."—This is a note of Kien-long subjoined to his main narrative ; and De Quincey, I find, took the above transcript of it from the French translation of Bergmann's book. That transcript, it is worth observing, is not quite exact to the original French text of the Pekin missionaries. — See appended Editorial Note.—M.

considerateness which conducted, this extensive bounty. He has been speaking of the Kalmucks, and he goes on thus :— "Lorsqu'ils arrivérent sur nos frontiéres (au nombre de plusieurs centaines de mille, quoique la fatigue extrême, la faim, la soif, et toutes les autres incommodités inséparables d'une trés-longue et trés pénible route, en eussent fait périr presque autant), ils étaient réduits à la dernière misère ; ils manquaient de tout. Il" [viz. l'Empereur, Kien Long] "leur fit préparer des logemens conformes à leur manière de vivre ; il leur fit distribuer des alimens et des habits ; il leur fit donner des bœufs, des moutons, et des ustensiles, pour les mettre en état de former des troupeaux et de cultiver la terre, et tout cela à ses propres frais, qui se sont montés à des sommes immenses, sans compter l'argent qu'il a donné à chaque chef-de-famille, pour pourvoir à la subsistance de sa femme et de ses enfans."[1]

Thus, after their memorable year of misery, the Kalmucks were replaced in territorial possessions, and in comfort equal perhaps, or even superior, to that which they had enjoyed in Russia, and with superior political advantages. But, if equal or superior, their condition was no longer the same ; if not in degree, their social prosperity had altered in quality ; for, instead of being a purely pastoral and vagrant people, they were now in circumstances which obliged them to become essentially dependent upon agriculture ; and thus far raised

[1] "When they arrived on our frontiers (to the number of some hundreds of thousands, although nearly as many more had perished by the extreme fatigue, the hunger, the thirst, and all the other hardships inseparable from a very long and very toilsome march), they were reduced to the last misery, they were in want of everything. The Emperor supplied them with everything. He caused habitations to be prepared for them suitable for their manner of living ; he caused food and clothing to be distributed among them ; he had cattle and sheep given them, and implements to put them in a condition for forming herds and cultivating the earth ; and all this at his own proper charges, which mounted to immense sums, without counting the money which he gave to each head of a family to provide for the subsistence of his wife and children."—This is from a eulogistic abstract of Kien-long's own narrative by one of his Chinese ministers, named Yu-min-tchoung, a translation of which was sent to Paris by the Jesuit missionary, P. Amiot, together with the translation of the imperial narrative itself. The transcript is again by the French translator of Bergmann, and is again rather inaccurate.—M.

in social rank, that, by the natural course of their habits and the necessities of life, they were effectually reclaimed from roving and from the savage customs connected with a half nomadic life. They gained also in political privileges, chiefly through the immunity from military service which their new relations enabled them to obtain. These were circumstances of advantage and gain. But one great disadvantage there was, amply to overbalance all other possible gain: the chances were lost or were removed to an incalculable distance for their conversion to Christianity, without which, in these times, there is no absolute advance possible on the path of true civilisation.

One word remains to be said upon the *personal* interests concerned in this great drama. The catastrophe in this respect was remarkable and complete. Oubacha, with all his goodness and incapacity of suspecting, had, since the mysterious affair on the banks of the Torgau, felt his mind alienated from his cousin; he revolted from the man that would have murdered him; and he had displayed his caution so visibly as to provoke a reaction in the bearing of Zebek-Dorchi, and a displeasure which all his dissimulation could not hide. This had produced a feud, which, by keeping them aloof, had probably saved the life of Oubacha; for the friendship of Zebek-Dorchi was more fatal than his open enmity. After the settlement on the Ily this feud continued to advance, until it came under the notice of the Emperor, on occasion of a visit which all the Tartar chieftains made to his Majesty at his hunting lodge in 1772. The Emperor informed himself accurately of all the particulars connected with the transaction—of all the rights and claims put forward —and of the way in which they would severally affect the interests of the Kalmuck people. The consequence was that he adopted the cause of Oubacha, and repressed the pretensions of Zebek-Dorchi, who, on his part, so deeply resented this discountenance to his ambitious projects that, in conjunction with other chiefs, he had the presumption even to weave nets of treason against the Emperor himself. Plots were laid, were detected, were baffled; counter-plots were constructed upon the same basis, and with the benefit of the opportunities thus offered. Finally, Zebek-Dorchi was invited to the imperial lodge, together with all his accom-

plices; and, under the skilful management of the Chinese nobles in the Emperor's establishment, the murderous artifices of these Tartar chieftains were made to recoil upon themselves, and the whole of them perished by assassination at a great imperial banquet. For the Chinese morality is exactly of that kind which approves in everything the *lex talionis*:—

> "Lex nec justior ulla est (as *they* think)
> Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

So perished Zebek-Dorchi, the author and originator of the great Tartar Exodus. Oubacha, meantime, and his people, were gradually recovering from the effects of their misery, and repairing their losses. Peace and prosperity, under the gentle rule of a fatherly lord paramount, redawned upon the tribes: their household *lares*, after so harsh a translation to distant climes, found again a happy reinstatement in what had in fact been their primitive abodes: they found themselves settled in quiet sylvan scenes, rich in all the luxuries of life, and endowed with the perfect loveliness of Arcadian beauty. But from the hills of this favoured land, and even from the level grounds as they approached its western border, they still look out upon that fearful wilderness which once beheld a nation in agony—the utter extirpation of nearly half a million from amongst its numbers, and, for the remainder, a storm of misery so fierce that in the end (as happened also at Athens during the Peloponnesian War from a different form of misery) very many lost their memory; all records of their past life were wiped out as with a sponge—utterly erased and cancelled: and many others lost their reason; some in a gentle form of pensive melancholy, some in a more restless form of feverish delirium and nervous agitation, and others in the fixed forms of tempestuous mania, raving frenzy, or moping idiocy. Two great commemorative monuments arose in after years to mark the depth and permanence of the awe—the sacred and reverential grief with which all persons looked back upon the dread calamities attached to the year of the tiger—all who had either personally shared in those calamities, and had themselves drunk from that cup of sorrow, or who had effectually

been made witnesses to their results and associated with their relief: two great monuments; one embodied in the religious solemnity, enjoined by the Dalai Lama, called in the Tartar language a *Romanang*—that is, a national commemoration, with music the most rich and solemn, of all the souls who departed to the rest of Paradise from the afflictions of the Desert (this took place about six years after the arrival in China); secondly, another, more durable and more commensurate to the scale of the calamity and to the grandeur of this national Exodus, in the mighty columns of granite and brass erected by the Emperor Kien Long near the banks of the Ily. These columns stand upon the very margin of the *steppes*; and they bear a short but emphatic inscription[1] to the following effect:—

By the Will of God,
Here, upon the Brink of these Deserts,
Which from this Point begin and stretch away
Pathless, treeless, waterless,
For thousands of miles, and along the margins of many mighty Nations,
Rested from their labours and from great afflictions,
Under the shadow of the Chinese Wall,
And by the favour of KIEN LONG, God's Lieutenant upon Earth,
The ancient Children of the Wilderness—the Torgote Tartars—
Flying before the wrath of the Grecian Czar,
Wandering Sheep who had strayed away from the Celestial Empire in the year 1616,
But are now mercifully gathered again, after infinite sorrow,
Into the fold of their forgiving Shepherd.
Hallowed be the spot for ever,
and
Hallowed be the day—September 8, 1771!
Amen.

[1] This inscription has been slightly altered in one or two phrases, and particularly in adapting to the Christian era the Emperor's expressions for the year of the original Exodus from China and the retrogressive Exodus from Russia. With respect to the designation adopted for the Russian Emperor, either it is built upon some confusion between him and the Byzantine Cæsars, as though the former, being of the same religion with the latter (and occupying in part the same longitudes, though in different latitudes), might be considered as his modern successor; or else it refers simply to the Greek form of Christianity professed by the Russian Emperor and Church. [See appended Editorial Note.]

APPENDED EDITORIAL NOTE

The Chinese Accounts of the Migration

As has been mentioned in the Preface, these appeared, in translated form, in 1776, in Vol. I. of the great collection of *Mémoires concernant les Chinois*, published at Paris by the enterprise of the French Jesuit missionaries at Pekin. The most important of them, under the title *Monument de la Transmigration des Tourgouths des Bords de la Mer Caspienne dans l'Empire de la Chine*, occupies twenty-seven pages of the volume, and purports to be a translation of a Chinese document drawn up by the Emperor Kien-long himself. This Emperor, described by the missionaries as "the best-lettered man in his Empire," had special reasons for so commemorating as one of the most interesting events of his reign the sudden self-transference in 1771 of so large a Tartar horde from the Russian allegiance to his own. Much of the previous part of his reign had been spent in that work of conquering and consolidating the Tartar appendages of his Empire which had been begun by his celebrated grandfather the Emperor Kang-hi (1661-1721); and it so chanced that the particular Tartar horde which now, in 1771, had marched all the way from the shores of the Caspian to appeal to him for protection and for annexation to the Chinese Empire were but the posterity of a horde who had formerly belonged to that Empire, but had detached themselves from it in the reign of Kang-hi, by a contrary march westwards to annex themselves to the Russian dominions. The event of 1771, therefore, was gratifying to Kien-long as completing his independent exertions among the Tartars on the fringes of China by the voluntary re-settlement within those fringes, and return to the Chinese allegiance, of a whole Tartar population which had been astray, and under distant and alien rule, for several generations. With this explanation, the following sentences from Kien-long's Memoir, containing all its historical substance, will be fully intelligible :—

"All those who at present compose the nation of the Torgouths, "unaffrighted by the dangers of a long and painful march, and full of "the single desire of procuring themselves for the future a better "mode of life, and a more happy lot, have abandoned the parts

" which they inhabited far beyond our frontiers, have traversed with " a courage proof against all difficulties a space of more than ten " thousand *lys*, and are come to range themselves in the number of " my subjects. Their submission, in my view of it, is not a sub- " mission to which they have been inspired by fear, but is a voluntary " and free submission, if ever there was one. . . . The Torgouths " are one of the branches of the Eleuths. Four different branches of " people formed at one time the whole nation of the Tchong-kar. It " would be difficult to explain their common origin, respecting which " indeed there is no very certain knowledge. These four branches " separated from each other, so that each became a nation apart. " That of the Eleuths, the chief of them all, gradually subdued the " others, and continued till the time of Kang-hi to exercise this " usurped pre-eminence over them. Tsé-ouang-raptan then reigned " over the Eleuths, and Ayouki over the Torgouths. These two " chiefs, being on bad terms with each other, had their mutual con- " tests ; of which Ayouki, who was the weaker, feared that in the end " he would be the unhappy victim. He formed the project of with- " drawing himself for ever from the domination of the Eleuths. He " took secret measures for securing the flight which he meditated, and " sought safety, with all his people, in the territories which are under " the dominion of the Russians. These permitted them to establish " themselves in the country of Etchil [the country between the Volga " and the Jaik, a little to the north of the Caspian Sea]. . . . " Oubaché, the present Khan of the Torgouths, is the youngest grand- " son of Ayouki. The Russians never ceasing to require him to " furnish soldiers for incorporation into their armies, and having at " last carried off his own son to serve them as a hostage, and being " besides of a religion different from his, and paying no respect to " that of the Lamas, which the Torgouths profess, Oubaché and his " people at last determined to shake off a yoke which was becoming " daily more and more insupportable. After having secretly " deliberated among themselves, they concluded that they must " abandon a residence where they had so much to suffer, in order to " come and live more at ease in those parts of the dominion of China " where the religion professed is that of Fo. At the commencement " of the eleventh month of last year [December 1770] they took the " road, with their wives, their children, and all their baggage, tra- " versed the country of the Hasaks [Cossacks], skirted Lake Palkaché- " nor and the adjacent deserts ; and, about the end of the sixth month " of this year [in August 1771], after having passed over more than " ten thousand *lys* during the space of the eight whole months of " their journey, they arrived at last on the frontiers of Charapen, not " far from the borders of Ily. I knew already that the Torgouths " were on the march to come and make submission to me. The news " was brought me not long after their departure from Etchil. I then " reflected that, as Ileton, general of the troops that are at Ily, was " already charged with other very important affairs, it was to be " feared that he would not be able to regulate with all the requisite " attention those which concerned these new refugees. Chouhédé,

" one of the councillors of the general, was at Ouché, charged with " keeping order among the Mahometans there. As he found it " within his power to give his attention to the Torgouths, I ordered " him to repair to Ily and do his best for their solid settlement. . . . " At the same time I did not neglect any of the precautions that " seemed to me necessary. I ordered Chouhédé to raise small forts " and redoubts at the most important points, and to cause all the " passes to be carefully guarded ; and I enjoined on him the duty of " himself getting ready the necessary provisions of every kind inside " those defences. . . . The Torgouths arrived, and on arriving found " lodgings ready, means of sustenance, and all the conveniences they " could have found in their own proper dwellings. This is not all. " Those principal men among them who had to come personally to do " me homage had their expenses paid, and were honourably con- " ducted, by the imperial post-road, to the place where I then was. " I saw them ; I spoke to them ; I invited them to partake with me " in the pleasures of the chase ; and, at the end of the number of " days appointed for this exercise, they attended me in my retinue as " far as to Gé-hol. There I gave them a ceremonial banquet and " made them the customary presents. . . . It was at this Gé-hol, in " those charming parts where Kang-hi, my grandfather, made himself " an abode to which he could retire during the hot season, at the " same time that he thus put himself in a situation to be able to " watch with greater care over the welfare of the peoples that are " beyond the western frontiers of the Empire ; it was, I say, in those " lovely parts that, after having conquered the whole country of the " Eleuths, I had received the sincere homages of Tchering and his " Tourbeths, who alone among the Eleuths had remained faithful to " me. One has not to go many years back to touch the epoch of " that transaction. The remembrance of it is yet recent. And now " —who could have predicted it ?—when there was the least possible " room for expecting such a thing, and when I had no thought of it, " that one of the branches of the Eleuths which first separated itself " from the trunk, those Torgouths who had voluntarily expatriated " themselves to go and live under a foreign and distant dominion, " these same Torgouths are come of themselves to submit to me of " their own good will ; and it happens that it is still at Gé-hol, not " far from the venerable spot where my grandfather's ashes repose, " that I have the opportunity, which I never sought, of admitting " them solemnly into the number of my subjects."

Annexed to this general memoir there were some notes, also by the Emperor, one of them being that description of the sufferings of the Torgouths on their march, and of the miserable condition in which they arrived at the Chinese frontier, which De Quincey has quoted at p. 417. Annexed to the memoir there is also a letter from P. Amiot, one of the French Jesuit missionaries, dated " Pe-king, 15th October 1773," containing a comment on the memoir by a certain Chinese scholar and mandarin, Yu-min-tchoung, who had been charged by the Emperor with the task of seeing the narrative properly preserved in four languages in a monumental form. It is from this Chinese com-

ment on the Imperial Memoir that there is the extract at p. 418 as to the miserable condition of the fugitives.

On a comparison of De Quincey's splendid paper with the Chinese documents, several discrepancies present themselves; the most important of which perhaps are these:—(1) In De Quincey's paper it is Kien-long himself who first descries the approach of the vast Kalmuck horde to the frontiers of his dominions. On a fine morning in the early autumn of 1771, we are told, being then on a hunting expedition in the solitary Tartar wilds on the outside of the great Chinese Wall, and standing by chance at an opening of his pavilion to enjoy the morning sunshine, he sees the huge sheet of mist on the horizon, which, as it rolls nearer and nearer, and its features become more definite, reveals camels, and horses, and human beings in myriads, and announces the advent of etc. etc.! In Kien-long's own narrative he is not there at all, having expected indeed the arrival of the Kalmuck host, but having deputed the military and commissariat arrangements for the reception of them to his trusted officer Chouhédé; and his first sight of any of them is when their chiefs are brought to him, by the imperial post-road, to his quarters a good way off, where they are honourably entertained, and whence they accompany him to his summer residence of Gé-hol. (2) De Quincey's closing account of the monument in memory of the Tartar Transmigration which Kien-long caused to be erected, and his copy of the fine inscription on the monument, are not in accord with the Chinese statements respecting that matter. "Mighty columns of granite and brass erected by the Emperor Kien-long near the banks of the Ily" is De Quincey's description of the monument. The account given of the affair by the mandarin Yu-min-tchoung, in his comment on the Emperor's Memoir, is very different. "The year of the arrival of the Tourgouths," he says, "chanced to be precisely that in which the Emperor was cele-
"brating the eightieth year of the age of his mother the Empress-
"Dowager. In memory of this happy day his Majesty had built on
"the mountain which shelters from the heat (Pi-chou-chan) a vast
"and magnificent *miao*, in honour of the reunion of all the followers
"of Fo in one and the same worship; it had just been completed
"when Oubaché and the other princes of his nation arrived at Gé-hol.
"In memory of an event which has contributed to make this same
"year for ever famous in our annals, it has been his Majesty's will to
"erect in the same *miao* a monument which should fix the epoch of
"the event and attest its authenticity; he himself composed the
"words for the monument and wrote the characters with his own
"hand. How small the number of persons that will have an oppor-
"tunity of seeing and reading this monument within the walls of the
"temple in which it is erected!" Moreover the words of the monumental inscription in De Quincey's copy of it are hardly what Kien-long would have written or could have authorised. "Wandering sheep who had strayed away from the Celestial Empire in the year 1616" is the expression in De Quincey's copy for that original secession of the Torgouth Tartars from their eastern home on the Chinese borders for transference of themselves far west to Russia, which was

repaired and compensated by their return in 1771 under their Khan Oubaché. As distinctly, on the other hand, the memoir of Kien-long refers the date of the original secession to no farther back than the reign of his own grandfather, the Emperor Kang-hi, when Ayouki, the grandfather of Oubaché, was Khan of the Torgouths, and induced them to part company with their overbearing kinsmen the Eleuths, and seek refuge within the Russian territories on the Volga. In the comment of the Chinese mandarin on the Imperial memoir the time is more exactly indicated by the statement that the Torgouths had remained "more than seventy years" in their Russian settlements when Oubaché brought them back. This would refer us to about 1700, or, at farthest, to between 1690 and 1700, for the secession under Ayouki.

The discrepancies are partly explained by the fact that De Quincey followed Bergmann's account,—which account differs avowedly in some particulars from that of the Chinese Memoirs. In Bergmann, I find, the original secession of the ancestors of Oubaché's Kalmuck horde from China to Russia *is* pushed back to 1616, just as in De Quincey. But, though De Quincey keeps by Bergmann when he pleases, he takes liberties with Bergmann too, intensifies Bergmann's story throughout, and adds much to it for which there is little or no suggestion in Bergmann. For example, the incident which De Quincey introduces with such terrific effect as the closing catastrophe of the march of the fugitive Kalmucks before their arrival on the Chinese frontier,—the incident of their thirst-maddened rush into the waters of Lake Tengis, and their wallow there in bloody struggle with their Bashkir pursuers,—has no basis in Bergmann larger than a few slight and rather matter-of-fact sentences. As Bergmann himself refers here and there in his narrative to previous books, German or Russian, for his authorities, it is just possible that De Quincey may have called some of these to his aid for any intensification or expansion of Bergmann he thought necessary. My impression, however, is that he did nothing of the sort, but deputed any necessary increment of his Bergmann materials to his own lively imagination.—D. M.

CEYLON[1]

THERE is in the science and process of colonisation, as in every complex act of man, a secret philosophy which is first respected through results, and first expounded by experience. Here, almost more than anywhere else, nature works in fellowship with man. Yet all nature is not alike suited to the purposes of the early colonist; and all men are not alike qualified for giving effect to the hidden capacities of nature. One system of natural advantages is designed to have a long precedency of others; and one race of men is selected and sealed for an eternal preference in this function of colonising to the very noblest of their brethren. As colonisation advances, that ground becomes eligible for culture, that nature becomes full of promise, which in earlier stages of the science was *not* so; because the dreadful solitude becomes continually narrower under the accelerated diffusion of men, which shortens the *space* of distance—under the strides of nautical science, which shortens the *time* of distance — and under the eternal discoveries of civilisation, which combat with elementary nature. Again, in the other element of colonisation, races of men become known for what they are; the furnace has tried them all; the truth has justified itself; and if, as at some great memorial review of armies, some solemn *armilustrum*, the colonising nations since 1500 were

[1] From *Blackwood* for November 1843, where it appeared as a review of "*Ceylon and its Capabilities. By J. W. Bennett, Esq., F.L.S. London*, 1843." Reprinted by De Quincey in 1859 in the twelfth volume of his Collected Writings.—M.

now by name called up, France would answer not at all; Portugal and Holland would stand apart with dejected eyes —dimly revealing the legend of *Fuit Ilium*; Spain would be seen sitting in the distance, and, like Judæa on the Roman coins, weeping under her palm-tree in the vast regions of the Orellana; whilst the British race would be heard upon every wind, coming on with mighty hurrahs, full of power and tumult, as some "hail-stone chorus,"[1] and crying aloud to the five hundred millions of Burmah, China, Japan, and the infinite Islands, to make ready their paths before them. Already a ground-plan, or ichnography, has been laid down of the future Colonial Empire. In three centuries, already some outline has been sketched rudely adumbrating the future settlement destined for the planet, some infant castrametation has been marked out for the future encampment of nations. Enough has been already done to show the course by which the tide is to flow, to prefigure for languages their proportions, and for nations to trace their distribution.

In this movement, so far as it regards man — in this machinery for sifting and winnowing the merits of races— there is a system of marvellous means, which by its very simplicity masks and hides from us the wise profundity of its purpose. Oftentimes, in wandering amongst the inanimate world, the philosopher is disposed to say: this plant, this mineral, this fruit, is met with so often, not because it is better than others of the same family; perhaps it is worse; but because its resources for spreading and naturalising itself are, by accident, greater than theirs. That same analogy he finds repeated in the great drama of colonisation. It is not, says he pensively to himself, the success which measures the merit. It is not that Nature or that Providence has any final cause at work in disseminating these British children over every zone and climate of the earth. Oh no! far from it! But it is the unfair advantages of these Islanders which carry them thus potently ahead. Is it so indeed? Philosopher, you are wrong. Philosopher, you are envious. You speak Spanish, philosopher, or even French. Those advantages which you suppose to disturb the equities of the case— were they not products of British energy? Those twenty-five

[1] "*Hail-Stone Chorus*":—Handel's *Israel in Egypt*.

thousands of ships, whose graceful shadows darken the blue waters in every climate—did they build themselves? That myriad of acres, laid out in the watery cities of docks—were they sown by the rain, as the fungus or the daisy? Britain *has* advantages at this stage of the race, which makes the competition no longer equal: henceforwards it has become gloriously "unfair": but at starting we were all equal. Take this truth from us, philosopher: that in such contests the power constitutes the title; the man that has the ability to go ahead is the man entitled to go ahead; and the nation that *can* win the place of leader is the nation that ought to do so.

This colonising genius of the British People appears upon a grand scale in Australia, Canada, and, as we may remind the else forgetful world, in the United States of America; which States are our children, prosper by our blood, and have ascended to an overshadowing altitude from an infancy tended by ourselves. But on the fields of India it is that our aptitudes for colonisation have displayed themselves most illustriously, because they were strengthened by violent resistance. We found many kingdoms established, and to these we have given unity; and in process of doing so, by the necessities of the general welfare, or the mere instincts of self-preservation, we have transformed them to an Empire, rising like an exhalation, of our own—a mighty monument of our own superior civilisation.

Ceylon, as a virtual dependency of India, ranks in the same category. There also we have prospered by resistance; there also we have succeeded memorably where other nations memorably failed. Of Ceylon, therefore, now rising annually into importance, let us now (on occasion of this splendid book, the work of one officially connected with the island, bound to it also by affectionate ties of services rendered, not less than of unmerited persecutions suffered) offer a brief but rememberable account of Ceylon in itself, and of Ceylon in its relations, historial or economic, to ourselves.

Mr. Bennett says of it, with more or less of doubt, three things, of which any one would be sufficient to detain a reader's attention: viz., 1, That it is the Taprobane of the Romans; 2, That it was, or has been thought to be, the Paradise of Scripture; 3, That it is "the most magnificent

of the British *insular* possessions," or, in yet wider language, that it is an "incomparable colony." This last count in the pretensions of Ceylon is quite indisputable: Ceylon is in fact already, Ceylon is at this moment, a gorgeous jewel in the imperial crown; and yet, compared with what it may be, with what it will be, with what it ought to be, Ceylon is but that grain of mustard-seed which hereafter is destined to become the stately tree,[1] where the fowls of heaven will lodge for generations. Great are the promises of Ceylon; great already her performances. Great are the possessions of Ceylon; far greater her reversions. Rich she is by her developments, richer by her endowments. She combines the luxury of the tropics with the sterner gifts of our own climate. She is hot; she is cold. She is civilised; she is barbarous. She has the resources of the rich; and she has the energies of the poor.

But for Taprobane, but for Paradise, we have a word of dissent. Mr. Bennett is well aware that many men in many ages have protested against the possibility that Ceylon could realise *all* the conditions involved in the ancient Taprobane. Milton, it is true, with other excellent scholars, has *insinuated* his belief that probably Taprobane is Ceylon. When our Saviour in the wilderness sees the great vision of Roman power expressed, *inter alia*, by high officers of the Republic flocking to or from the gates of Rome, and "embassies from regions far remote," crowding the Appian or the Emilian roads, some

> "From the Asian kings, and Parthian amongst these;
> From India and the golden Chersonese,
> And utmost Indian isle Taprobane;
> . . . . .
> Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreathed";

it is probable, from the mention of this island Taprobane following so closely after that of the Malabar peninsula, that Milton held it to be the island of Ceylon, and not of Sumatra. In this he does but follow the stream of geographical critics; and, upon the whole, if any one island exclusively is to be received for the Roman Taprobane, doubt there can be none

[1] St. Mark iv. 31, 32.

that Ceylon has the superior title. But, as we know that, in regions less remote from Rome, *Mona* did not always mean the Isle of Man, nor *Ultima Thule* uniformly the Isle of Skye or of St. Kilda, so it is pretty evident that features belonging to Sumatra, and probably to other oriental islands, blended (through mutual misconceptions of the parties questioned and questioning) into one semi-fabulous object not entirely realised in any locality whatever. The case is precisely as if Cosmas Indicopleustes,[1] visiting Scotland in the sixth century, should have placed the scene of any adventure in a town distant six miles from Glasgow and eight miles from Edinburgh. These we know to be irreconcilable conditions, such as cannot meet in any town whatever, past or present. But in such a case many circumstances might, notwithstanding, combine to throw a current of very strong suspicion upon Hamilton as the town concerned. On the same principle, it is easy to see that most of those Romans who spoke of Taprobane had Ceylon in their eye. But that all had not, and, of those who really *had*, that some indicated by their facts very different islands, whilst designing to indicate Ceylon, is undeniable; since, amongst other imaginary characteristics of Taprobane, they make it extend considerably to the south of the line. Now, with respect to Ceylon, this is notoriously false. That island lies entirely in the northern tropic, and does not come within five (hardly more than six) degrees of the equator. Plain it is, therefore, that Taprobane, if construed very strictly, is an *ens rationis* made up by fanciful composition from various sources, and much like our own mediæval conceit of Prester John's country, or the fancies (which have but recently vanished) of the African river Niger, and the golden city Tombuctoo. These were lies: and yet also, in a limited sense, they were truths. They were expansions, often fabulous and impossible, engrafted upon some basis of fact by the credulity of

[1] Cosmas, a Græco-Egyptian merchant, who had travelled extensively over the East circa A.D. 522-547, and then became a monk, wrote in Greek a "Christian Topography," giving an account of the countries he had visited, together with speculations of his own as to the shape of the earth, &c. This book, very popular in its day, and still extant, obtained him the surname of *Indicopleustes, i.e.* Indian Navigator. —M.

the traveller, or subsequently by misconception of the scholar. For instance, as to Tombuctoo, Leo Africanus [1] had authorised men to believe in some vast African city, central to that great continent, and a focus to some mighty system of civilisation. Others, improving on that chimera, asserted that this glorious city represented an inheritance derived from ancient Carthage: here, it was said, survived the arts and arms of that injured state; hither across Bilidulgerid had the children of Phœnicia fled from the wrath of Rome; and the mighty phantom of him whose uplifted truncheon had pointed its path to the carnage of Cannæ was still the tutelary genius watching over a vast posterity worthy of himself. Here was a wilderness of lies; yet, after all, the lies were but so many voluminous *fasciæ*, enveloping the mummy of an original truth. Mungo Park came, and the city of Tombuctoo was shown to be a real existence. Seeing was believing. And yet, if, before the time of Park, you had avowed a belief in Tombuctoo, you would have made yourself an indorser of that huge forgery which had so long circulated through the forum of Europe, and, in fact, a party to the total fraud.

We have thought it right to direct the reader's eye upon this correction of the common problem as to this or that place—Ceylon for example—answering to this or that classical name, because, in fact, the problem is more subtle than it appears to be. If you are asked whether you believe in the unicorn, undoubtedly you are within the *letter* of the truth in replying that you do; for there are several varieties of large animals which carry a single horn in the forehead.[2] But, *virtually*, by such an answer you would countenance a falsehood or a doubtful legend, since you are well aware that in the idea of an unicorn your questioner included the whole traditionary character of the unicorn as an antagonist and emulator of the lion, &c.; under which fanciful description this animal is properly ranked with the griffin, the mermaid, the basilisk, the dragon, and sometimes discussed in a supplementary chapter by the current zoologies, under the idea of

[1] Leo Africanus, geographer, 1480-1552.—M.

[2] And strange it is that, in ancient dilapidated monuments of the Ceylonese, religious sculptures, &c., the unicorn of Scotland frequently appears according to its true heraldic (*i.e.* fabulous) type.

heraldic and apocryphal natural history. When asked, therefore, whether Ceylon is Taprobane, the true answer is not by affirmation simply, nor by negation simply, but by both at once: it is, and it is not. Taprobane includes much of what belongs to Ceylon, but also more and also less. And this case is a type of many others standing in the same logical circumstances.

But, secondly, as to Ceylon being the local representative of Paradise, we may say, as the courteous Frenchman did to Dr. Moore upon the Doctor's apologetically remarking of a word which he had used that he feared it was not good French—"Non, Monsieur, il n'est pas; mais il mérite bien l'être." Certainly, if Ceylon was not, at least it ought to have been, Paradise; for at this day there is no place on earth which better supports the paradisiacal character (always excepting Lapland, as an Upsal professor observes, and Wapping, as an old seaman reminds us) than this Pandora of Islands, which the Hindoos call Lanka, and Europe calls Ceylon. We style it the Pandora of Islands because, as all the gods of the heathen clubbed their powers in creating that ideal woman—clothing her with perfections, and each separate deity subscribing to her dowry some separate gift—not less conspicuous, and not less comprehensive, has been the bounty of Providence, running through the whole diapason of possibilities, to this all-gorgeous island. Whatsoever it is that God has given by separate allotment and partition to other sections of the planet, all this he has given cumulatively and redundantly to Ceylon. Was she therefore happy, was Ceylon happier than other regions, through this hyper-tropical munificence of her Creator? No, she was not; and the reason was because idolatrous darkness had planted curses where Heaven had planted blessings; because the insanity of man had defeated the graciousness of God. But another era is dawning for Ceylon; God will now countersign his other blessings, and ripen his possibilities into great harvests of realisation, by superadding the one blessing of a dove-like religion. Light is thickening apace; the horrid altars of Moloch are growing dim; woman will no more consent to forgo her birthright as the daughter of God; man will cease to be the tiger-cat that, in the *noblest* chamber of Ceylon,

he has ever been; and, with the new hopes that will now blossom amidst the ancient beauties of this lovely island, Ceylon will but too deeply fulfil the functions of a paradise. Too subtly she will lay fascinations upon man; and it will need all the anguish of disease, and the stings of death, to unloose the ties which, in coming ages, must bind the hearts of her children to this Eden of the terraqueous globe.

Yet, if, apart from all bravuras of rhetoric, Mr. Bennett seriously presses the question regarding Paradise as a question in geography, we are sorry that we must vote against Ceylon, for the reason that heretofore we have pledged ourselves in print to vote in favour of Cashmeer; which beautiful vale, by the way, is omitted in Mr. Bennett's list of the candidates for that distinction already entered upon the roll. Supposing the Paradise of Scripture to have had a local settlement upon our Earth, and not in some extra-terrene orb, even in that case we cannot imagine that anything could now survive, even so much as an angle or a curve, of its original outline. All rivers have altered their channels; many are altering them for ever.[1] Longitude and latitude might be assigned, at the most, if even those are not substantially defeated by the Miltonic "pushing askance" of the poles with regard to the equinoctial. But, finally, we remark that, whereas human nature has ever been prone to the superstition of local consecrations and personal idolatries by means of memorial relics, apparently it is the usage of God to hallow such remembrances by removing, abolishing, and confounding all traces of their punctual identities. *That* raises them to shadowy powers. By that process such remembrances pass from the state of base sensual signs, ministering only to a sensual servitude, into the state of great ideas—mysterious as spirituality is mysterious, and permanent as truth is permanent. Thus it is, and therefore it is, that Paradise has vanished; Luz is gone; Jacob's Ladder is found only as an apparition in the clouds; the true Cross survives no more among the Roman Catholics than the true Ark is mouldering upon Ararat; no scholar can lay his hand upon Gethsemane; and, for the grave of Moses the son of Amram, mightiest of lawgivers, though it is somewhere near Mount

[1] See Dr. Robison on *Rivers*.

Nebo, and in a valley of Moab, yet eye has not been suffered to behold it, and "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."[1]

If, however, as to Paradise in connexion with Ceylon we are forced to say "*No*,"—if as to Taprobane in connexion with Ceylon we say both "*Yes*" and "*No*,"—not the less we come back with a reiterated "*Yes, yes, yes*," upon Ceylon as the crest and eagle's plume of the Indies, as the priceless pearl, the ruby without a flaw, and (once again we say it) as the Pandora of Oriental Islands.

Yet ends so glorious imply means of corresponding power; and advantages so comprehensive cannot be sustained unless by a machinery proportionately elaborate. Part of this machinery lies in the miraculous climate of Ceylon. Climate! She has all climates. Like some rare human favourite of nature, scattered at intervals along the line of a thousand years, who has been gifted so variously as to seem

"Not one, but all mankind's epitome,"

Ceylon, in order that she might become capable of products without end, has been made an abstract of the whole earth, and fitted up as a *panorganon* for modulating through the whole diatonic scale of climates. This is accomplished in part by her mountains. No island has mountains so high. It was the hideous oversight of a famous infidel in the last century that, in supposing an Eastern prince *of necessity* to deny frost and ice as things impossible to *his* experience, he betrayed too palpably his own non-acquaintance with the grand economies of nature. To make acquaintance with cold, and the products of cold, obviously he fancied it requisite to travel northwards; to taste of polar power, he supposed it indispensable to have advanced towards the pole. Narrow was the knowledge in those days, when a master in Israel might have leave to err thus grossly. Whereas, at present, few are the people amongst those not openly making profession of illiteracy who do not know that a sultan of the tropics—ay, though his throne were screwed down by exquisite geometry to the very centre of the equator—might as surely become familiar with winter by ascending three miles

[1] Deut. xxxiv. 6.

in altitude as by travelling three thousand horizontally. In that way of ascent it is that Ceylon has her regions of winter and her Arctic districts. She has her Alps, and she has her alpine tracts for supporting human life and useful vegetation. Adam's Peak, which of itself is more than seven thousand feet high (and by repute the highest range within her shores), has been found to rank only fifth in the mountain scale. The highest is a thousand feet higher. The maritime district which runs round the island for a course of nine hundred miles, fanned by the sea-breezes, makes, with these varying elevations, a vast cycle of secondary combinations for altering the temperature and for *adapting* the weather. The central region has a separate climate of its own. And an inner belt of country, neither central nor maritime, which from the sea-belt is regarded as inland, but from the centre is regarded as maritime, composes another chamber of climates; whilst these again, each individually within its class, are modified into minor varieties by local circumstances as to wind, by local accidents of position, and by shifting stages of altitude.

With all this compass of power, however (obtained from its hills and its varying scale of hills), Ceylon has not much of waste ground, in the sense of being irreclaimable,—for of waste ground in the sense of being unoccupied she has an infinity. What are the dimensions of Ceylon? Of all islands in this world which we know, in respect of size it most resembles Ireland, being about one-sixth part less. But, for a particular reason, we choose to compare it with Scotland, which is very little different in dimensions from Ireland, having (by some hundred or two of square miles) a trifling advantage in extent. Now, say that Scotland contains a trifle more than thirty thousand square miles, the relation of Ceylon to Scotland will become apparent when we mention that this Indian Island contains about twenty-four thousand five hundred of similar square miles. Twenty-four and a half to thirty—or forty-nine to sixty—there lies the ratio of Ceylon to Scotland. The ratio in population is not less easily remembered. Scotland has *now* (October 1843) hard upon three millions of people; Ceylon, by a late census, has just three *half* millions. But strange indeed, where everything seems strange, is the arrangement of this Ceylonese

territory and people. Take a peach: what you call the flesh of the peach, the substance which you eat, is massed orbicularly around a central stone—often as large as a pretty large strawberry. Now, in Ceylon, the central district, answering to this peach-stone, constitutes a fierce little Lilliputian kingdom, quite independent, through many centuries, of the lazy belt, the peach-flesh, which swathes and enfolds it, and perfectly distinct by the character and origin of its population. The peach-stone is called Kandy, and the people Kandyans. These are a desperate variety of the tiger-man,—agile and fierce as he is, though smooth, insinuating, and full of subtlety as a snake, even to the moment of crouching for their last fatal spring. On the other hand, the people of the engirdling zone are called the Cinghalese, spelled according to the fancy of us authors and compositors, who legislate for the spelling of the British Empire, with an S or a C. As to moral virtue, in the sense of integrity or fixed principle, there is not much lost upon either race: in that point they are "much of a muchness." They are also both respectable for their attainments in cowardice; but with this difference, that the Cinghalese are soft, inert, passive cowards, but your Kandyan is a ferocious little bloody coward, full of mischief as a monkey, grinning with desperation, laughing like a hyena, or chattering if you vex him, and never to be trusted for a moment. The reader now understands why we described the Ceylonese man as a tiger-cat in his noblest division: for, after all, these dangerous gentlemen in the peach-stone are a more promising race than the silky and nerveless population surrounding them. You can strike no fire out of the Cinghalese; but the Kandyans show fight continually, and would even persist in fighting, if there were in this world no gunpowder (which exceedingly they dislike), and if their allowance of arrack were greater.

Surely this is the very strangest spectacle exhibited on earth: a kingdom within a kingdom, an *imperium in imperio*, settled and maintaining itself for centuries in defiance of all that Pagan, that Mohammedan, that Jew, or that Christian could do. The reader will remember the case of the British envoy to Geneva who, being ordered in great wrath to "quit the territories of the Republic in twenty-four hours,"

replied, "By all means: in ten minutes." And here was a little bantam kingdom, not much bigger than the irate republic, having its separate sultan, with full-mounted establishment of peacock's feathers, white elephants, Moorish eunuchs, armies, cymbals, dulcimers, and all kinds of music, tormentors, and executioners; whilst his majesty crowed defiance across the ocean to all other kings, rajahs, soldans, kesars, "flowery" emperors, and "golden-feet" east or west, be the same more or less; and really with some reason. For, though it certainly *is* amusing to hear of a kingdom no bigger than Stirlingshire with the half of Perthshire standing erect and maintaining perpetual war with all the rest of Scotland, —a little nucleus of pugnacity, sixty miles by twenty-four, rather more than a match for the lazy lubber, nine hundred miles long, that dandled it in its arms,— yet, as the trick was done, we cease to find it ridiculous.

For the trick *was* done: and that reminds us to give the history of Ceylon in its two sections; which will not prove much longer than the history of Tom Thumb. Precisely three centuries before Waterloo,—viz. *Anno Domini* 1515,— a Portuguese admiral hoisted his sovereign's flag, and formed a durable settlement at Columbo, which was and is considered the maritime capital of the island. Very nearly half-way on the interval of time between this event and Waterloo,—viz. in 1656 (antepenultimate year of Cromwell),—the Portuguese Nation made over, by treaty, this settlement to the Dutch; which of itself seems to mark that the sun of the former people was now declining to the west. In 1796, now forty-seven years ago, it arose out of the French Revolutionary War—so disastrous for Holland—that the Dutch surrendered it perforce to the British; who are not very likely to surrender it in *their* turn on any terms, or at any gentleman's request. Up to this time, when Ceylon passed under our flag, it is to be observed that no progress whatever, not the least, had been made in mastering the peach-stone, that old central nuisance of the Island. The little monster still crowed, and flapped his wings on his dunghill, as had been his custom always in the afternoon for certain centuries. But nothing on earth is immortal: even mighty bantams must have their decline and fall; and omens began to show out

that soon there would be a dust with the new master at Columbo. Seven years after our *debut* on that stage, the dust began. By the way, it is perhaps an impertinence to remark it, but there certainly *is* a sympathy between the motions of the Kandyan potentate and our European enemy Napoleon. Both pitched into *us* in 1803, and we pitched into both in 1815. That we call a coincidence. How the row began was thus :—Some incomprehensible intrigues had been proceeding for a time between the British governor or commandant, or whatever he might be, and the Kandyan prime minister. This minister, who was a noticeable man with large gray eyes, was called *Pilamé Tilawé*. We write his name after Mr. Bennett ; but it is quite useless to study the pronunciation of it, seeing that he was hanged in 1812 (the year of Moscow),—a fact for which we are thankful as often as we think of it. *Pil.* (surely *Tilawé* cannot be pronounced Garlic ?) managed to get the king's head into Chancery, and then fibbed him. Why Major-General M'Dowall (then commanding our forces) should collude with Pil. Garlic is past our understanding. But so it was. *Pil.* said that a certain prince, collaterally connected with the royal house, by name Mootto Sawmé, who had fled to our protection, was, or might be thought to be, the lawful king. Upon which the British general proclaimed him. What followed is too shocking to dwell upon. Scarcely had Mootto, apparently a good creature, been inaugurated, when *Pil.* proposed his deposition,—to which General M'Dowall consented,—and his own (*Pil.'s*) elevation to the throne. It is like a dream to say that this also was agreed to. King Pil. the First, and, God be thanked ! the last, was raised to the—*musnud*, we suppose, or whatsoever they call it in Pil.'s jargon. So far there was little but farce ; now comes the tragedy. A certain Major Davie was placed with a very inconsiderable garrison in the capital of the Kandyan empire, called by name Kandy. This officer, whom Mr. Bennett somewhere calls the "gallant," capitulated upon terms, and had the inconceivable folly to imagine that a base Kandyan chief would think himself bound by these terms. One of them was that he (Major Davie) and his troops should be allowed to retreat unmolested upon Columbo. Accordingly, fully armed and accoutred, the British troops

began their march. At Wattépolowa a proposal was made to Major Davie that Mootto Sawmé (our *protegé* and instrument) should be delivered up to the Kandyan tiger. Oh, sorrow for the British name! he *was* delivered. Soon after, a second proposal came, that the British soldiers should deliver up their arms, and should march back to Kandy. It makes an Englishman shiver with indignation to hear that even this demand was complied with. Let us pause for one moment. Wherefore is it that in all similar cases,—in this Ceylonese case, in Major Baillie's Mysore case, in the Cabool case,—uniformly the privates are wiser than their officers? In a case of delicacy or doubtful policy certainly the officers would have been the party best able to solve the difficulties; but in a case of elementary danger, where manners disappear and great passions come upon the stage, strange it is that poor men, labouring men, men without education, always judge more truly of the crisis than men of high refinement. But this was seen by Wordsworth: thus spoke he, thirty-six years ago, of Germany, contrasted with the Tyrol:—

> "Her haughty schools
> Shall blush; and may not we with sorrow say—
> A few strong instincts, and a few plain rules,
> Among the herdsmen of the Alps have wrought
> More for mankind at this unhappy day
> Than all the pride of intellect and thought?"

The regiment chiefly concerned was the 19th (for which regiment the word *Wattépolowa*, the scene of their martyrdom, became afterwards a memorial war-cry). Still to this hour it forces tears of wrath into our eyes when we read the recital of the case. A dozen years ago we first read it in a very interesting book, published by the late Mr. Blackwood—the *Life of Alexander Alexander*. This Alexander was not personally present at the bloody catastrophe; but he was in Ceylon at the time, and knew the one sole fugitive[1] from that fatal day. The soldiers of the 19th, not even in that hour of horror, forgot their discipline, or their duty, or their respectful attachment to their officers. When they were

[1] *Fugitive*, observe. There were some others, and amongst them Major Davie, who, for private reasons, were suffered to survive as prisoners.

ordered to ground their arms (oh, base idiot that could issue such an order !) they remonstrated most earnestly, but most respectfully. Major Davie, agitated and distracted by the scene, himself recalled the order. The men resumed their arms. Alas ! again the fatal order was issued ; again it was recalled ; but finally, it was issued peremptorily. The men sorrowfully obeyed. We hurry to the odious conclusion. In parties of twos and of threes, our brave countrymen were called out by the horrid Kandyan tiger-cats. Disarmed by the frenzy of their moonstruck commander, what resistance could they make ? One after one the parties called out to suffer were decapitated by the executioner. The officers, who had refused to give up their pistols, finding what was going on, blew out their brains with their own hands, now too bitterly feeling how much wiser had been the poor privates than themselves. At length there was stillness on the field. Night had come on. All were gone—

"And darkness was the buryer of the dead."

The reader may recollect a most picturesque murder near Manchester, about thirteen or fourteen years ago, perpetrated by two brothers named M'Kean, where a servant woman, whose throat had been effectually cut, rose up, after an interval, from the ground at a most critical moment (so critical that, by that act, and at that second of time, she drew off the murderer's hand from the throat of a second victim), staggered, in her delirium, to the door of a room where sometimes a club had been held, doubtless under some idea of obtaining aid, and at the door, after walking some fifty feet, dropped down dead.[1] Not less astonishing was the resurrection, as it might be called, of an English corporal, cut, mangled, re-mangled, and left without sign of life. Suddenly he rose up, stiff and gory ; dying and delirious, as he felt himself, with misery and exhaustion and wounds, he swam rivers, threaded enemies, and, moving day and night, came suddenly upon an army of Kandyans : here he prepared himself with pleasure for the death that now seemed inevitable, when, by a fortunate accident, for want of a fitter

[1] The story recurs in De Quincey's Supplementary Narrative to his "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts."—M.

man, he was selected as an ambassador to the English officer commanding a Kandyan garrison, and thus once more escaped miraculously.

Sometimes, when we are thinking over the great scenes of tragedy through which Europe passed from 1805 to 1815, suddenly, from the bosom of utter darkness, a blaze of light arises; a curtain is drawn up; a saloon is revealed. We see a man sitting there alone, in an attitude of alarm and expectation. What does he expect? What is it that he fears? He is listening for the chariot-wheels of a fugitive army. At intervals he raises his head; and we know him now for the Abbé de Pradt—the place, Warsaw—the time, early in December 1812. All at once the rushing of cavalry is heard; the door is thrown open; a stranger enters. We see, as in Cornelius Agrippa's mirror, his haggard features; it is a momentary king, having the sign of a felon's death written secretly on his brow; it is Murat; he raises his hands with a gesture of horror as he advances to M. l'Abbé. We hear his words—"*L'Abbé, all is lost!*"

Even so, when the English soldier, reeling from his anguish and weariness, was admitted into the beleaguered fortress, his first words, more homely in expression than Murat's, were to the same dreadful purpose: "Your honour," he said, "all is dished"; and, this being uttered by way of prologue, he then delivered himself of the message with which he had been charged, and *that* was a challenge from the Kandyan general to come out and fight without aid from his artillery. The dismal report was just in time; darkness was then coming on. The English officer spiked his guns; and, with his garrison, fled by night from a fort in which else he would have perished by starvation or by storm, had Kandyan forces been equal to such an effort. This corporal was, strictly speaking, the only man who *escaped*,—one or two other survivors having been reserved as captives, for some special reasons. Of this captive party was Major Davie, the commander, whom Mr. Bennett salutes by the title of "gallant," and regrets that "the strong arm of death" had intercepted his apology.

He could have made no apology. Plea or palliation he had none. To have polluted the British honour in treacher-

ously yielding up to murder (and absolutely for nothing in return) a prince whom we ourselves had seduced into rebellion; to have forced his men and officers into laying down their arms, and suing for the mercy of wretches the most perfidious on earth: these were acts as to which atonement or explanation was hopeless for *him*, forgiveness impossible for England. So this man is to be called "the gallant"—is he? We will thank Mr. Bennett to tell us who was that officer subsequently seen walking about in Ceylon, no matter whether in Western Columbo, or in Eastern Trincomalé, long enough for reaping his dishonour,—though, by accident, not for a court-martial? Behold, what a curse rests in this British Island upon those men who, when the clock of honour has sounded the hour for their departure, cannot turn their dying eyes nobly to the land of their nativity—stretch out their hands to the glorious Island in farewell homage, and say with military pride, as even the poor gladiators (who were but slaves) said to Cæsar when they passed his chair to their death, "*Morituri te salutamus!*" This man,—and Mr. Bennett knows it,—because he was encrusted with the leprosy of cowardice, and because upon him lay the blood of those to whom he should have been *in loco parentis*, made a solitude wherever he appeared: men ran from him as from an incarnation of pestilence; and between him and free intercourse with his countrymen, from the hour of his dishonour in the field to the hour of his death, there flowed a river of separation, there were stretched lines of interdict heavier than ever Pope ordained, there brooded a schism like that of death, a silence like that of the grave; making known for ever the deep damnation of the infamy which on this earth settles upon the troubled resting-place of him who, through cowardice, has shrunk away from his duty, and, on the day of trial, has broken the bond which bound him to his country.

Surely there needed no arrear of sorrow to consummate this disaster. Yet two aggravations there were, which afterwards transpired, irritating the British soldiers to madness. One was soon reported: viz. that one hundred and twenty sick or wounded men, lying in an hospital, had been massacred without a motive by the children of hell with whom we were contending. The other was not discovered until 1815.

Then first it became known that in the whole stores of the Kandyan government (*a fortiori* then in the particular section of the Kandyan forces which we faced) there had not been more gunpowder remaining at the hour of Major Davie's infamous capitulation than seven hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; other munitions of war having been in the same state of bankruptcy. Five minutes more of resistance, one inspiration of English pluck, would have placed the Kandyan army in our power—would have saved the honour of the country, would have redeemed our noble soldiers, and to Major Davie would have made the total difference between lying in a traitor's grave and lying in Westminster Abbey.

Was there no vengeance, no retribution, for these things? Vengeance there was, but by accident. Retribution there was, but partial and remote. Infamous it was for the English government at Columbo, as Mr. Bennett insinuates, that, having a large fund disposable annually for secret service between 1796 and 1803, such a rupture *could* have happened and have found us unprepared. Equally infamous it was that summary chastisement was not inflicted upon the perfidious court of Kandy. What *real* power it had, when unaided by villainy amongst themselves, was shown in 1804; in the course of which year one brave officer, Lieutenant Johnstone of the 19th, with no more than one hundred and fifty men, including officers, marched right through the country, in the teeth of all opposition from the king, and resolutely took[1] Kandy in his route. However, for the present, without a shadow of a reason, since all reasons ran in the other direction, we ate our leek in silence; once again, but now for the last time, the bloody little bantam crowed defiance from his dunghill, and tore the British flag with his spurs. What caused his ruin at last was literally the profundity of our own British humiliation; had *that* been less, had it not been for the natural reaction of that spectacle, equally hateful and incredible, upon a barbarian chief, as ignorant as he was fiendish, he would have returned a civil

[1] "*Took* Kandy in his route." This phrase is equivocal; it bears two senses—the traveller's sense and the soldier's. But *we* rarely make such errors in the use of words; the error is original in the Government documents themselves.

answer to our subsequent remonstrances. In that case our government would have been conciliated ; and the monster's son, who yet lives in Malabar, would now be reigning in his stead. But *Diis aliter visum est* ; earth was weary of this Kandyan nuisance, and the infatuation which precipitated its doom took the following shape :—In 1814, certain traders, ten in number, not British, but Cinghalese, and therefore British subjects entitled to British protection, were wantonly molested in their peaceable occupations by this Kandyan king. Three of these traders one day returned to our frontier, wearing upon necklaces, inextricably attached to their throats, their own ears, noses, and other parts of their own persons, torn away by the pincers of the Kandyan executioners. The seven others had sunk under their sufferings. Observe that there had been no charge or imputation against these men, more or less ; *stet pro ratione voluntas.* This was too much even for our all-suffering[1] English administration. They sent off a kind of expostulation, which amounted to this—"How now, my good sir? What are you up to?" Fortunately for his miserable subjects (and, as this case showed, by possibility for many who were *not* such), the vainglorious animal returned no answer ; not because he found any diplomatic difficulty to surmount, but in mere self-glorification and in pure disdain of *us.* What a commentary was *that* upon our unspeakable folly up to that hour !

We are anxious that the reader should go along with the short remainder of this story, because it bears strongly upon the true moral of our Eastern policy,—of which, hereafter, we shall attempt to unfold the casuistry in a way that will be little agreeable to the calumniators of Clive and Hastings. We do not intend that these men shall have it all their own way in times to come. Our Eastern rulers have erred always, and erred deeply, by doing too little rather than too much. They have been *too* long-suffering, and have tolerated many

[1] Why were they "all-suffering"? will be the demand of the reader ; and he will doubt the fact simply because he will not apprehend any sufficient motive. That motive we believe to have been this : war, even just or necessary war, is costly ; now, the governor and his council knew that their own individual chances of promotion were in the exact ratio of the economy which they could exhibit.

nuisances, and many miscreants, when their duty was—when their power was—to have destroyed them for ever. And the capital fault of the East India Company — that greatest benefactor for the East that ever yet has arisen—has been in not publishing to the world the grounds and details of their policy. Let this one chapter in that policy, this Kandyan chapter, proclaim how great must have been the evils from which our "usurpations" (as they are called) have liberated the earth. For let no man dwell on the rarity or on the limited sphere of such atrocities, even in Eastern despotisms. If the act be rare, is not the anxiety eternal? If the personal suffering be transitory, is not the outrage upon human sensibilities, upon the majesty of human nature, upon the possibilities of light, order, commerce, civilisation, of a duration and a compass to make the total difference between man viler than the brutes and man a little lower than the angels?

It happened that the first noble, or "Adikar," of the Kandyan king, being charged with treason at this time, had fled to our protection. That was enough. Vengeance on *him* in his proper person had become impossible; and the following was the vicarious vengeance adopted by God's vicegerent upon earth, whose pastime it had long been to study the ingenuities of malice, and the possible refinements in the arts of tormenting. Here follows the published report on this one case:—"The ferocious miscreant determined to be "fully revenged, and immediately sentenced the Adikar's "wife and children, together with his brother and the "brother's wife, to death after the following fashion: the "children were ordered to be decapitated before their mother's "face, and their heads to be pounded in a rice-mortar by "their mother's hands; which, to save herself from a diaboli-"cal torture and exposure [concealments are here properly practised in the report for the sake of mere human decency], "she submitted to attempt. The eldest boy shrunk [shrank] "from the dread ordeal, and clung to his agonized parent for "safety; but his younger brother stepped forward and "encouraged him to submit to his fate, placing himself "before the executioner by way of setting an example. The "last of the children to be beheaded was an infant at

" the breast, from which it was forcibly torn away, and its " mother's milk was dripping from its innocent mouth as it " was put into the hands of the grim executioner." Finally, the Adikar's brother was executed, having no connexion (so much as alleged) with his brother's flight ; and then the two sisters-in-law, having stones attached to their feet, were thrown into a tank. These be thy gods, O Egypt ! such are the processes of Kandyan law, such is its horrid religion, and such the morality which it generates ! And let it not be said these were the excesses of a tyrant. Man does not brutalize, by possibility, in pure insulation. He gives and he receives. It is by sympathy, by the contagion of example, by reverberation of feelings, that every man's heart is moulded. A prince, to have been such as this monster, must have been bred amongst a cruel people : a cruel people, as by other experience we know them to be, naturally produce an inhuman prince, and such a prince reproduces his own corrupters.

Vengeance, however, was now at hand. A better and more martial governor, Sir Robert Brownrigg, was in the field since 1812. On finding that no answer was forthcoming, he marched with all his forces. But again these were inadequate to the service ; and once again, as in 1803, we were on the brink of being sacrificed to the very lunacies of retrenchment. By a mere god-send, more troops happened to arrive from the Indian continent. We marched in triumphal ease to the capital city of Kandy. The wicked prince fled : Major Kelly pursued him ; to pursue was to overtake ; to overtake was to conquer. Thirty-seven ladies of his *zenana*, and his mother, were captured elsewhere : and finally the whole kingdom capitulated by a solemn act, in which we secured to it what we had no true liberty to secure, viz. the *inviolability* of their horrid idolatries. Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's ; but this was *not* Cæsar's. Whether in some other concessions, whether in volunteering certain civil privileges of which the conquered had never dreamed, and which, for many a long year, they will not understand, our policy were right or wrong, may admit of much debate. Oftentimes, but not always, it is wise and long-sighted policy to presume in nations higher

qualities than they have, and developments beyond what really exist. But, as to religion, there can be no doubt, and no debate at all. To exterminate their filthy and bloody abominations of creed and of ritual practice is the first step to any serious improvement of the Kandyan people: it is the *conditio sine qua non* of all regeneration for this demoralized race. And what we ought to have promised, all that in mere civil equity we had the right to promise, was that we would *tolerate* such follies, would make no war upon such superstitions, as should not be openly immoral. One word more than this covenant was equally beyond the powers of one party to that covenant and the highest interests of all parties.

Philosophically speaking, this great revolution may not close perhaps for centuries: historically, it closed about the opening of the Hundred Days in the *annus mirabilis* of Waterloo. On the 13th of February 1815, Kandy, the town, was occupied by the British troops, never again to be resigned. In March followed the solemn treaty by which all parties assumed their constitutional stations. In April occurred the ceremonial part of the revolution, its public notification and celebration, by means of a grand processional entry into the capital, stretching for upwards of a mile; and in January 1816, the late king, now formally deposed,—"a stout, good-looking Malabar, with a peculiarly keen and roving eye, and a restlessness of manner, marking unbridled passions",— was conveyed in the governor's carriage to the jetty at Trincomalee; from which port H.M.S. Mexico conveyed him to the Indian continent. He was there confined in the fortress of Velore, famous for the bloody mutiny amongst the Company's sepoy troops, so bloodily suppressed. In Velore, this cruel prince, whose name was Sree Wickremé Rajah Singha, died some years after; and one son whom he left behind him, born during his father's captivity, may still [1843] be living. But his ambitious instincts, if any such are working within him, are likely to be seriously baffled in the very outset by the precautions of our diplomacy; for one article of the treaty proscribes the descendants of this prince as enemies of Ceylon, if found within its precincts. In this exclusion, pointed

against a single family, we are reminded of the Stuart dynasty in England, and the Bonaparte dynasty in France. We cannot, however, agree with Mr. Bennett's view of this parallelism, either in so far as it points our pity towards Napoleon, or in so far as it points the regrets of disappointed vengeance to the similar transportation of Sree. Pity is misplaced upon Napoleon, and anger is wasted upon Sree. He ought to have been hanged, says Mr. Bennett; and so said many of Napoleon. But it was not our mission to punish either. The Malabar prince had broken no faith with *us*: he acted under the cursed usages of a cruel people and a bloody religion. These influences had trained a bad heart to corresponding atrocities. Courtesy we did right to pay him, for our own sakes as a high and noble nation. What we could not punish judicially it did not become us to revile. And, finally, we much doubt whether hanging upon a tree, either in Napoleon's case or Sree's, would not practically have been found by both a happy liberation from that bitter cup of mortification which both drank off in their latter years.

At length, then, the entire Island of Ceylon, about a hundred days before Waterloo, had become ours for ever. Hereafter Ceylon must inseparably attend the fortunes of India. Whosoever in the East commands the sea must command the Southern Empires of Asia; and he who commands those Empires must for ever command the Oriental Islands. One thing only remains to be explained; and the explanation, we fear, will be harder to understand than the problem: it is — how the Portuguese and Dutch failed, through nearly three centuries, to master this little obstinate *nucleus* of the peach. It seems like a fairy tale to hear the answer: Sinbad has nothing wilder. "They were," says Mr. Bennett, "repeatedly masters of the capital." What was it, then, that stopped them from going on? "At one period, the former [*i.e.* the Portuguese] had conquered all but the impregnable position called *Kandi Udda*." And what was it, then, that lived at Kandi Udda? The dragon of Wantley? or the dun cow of Warwick? or the classical Hydra? No; it was thus: —*Kandi* was "in the centre of the mountainous region, surrounded by impervious jungles, with secret approaches for

only one man at a time." Such tricks might have answered in the time of Ali Baba and the forty thieves; but we suspect that even then an "*open sesame*" would have been found for this pestilent defile. Smoking a cigar through it, and dropping the sparks, might have done the business in the dry season. But, in very truth, we imagine that political arrangements were answerable for this long failure in checkmating the king, and not at all the cunning passage which carried only one inside passenger. The Portuguese permitted the Kandyan natives to enter their army; and that one fact gives us a short solution of the case. For, as Mr. Bennett observes, the principal features of these Kandyans are merely "human imitations of their own indigenous leopards—treachery and ferocity," as the circumstances may allow them to profit by one or the other.

Sugar-candy, however, appears to have given very little trouble to *us*; and, at all events, it is ours now, together with all that is within its gates. It is proper, however, to add that, since the conquest of this country in 1815, there have been three rebellions: viz. in 1817-18, in 1834, and finally in 1842. This last comes pretty well home to our own times and concerns; so that we naturally become curious as to the causes of such troubles. The two last are said to have been inconsiderable in their extent. But the earlier of the three, which broke out so soon after the conquest as 1817, must, we conceive, have owed something to intrigues promoted on behalf of the exiled king. His direct lineal descendants are excluded, as we have said, from the island for ever; but his relatives, by whom we presume to be meant his *cognati* or kinspeople in the female line, not his *agnati*, are allowed to live in Kandy, suffering only the slight restriction of confinement to one street out of five which compose this ancient metropolis. Meantime, it is most instructive to hear the secret account of those causes which set in motion this unprincipled rebellion. For it will thus be seen how hopeless it is, under the present idolatrous superstition of Ceylon, to think of any attachment in the people by means of good government, just laws, agriculture promoted, or commerce created. More stress will be laid by the Ceylonese on our worshipping a carious tooth two inches

long, ascribed to the god Buddha (but by some to an ourang-outang), than to every mode of equity, good faith, or kindness. It seems that the Kandyans and we reciprocally misunderstood the ranks, orders, precedences, titular distinctions, and external honours attached to them in our several nations. But none are so deaf as those that have no mind to hear. And we suspect that our honest fellows of the 19th regiment, whose comrades had been murdered in their beds by the cursed Kandyan "nobles," neither did nor would understand the claim of such assassins to military salutes, to the presenting of arms, or to the turning out of the guard. Here, it is said, began the ill-blood, and also on the claim of the Buddhist priests to similar honours. To say the simple truth, these soldiers ought not to have been expected to show respect towards the murderers of their brethren. The priests, with their shaven crowns and yellow robes, were objects of mere mockery to the British soldier. "Not to have been kicked," it should have been said, "is gain; not to have been cudgelled is for you a ground of endless gratitude. Look not for salutes; dream not of honours." For our own part—again we say it—let the government look ahead for endless insurrections. We tax not the rulers of Ceylon with having caused the insurrections. We hold them blameless on that head; for a people so fickle and so unprincipled will never want such matter for rebellion as would be suspected least of all by a wise and benevolent man. But we *do* tax the local government with having ministered to the possibility of rebellion. We British have not sowed the ends and objects of conspiracies; but, undoubtedly, by our lax administration, we have sowed the *means* of conspiracies. We must not transfer to a Pagan island our own mild code of penal laws: the subtle savage will first become capable of these when he becomes capable of Christianity. And to this we must now bend our attention. Government must make no more offerings of musical clocks to the Pagan temples; for such propitiations are understood by the people to mean that we admit their god to be naturally stronger than ours. Any mode or measure of excellence but that of power they understood not as applying to a deity. Neither must our government any longer wink at such monstrous practices as

that of children ejecting their dying parents, in their last struggles, from the shelter of their own roofs, on the plea that death would pollute their dwellings. Such compliances with Paganism make Pagans of ourselves. Nor, again, ought the professed worship of devils to be tolerated, more than the Fetish worship or the African witchcraft was tolerated in the West Indies. Having at last obtained secure possession of the entire island, with no reversionary fear over our heads (as, up to Waterloo, we always had) that possibly at a general peace we might find it diplomatically prudent to let it return under Dutch possession, we have no excuse for any longer neglecting the jewel in our power. We gave up to Holland, through unwise generosity, already one splendid island, viz. Java. Let one such folly suffice for one century.

For the same reason—namely, the absolute and undivided possession which we now hold of the island—it is at length time that our home government should more distinctly invite colonists, and make known the unrivalled capabilities of this region. So vast are our colonial territories that for every class in our huge framework of society we have separate and characteristic attractions. In some it is chiefly labour that is wanted, capital being in excess. In others these proportions are reversed. In some it is great capitalists that are wanted for the present; in others almost exclusively small ones. Now, in Ceylon either class will be welcome. It ought also to be published everywhere that, immediately after the conquest of Kandy, the government entered upon the Roman career of civilisation, and upon that also which may be considered peculiarly British. Military roads were so carried as to pierce and traverse all the guilty fastnesses of disease, and of rebellion by means of disease. Bridges, firmly built of satin-wood, were planted over every important stream. The Kirimé Canal was completed in the most eligible situation. The English institution of mail-coaches was perfected in all parts of the Island. At this moment there are three separate modes of itinerating through the Island, viz. by mail-coach, by buggy, or by palanquin; to say nothing of the opportunities offered at intervals, along the maritime provinces, for coasting by ships or boats. To the botanist, the

mineralogist, the naturalist, the sportsman, Ceylon offers almost a virgin Eldorado. To a man wishing to combine the lucrative pursuits of the colonist with the elegances of life and with the comforts of compatriot society,—not (as in Australia or American back settlements) to weather the hardships of Robinson Crusoe,—the invitations from the infinite resources of Ceylon are past all count or estimate. "For my own part," says Mr. Bennett, who is *now* a party absolutely disinterested, "having visited all but the northern regions of the globe, I have seen nothing to equal this incomparable country." Here a man may purchase land, with secure title and of a good tenure, at five shillings the acre; this, at least, is the upset price, though in some privileged situations it is known to have reached seventeen shillings. A house may be furnished in the Morotto style, and with luxurious contrivances for moderating the heat in the hotter levels of the island, at fifty pounds sterling. The native furniture is both cheap and excellent in quality; every way superior, intrinsically, to that which, at five times the cost, is imported from abroad. Labour is pretty uniformly at the rate of sixpence English for twelve hours. Provisions of every sort and variety are poured out in Ceylon from an American *cornucopia* of some Saturnian age. Wheat, potatoes, and many esculent plants or fruits, were introduced by the British in the great year—(and for this Island, in the most literal sense, the era of a new earth and new heavens)—the year of Waterloo. From that year dates, for the Ceylonese, the day of equal laws for rich and poor, the day of development out of infant and yet unimproved advantages; finally,—if we are wise, and if *they* are docile,—the day of a heavenly religion displacing the *avowed* worship of devils, and giving to the people a true nature, a new heart, and hopes as yet not dawning upon their dreams. How often has it been said by the vile domestic calumniators of British policy, by our own anti-national deceivers, that, if to-morrow we should leave India, no memorial would attest that ever we had been there. Infamous falsehood! damnable slander! Speak, Ceylon, to *that*. True it is that the best of our gifts,—peace, freedom, security, and a new standard of public morality,—these blessings are like sleep, like health, like innocence, like the

eternal revolutions of day and night, which sink inaudibly into human hearts, leaving behind (as sweet vernal rains) no flaunting records of ostentation and parade. We are not the nation of triumphal arches and memorial obelisks; but the sleep, the health, the innocence, the grateful vicissitudes of seasons, reproduce themselves in fruits and products, enduring for generations, and overlooked by the slanderer only because they are too general to be noticed as extraordinary, and benefiting by no light of contrast simply because our own beneficence has swept away the ancient wretchedness that could have furnished the mass. Ceylon, of itself, can reply victoriously to such falsehoods. Not yet fifty years have we held this Island; not yet thirty have we had the *entire* possession of the Island; and (what is more important to a point of this nature) not yet thirty have we had that secure possession which results from the consciousness that our government is not meditating to resign it. Previous to Waterloo our tenure of Ceylon was a provisional tenure. With the era of our Kandyan conquest coincides the era of our absolute appropriation, signed and countersigned for ever. The arrangements of that day at Paris, and by a few subsequent congresses of revision, are like the arrangements of Westphalia in 1648,—valid until Christendom shall be again convulsed to her foundations. From that date is, therefore, justly to be inaugurated our English career of improvement. Of the roads laid open through the Island we have spoken. The attempts at improvement of the agriculture and horticulture furnish matter already for a romance, if told of any other than this wonderful labyrinth of climates. The openings for commercial improvement are not less splendid. It is a fact infamous to the Ceylonese that an island which might easily support twenty millions of people has been liable to famine, not unfrequently, with a population of fifteen hundred thousand. This has already ceased to be a possibility: is *that* a blessing of British rule? Not only many new varieties of rice have been introduced, and are now being introduced, adapted to opposite extremes of weather and soil,—some to the low grounds, warm and abundantly irrigated, some to the dry grounds, demanding far less of moisture; but also other and various substitutes have been presented to Ceylon. Manioc,

maize, the potato, the turnip, have all been cultivated. Mr. Bennett himself would, in ancient Greece, have had many statues raised to his honour for his exemplary bounties of innovation. The food of the people is now secure. And, as regards their clothing or their exports, there is absolutely no end to the new prospects opened before them by the English. Is *cotton* a British gift? Is sugar? Is coffee? We are not the men lazily and avariciously to anchor our hopes on a pearl fishery; we rouse the natives to cultivate their salt fish and shark fisheries. Tea will soon be cultivated more hopefully than in Assam. Sugar, coffee, cinnamon, pepper, are all cultivated already. Silkworms and mulberry-trees were tried with success, and opium with *virtual* success (though in that instance defeated by an accident), under the auspices of Mr. Bennett. Hemp (and surely it is wanted!) will be introduced abundantly: indigo is not only grown in plenty, but it appears that a beautiful variety of indigo, a violet-coloured indigo, exists as a weed in Ceylon. Finally, in the running over hastily the *summa genera* of products by which Ceylon will soon make her name known to the ends of the earth, we may add that salt provisions in every kind, of which hitherto Ceylon did not furnish an ounce, will now be supplied redundantly. The great mart for this will be in the vast bosom of the Indian Ocean; and at the same time we shall see the scandal wiped away that Ceylon, the headquarters of the British navy in the East, could not supply a cock-boat in distress with a week's salt provisions from her own myriads of cattle—zebus, buffaloes, or cows.

Ceylon has this one disadvantage for purposes of theatrical effect: she is like a star rising heliacally, and hidden in the blaze of the sun; any island, however magnificent, becomes lost in the blaze of India. But *that* does not affect the realities of the case. She has *that* within which passes show. Her one calamity is in the laziness of her native population; though in this respect the Kandyans are a more hopeful race than the Cinghalese. But the evil for both is that they want the *motives* to exertion. These will be created by a new and higher civilisation. Foreign labourers will also be called for; a mixed race will succeed in the following generations; and a mixed breed in man is always an

improved breed. Witness everywhere the people of colour contrasted with the blacks. Then will come the great race between man indefinitely exalted and a glorious tropical nature indefinitely developed. Ceylon will be born again: in our hands she will first answer to the great summons of nature, and will become in fact, what by providential destiny she is,—the queen lotus of the Indian seas, and the Pandora of Islands.

END OF VOL. VII

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